+ 11634. b. 16

THE COMPLAINT: OR, Night-Thoughts ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

To which is added,
A PARAPHRASE on Part of the BOOK of *JOB*.

A NEW EDITION, Corrected by the Author.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

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MAY

PREFACE.

AS the Occaſion of this Poem was real, *not* fictitious; *ſo the method purſued in it, was rather* impoſed, *by what ſpontaneouſly aroſe in the author's mind, on that occaſion, than* meditated, *or* deſigned. *Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry, which is from long narrations to draw ſhort morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is ſhort, and the morality ariſing from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reaſon of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour theſe moral reflections on the thought of the writer.*

PREFACE.

THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the FIRST.

ON

Life, Death, *and* Immortality.

To the Right Honourable

ARTHUR ONSLOW, *Esq*;

Speaker of the House of Commons.

TIR'D Nature's ſweet Reſtorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the World, his ready Viſit pays
Where Fortune ſmiles; the Wretched he forſakes:
Swift on his downy Pinions flies from Woe,
And lights on Lids unſully'd with a Tear.
From ſhort (as uſual) and diſturb'd Repoſe,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if Dreams infeſt the Grave.
I wake, emerging from a Sea of Dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd deſponding Thought,
From Wave to Wave of *fanſy'd* Miſery,
At Random drove, her Helm of Reaſon loſt:
Tho' now reſtor'd, 'tis only Change of Pain,

(A bitter Change!) ſeverer for ſevere.
The *Day* too ſhort for my Diſtreſs; and *Night*,
Ev'n in the *Zenith* of her dark Domain,
Is Sunſhine, to the Colour of my Fate.
Night, ſable Goddeſs! from her *Ebon* Throne,
In rayleſs Majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden Sceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring World.
Silence, how dead! and Darkneſs, how profound!
Nor Eye, nor liſt'ning Ear, an Object finds;
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral Pulſe
Of Life ſtood ſtill, and Nature made a Pauſe;
An awful Pauſe! prophetic of her End.
And let her Prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the Curtain; I can loſe no more.
Silence and *Darkneſs!* ſolemn Siſters! Twins
From ancient *Night*, who nurſe the tender Thought
To *Reaſon*, and on *Reaſon* build *Reſolve*,
(That Column of true Majeſty in Man)
Aſſiſt me: I will thank you in the Grave;
The Grave, your Kingdom: *There* this Frame ſhall fall
A Victim ſacred to your dreary Shrine.
But what are Ye?—
THOU, who didſt put to Flight
Primæval *Silence*, when the Morning Stars,
Exulting, ſhouted o'er the riſing Ball;
O THOU, whoſe Word from ſolid *Darkneſs* ſtruck
That Spark, the Sun, ſtrike Wiſdom from my Soul;
My Soul, which flies to Thee, her Truſt, her Treaſure,
As Miſers to their Gold, while others reſt.
Thro' this Opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
This double Night, tranſmit one pitying Ray,
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my Mind,
(A Mind that fain would wander from its Woe)
Lead it thro' various Scenes of *Life* and *Death*;
And from each Scene, the nobleſt Truths inſpire.

Nor leſs inſpire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;
Teach my beſt Reaſon, Reaſon; my beſt Will
Teach Rectitude; and fix my firm Reſolve
Wiſdom to wed, and pay her long Arrear:
Nor let the Phial of thy Vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted Head, be pour'd in vain.
The Bell ſtrikes *One*. We take no Note of Time,
But from its Loſs. To give it then a Tongue,
Is wiſe in Man. As if an Angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn Sound. If heard aright,
It is the *Knell* of my departed Hours:
Where are they? With the Years beyond the Flood.
It is the *Signal* that demands Diſpatch:
How much is to be done? My Hopes and Fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er Life's narrow Verge
Look down—On what? A fathomleſs Abyſs;
A dread Eternity! how ſurely *mine!*
And can Eternity belong to me,
Poor Penſioner on the Bounties of an Hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful, is Man!
How paſſing Wonder HE, who made him ſuch!
Who centred in our Make ſuch ſtrange Extremes!
From diff'rent Natures marvelouſly mixt,
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant Worlds!
Diſtinguiſht *Link* in Being's endleſs Chain!
Midway from *Nothing* to the *Deity!*
A Beam ethereal, ſully'd, and abſorpt!
Tho' ſully'd, and diſhonour'd, ſtill Divine!
Dim Miniature of Greatneſs abſolute!
An Heir of Glory! A frail Child of Duſt!
Helpleſs Immortal! Inſect *infinite!*
A Worm! a God!——I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! At home, a Stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,

And wond'ring at her *own*: How Reaſon reels!
O what a Miracle to Man is Man,
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what Joy, what Dread!
Alternately Tranſported, and Alarm'd!
What can preſerve my Life? or what deſtroy?
An Angel's Arm can't ſnatch me from the Grave?
Legions of Angels can't confine me there.
'Tis paſt Conjecture; all things riſe in Proof:
While o'er my Limbs *Sleep*'s ſoft Dominion ſpread,
What tho' my Soul phantaſtic Meaſures trod
O'er fairy Fields; or mourn'd along the Gloom
Of pathleſs Woods; or down the craggy Steep
Hurl'd headlong, ſwam with Pain the mantled Pool;
Or ſcal'd the Cliff; or danc'd on hollow Winds,
With antic Shapes, wild Natives of the Brain?
Her ceaſeleſs Flight, tho' devious, ſpeaks her Nature
Of ſubtler Eſſence than the trodden Clod;
Active, aëreal, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her groſs Companion's Fall.
Ev'n ſilent Night proclaims my Soul *immortal*:
Ev'n ſilent Night proclaims eternal Day.
For human Weal, Heav'n huſbands all Events:
Dull Sleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain Dreams in vain.
Why then *their* Loſs deplore, that are not loſt?
Why wanders wretched Thought their Tombs around,
In infidel Diſtreſs? Are *Angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in Duſt, Ethereal Fire?
They live! they greatly live a Life on Earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an Eye
Of Tenderneſs, let heav'nly Pity fall
On me, more juſtly number'd with the Dead.
This is the Deſart, *this* the Solitude:
How populous! how vital, is the Grave!
This is Creation's melancholy Vault,
The Vale funereal, the ſad *Cypreſs* Gloom;

The Land of Apparitions, empty Shades!
All, all on Earth is *Shadow*, all beyond
Is *Subſtance*: the Reverſe is Folly's *Creed*:
How ſolid all, where Change ſhall be no more!
This is the Bud of Being, the dim Dawn,
The Twilight of our Day, the Veſtibule;
Life's Theatre as yet is ſhut, and Death,
Strong Death, alone can heave the maſſy Bar,
This groſs Impediment of Clay remove,
And make us *Embryos* of Exiſtence free.
From *real* Life, but little more remote
Is *He*, not yet a Candidate for Light,
The *future* Embryo, ſlumb'ring in his Sire.
Embryos we muſt be, till we burſt the Shell,
Yon ambient azure Shell, and ſpring to Life,
The Life of Gods, O Tranſport! and of Man.
Yet Man, fool Man! *here* buries all his Thoughts;
Interrs celeſtial Hopes without one Sigh.
Pris'ner of Earth, and pent beneath the Moon,
Here pinions all his Wiſhes: wing'd by Heav'n
To fly at Infinite; and reach it there,
Where *Seraphs* gather Immortality,
On Life's fair Tree, faſt by the Throne of God.
What golden Joys ambroſial cluſt'ring glow,
In HIS full Beam, and ripen for the Juſt,
Where momentary Ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death, expire!
And is it in the Flight of threeſcore Years,
To puſh Eternity from human Thought,
And ſmother Souls immortal in the Duſt?
A Soul immortal, ſpending all her Fires,
Waſting her Strength in ſtrenuous Idleneſs,
Thrown into Tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this Scene can threaten, or indulge,

Reſembles *Ocean* into Tempeſt wrought,
To waft a Feather, or to drown a Fly.
Where falls this Cenſure? It o'erwhelms myſelf;
How was my Heart incruſted by the World!
O how ſelf-fetter'd was my grov'ling Soul!
How, like a Worm, was I wrapt round and round
In ſilken Thought, which reptile *Fancy* ſpun,
Till darken'd *Reaſon* lay quite clouded o'er
With ſoft Conceit of endleſs Comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her Wings to reach the Skies!
Night-viſions may befriend (as ſung above):
Our *waking* Dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impoſſible? (Could Sleep do more?)
Of Joys perpetual in perpetual Change?
Of ſtable Pleaſures on the toſſing Wave?
Eternal Sunſhine in the Storms of Life?
How richly were my noon-tide Trances hung
With gorgeous Tapeſtries of pictur'd Joys?
Joy behind Joy, in endleſs Perſpective!
Till at Death's Toll, whoſe reſtleſs iron Tongue
Calls daily for his Millions at a Meal,
Starting I woke, and found myſelf undone.
Where now my Phrenſy's pompous Furniture?
The *cobweb'd* Cottage, with its ragged Wall
Of mould'ring Mud, is *Royalty* to me!
The *Spider*'s moſt attenuated Thread
Is Cord, is Cable, to Man's tender Tie
On earthly Bliſs; it breaks at ev'ry Breeze.
O ye bleſt Scenes of permanent Delight!
Full, above Meaſure! laſting, beyond Bound!
A *Perpetuity* of Bliſs is Bliſs.
Could you, ſo rich in Rapture, fear an End,
That ghaſtly Thought would drink up all your Joy,
And quite unparadiſe the Realms of Light.
Safe are you lodg'd above theſe rolling Spheres;

The

The baleful Influence of whoſe giddy Dance
Sheds ſad Viciſſitude on all beneath.
Here teems with Revolutions ev'ry Hour;
And rarely for the better; or the *beſt*,
More mortal than the *common* Births of Fate.
Each Moment has its Sickle, emulous
Of *Time*'s enormous Scythe, whoſe ample Sweep
Strikes *Empires* from the Root; each *Moment* plays
His little Weapon in the narrower Sphere
Of ſweet *domeſtic* Comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt Bloom of ſublunary Bliſs.
Bliſs! ſublunary Bliſs!—Proud Words, and vain!
Implicit Treaſon to divine Decree!
A bold Invaſion of the Rights of Heav'n!
I claſp'd the Phantoms, and I found them Air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond Embrace!
What Darts of Agony had miſs'd my Heart!
Death! Great Proprietor of All! 'tis thine
To tread out Empire, and to quench the Stars.
The Sun himſelf by thy Permiſſion ſhines;
And, one Day, thou ſhalt pluck him from his Sphere.
Amid ſuch mighty Plunder, why exhauſt
Thy *partial* Quiver on a Mark ſo *mean?*
Why thy *peculiar* Rancour wreak'd on *me?*
Inſatiate Archer! could not *One* ſuffice?
Thy Shaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my Peace was ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon Moon had fill'd her Horn.
O *Cynthia!* why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament
Thy wretched Neighbour? Grieve to ſee thy Wheel
Of ceaſeleſs Change out-whirl'd in human Life?
How wanes my *borrow*'d Bliſs! from *Fortune*'s Smile,
Precarious Courteſy! Not *Virtue*'s ſure,
Self-given, *ſolar*, Ray of ſound Delight.
In ev'ry vary'd Poſture, Place, and Hour,
How widow'd ev'ry Thought of ev'ry Joy!

Thought, buſy Thought! too buſy for my Peace!
Thro' the dark Poſtern of Time long elaps'd,
Led ſoftly, by the Stillneſs of the Night,
Led, like a Murderer, (and ſuch it proves!
Strays, (wretched Rover!) o'er the pleaſing *Paſt*;
In queſt of Wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſart *now*; and meets the Ghoſts
Of my departed Joys; a num'rous Train!
I rue the Riches of my former Fate;
Sweet Comfort's blaſted Cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the Bleſſings once ſo dear;
And ev'ry Pleaſure pains me to the Heart.
Yet why *complain?* or why complain for One?
Hangs out the Sun his Luſtre but for me,
The *ſingle* Man? Are Angels all beſide?
I mourn for Millions: 'Tis the common Lot;
In *this* Shape, or in *that*, has Fate entail'd
The Mother's Throes on all of Woman born,
Not more the Children, than ſure Heirs of *Pain*.
War, Famine, Peſt, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Inteſtine Broils, *Oppreſſion*, with her Heart
Wrapt up in triple Braſs, beſiege Mankind.
God's Image diſinherited of Day,
Here, plung'd in Mines, forgets a Sun was made.
There, Beings deathleſs as their haughty Lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling Oar for Life;
And plow the Winter's Wave, and reap Deſpair.
Some, for hard Maſters, broken under Arms,
In Battle lopt away, with half their Limbs,
Beg bitter Bread thro' Realms their Valour ſav'd,
If ſo the Tyrant, or his Minion, doom.
Want, and incurable *Diſeaſe*, (fell Pair!)
On hopeleſs Multitudes remorſeleſs ſeize
At once; and make a Refuge of the Grave.
How groaning *Hoſpitals* eject their Dead!

What

What Numbers groan for ſad Admiſſion there!
What Numbers, once in *Fortune*'s Lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold Hand of Charity!
To ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain!
Ye ſilken ſons of Pleaſure! ſince in Pains
You rue more modiſh Viſits, viſit *here*,
And breathe from your Debauch: *Give*, and reduce
Surfeit's Dominion o'er you: But ſo great
Your Impudence, you bluſh at what is Right.
  Happy! did Sorrow ſeize on *ſuch* alone.
Not *Prudence* can defend, or *Virtue* ſave;
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt Temperance;
And Puniſhment the Guiltleſs; and Alarm,
Thro' thickeſt Shades, purſues the fond of Peace.
Man's Caution often into Danger turns,
And his Guard falling, cruſhes him to Death.
Not *Happineſs* itſelf makes good her Name;
Our very Wiſhes give us not our Wiſh.
How diſtant oft the Thing we doat on moſt,
From that for which we doat, *Felicity*?
The *ſmootheſt* Courſe of Nature has its Pains;
And *trueſt* Friends, thro' Error, wound our Reſt.
Without Misfortune, what Calamities?
And what Hoſtilities, without a Foe?
Nor are Foes wanting to the beſt on Earth.
But endleſs is the Liſt of human Ills,
And Sighs might ſooner fail, than Cauſe to ſigh.
  A Part how ſmall of the terraqueous Globe
Is tenanted by Man! the reſt a *Waſte*,
Rocks, Deſarts, frozen Seas, and burning Sands!
Wild Haunts of Monſters, Poiſons, Stings, and Death!
Such is Earth's melancholy Map! But, far
More ſad! this Earth is a true Map of *Man*.
So bounded are its haughty Lord's *Delights*
To *Woe*'s wide Empire; where deep *Troubles* toſs,

Loud *Sorrows* howl, invenom'd *Paſſions* bite,
Rav'nous *Calamities* our Vitals ſeize,
And threat'ning *Fate* wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who ſorrow for *myſelf?*
In Age, in Infancy, from others Aid
Is all our Hope; to teach us to be *kind.*
That, Nature's *firſt*, *laſt* Leſſon to Mankind;
The ſelfiſh Heart deſerves the Pain it feels.
More gen'rous Sorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
And conſcious Virtue mitigates the Pang.
Nor Virtue, more than *Prudence*, bids me give
Swoln Thought a *ſecond* Channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the Torrent of their Grief.
Take then, O *World!* thy much-indebted Tear:
How ſad a Sight is human Happineſs,
To thoſe whoſe Thought can pierce beyond an Hour?
O thou, whate'er thou art, whoſe Heart exults!
Wouldſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy Fate?
I know thou wouldſt; thy Pride demands it from me.
Let thy Pride pardon, what thy Nature needs,
The ſalutary Cenſure of a Friend.
Thou happy *Wretch!* by Blindneſs thou art bleſt;
By Dotage dandled to perpetual Smiles.
Know, *Smiler!* at thy Peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy Pleaſure is the Promiſe of thy Pain.
Misfortune, like a Creditor ſevere,
But riſes in Demand for her Delay;
She makes a Scourge of paſt Proſperity,
To ſting thee more, and double thy Diſtreſs.
LORENZO, Fortune makes her Court to thee.
Thy fond Heart dances, while the *Syren* ſings.
Dear is thy Welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to ſecure thy Joys.
Think not that *Fear* is ſacred to the Storm.
Stand on thy Guard againſt the *Smiles* of Fate.

Is

Is Heav'n tremendous in its Frowns? Moſt ſure;
And in its Favours formidable too:
Its Favours here are Trials, not Rewards;
A Call to Duty, not Diſcharge from Care;
And ſhould alarm us, full as much as Woes;
Awake us to their *Cauſe*, and *Conſequence*;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our Deſert;
Awe Nature's Tumult, and chaſtiſe her Joys,
Leſt while we claſp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worſe than *ſimple* Miſery, their Charms.
Revolted Joys, like Foes in civil War,
Like boſom Friendſhips to Reſentment ſour'd,
With Rage invenom'd riſe againſt our Peace.
Beware what Earth calls Happineſs; beware
All Joys, but Joys that never can expire.
Who builds on leſs than an *immortal* Baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his Joys to Death.

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy laſt Sigh
Diſſolv'd the Charm; the diſinchanted Earth
Loſt all her Luſtre. Where, her glitt'ring Towers?
Her golden Mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked Waſte; a dreary Vale of Tears:
The great Magician's dead! Thou poor, pale Piece
Of out-caſt Earth, in Darkneſs! what a Change
From Yeſterday! Thy darling Hope ſo near,
(Long-labour'd Prize!) O how Ambition fluſh'd
Thy glowing Cheek! Ambition, truly great,
Of virtuous Praiſe. *Death*'s ſubtle Seed within,
(Sly, treach'rous Miner!) working in the Dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted Scheme, and beckon'd
The Worm to riot on that Roſe ſo red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one Moment's Prey!

Man's Foreſight is *conditionally* wiſe;
LORENZO! Wiſdom into Folly turns
Oft, the firſt Inſtant, its Idea fair

To labouring Thought is born. How dim our Eye!
The *preſent* Moment terminates our Sight;
Clouds, thick as thoſe on Doomſday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we propheſy in vain.
Time is dealt out by Particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming Sands of Life,
By Fate's inviolable Oath is ſworn
Deep Silence, "Where Eternity begins."
By Nature's Law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no Prerogative in human Hours.
In human Hearts what bolder Thought can riſe,
Than Man's Preſumption on To-morrow's Dawn?
Where is To-morrow? In another World.
For Numbers this is certain; the Reverſe
Is ſure to none; and yet on this *Perhaps*,
This *Peradventure*, infamous for Lyes,
As on a Rock of Adamant we build
Our Mountain Hopes; ſpin our eternal Schemes,
As we the fatal Siſters would out-ſpin,
And, big with Life's Futurities, expire.
Not ev'n PHILANDER had beſpoke his Shroud:
Nor had he Cauſe; a Warning was deny'd:
How many fall as ſudden, not as ſafe!
As ſudden, tho' for Years admoniſh'd home.
Of human Ills the laſt Extreme beware,
Beware, LORENZO! a *ſlow-ſudden* Death.
How dreadful that deliberate Surprize!
Be wiſe To-day; 'Tis Madneſs to defer;
Next Day the fatal Precedent will plead;
Thus on, till Wiſdom is puſh'd out of Life.
Procraſtination is the Thief of Time;
Year after Year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the Mercies of a Moment leaves
The vaſt Concerns of an eternal Scene.

If

If not ſo frequent, would not This be ſtrange?
That 'tis ſo frequent, *This* is ſtranger ſtill.
Of Man's miraculous Miſtakes, this bears
The Palm, "That all Men are about to live,"
For ever on the Brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the Compliment to think
They one Day ſhall not drivel; and their Pride
On this Reverſion takes up ready Praiſe;
At leaſt their own; their *future* Selves applauds;
How excellent that Life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* Hands is *Folly*'s Vails;
That lodg'd in *Fate*'s, to *Wiſdom* they conſign;
The Thing they can't but *purpoſe*, they *poſtpone*:
'Tis not in *Folly*, not to ſcorn a Fool;
And ſcarce in human *Wiſdom* to do more.
All *Promiſe* is poor dilatory Man,
And that thro' ev'ry Stage: When young, indeed,
In full Content we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
Un-anxious for *ourſelves*; and only wiſh,
As duteous Sons, our *Fathers* were more wiſe.
At *Thirty* Man *ſuſpects* himſelf a Fool;
Knows it at *Forty*, and reforms his Plan;
At *Fifty* chides his infamous Delay,
Puſhes his prudent Purpoſe to *Reſolve*;
In all the Magnanimity of Thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All Men think all Men mortal, but Themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming Shock of Fate
Strikes through their wounded Hearts the ſudden Dread;
But their Hearts wounded, like the wounded Air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the Shaft, no Trace is found.
As from the *Wing* no Scar the Sky retains;
The parted Wave no Furrow from the *Keel*;
So dies in human Hearts the Thought of Death.

Ev'n

Ev'n with the tender Tear which Nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their Grave.
Can I forget PHILANDER? That were ſtrange;
O my full Heart!——But ſhould I give it Vent,
The longeſt Night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the *Lark* liſten to my *Midnight* Song.

The ſprightly *Lark*'s ſhrill Matin wakes the Morn;
Grief's ſharpeſt Thorn hard preſſing on my Breaſt,
I ſtrive, with wakeful Melody, to chear
The ſullen Gloom, ſweet *Philomel!* like Thee,
And call the Stars to liſten: Ev'ry Star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy Lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm thro' diſtant Ages: Wrapt in Shade,
Pris'ner of Darkneſs! to the ſilent *Hours*,
How often I repeat their Rage divine,
To lull my Griefs, and ſteal my Heart from Woe!
I roll their Raptures, but not catch their Fire.
Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, *Mæonides!*
Or, *Milton!* thee; ah! could I reach your Strain!
Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our *Own*.
Man too He ſung: *Immortal* Man I ſing;
Oft burſts my Song beyond the Bounds of Life;
What, *now*, but Immortality can pleaſe?
O had *He* preſs'd his Theme, purſu'd the Track,
Which opens out of Darkneſs into Day!
O had he mounted on his Wing of Fire,
Soar'd, where I ſink, and ſung *Immortal* Man!
How had it bleſt Mankind, and reſcu'd me!

NIGHT the SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of WILMINGTON.

"*WHEN the Cock crew, he wept*"—Smote by that Eye,
Which looks on me, on All: That Pow'r, who bids
This Midnight Centinel, with Clarion ſhrill,
Emblem of that which ſhall awake the Dead,
Rouſe Souls from Slumber, into Thoughts of *Heaven*.
Shall I too weep? Where then is Fortitude?
And Fortitude abandon'd, where is Man?
I know the Terms on which he ſees the Light;
He that is born, is liſted; Life is War;
Eternal War with Woe. Who bears it beſt,
Deſerves it leaſt.——On *other* Themes I'll dwell.
LORENZO! let me turn *my* Thoughts on Thee,
And *Thine*, on Themes may profit; profit there,
Where moſt thy Need. Themes, too, the genuine Growth,
Of dear PHILANDER's Duſt. He, *thus*, tho' dead,
May ſtill befriend—What Themes? *Time's wondrous Price*,
Death, *Friendſhip*, and PHILANDER's *final ſcene*.

So

So could I touch theſe Themes, as might obtain
Thine Ear, nor leave thy Heart quite diſengag'd,
The good Deed would delight me; half-impreſs
On my dark Cloud an *Iris*; and from Grief
Call Glory—Doſt thou mourn PHILANDER's Fate?
I know thou ſay'ſt it: Says thy Life the ſame?
He mourns the Dead, who lives as they deſire.
Where is that Thrift, that Avarice of TIME,
(O glorious Avarice!) Thought of Death inſpires,
As rumour'd Robberies endear our Gold?
O *Time!* than Gold more ſacred; more a Load
Than Lead, to Fools; and Fools *reputed* Wiſe.
What *Moment* granted Man without Account?
What *Years* are ſquander'd, *Wiſdom*'s Debt unpaid!
Our Wealth in Days all due to *that* Diſcharge.
Haſte, haſte, He lies in wait, He's at the Door,
Inſidious *Death!* ſhould his ſtrong Hand arreſt,
No Compoſition ſets the Pris'ner free.
Eternity's inexorable Chain
Faſt binds; and Vengeance claims the full Arrear.
How late I ſhudder'd on the Brink! how late
Life call'd for her laſt Refuge in Deſpair!
That *Time* is mine, O MEAD, to Thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *Eternity*.
But ill my Genius anſwers my Deſire;
My ſickly Song is mortal, paſt thy Cure.
Accept the Will;—That dies not with my Strain.
For what calls *thy* Diſeaſe, LORENZO? Not
For *Eſculapian*, but for *Moral* Aid.
Thou think'ſt it Folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in *Time*; it may be, poor;
Part with it as with Money, ſparing; pay
No Moment, but in Purchaſe of its Worth;
And what its Worth, aſk Death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with Life; reluctant; big

With

With holy Hope of nobler Time to come;
Time higher-aim'd, ſtill nearer the great *Mark*
Of Men and Angels; Virtue more divine.
Is this our *Duty*, *Wiſdom*, *Glory*, *Gain*?
(*Theſe* Heav'n benign in vital Union binds)
And ſport we like the Natives of the Bough,
When vernal Suns inſpire? *Amuſement* reigns
Man's great Demand: To trifle is to live:
And is it then a Trifle, too, to die?
Thou ſay'ſt I *preach*, LORENZO! 'Tis confeſt.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants *Amuſement* in the Flame of Battle?
Is it not Treaſon to the Soul *immortal*,
Her Foes in Arms, Eternity the Prize?
Will Toys amuſe, when Med'cines cannot cure?
When Spirits ebb, when Life's enchanting Scenes
Their Luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our Sight,
As Lands and Cities with their glitt'ring Spires,
To the poor ſhatter'd Bark, by ſudden Storm
Thrown off to Sea, and ſoon to periſh there;
Will Toys amuſe? No: Thrones will then be Toys,
And Earth and Skies ſeem Duſt upon the Scale.
Redeem we Time?—Its *Loſs* we dearly buy.
What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd Sports?
He pleads Time's num'rous *Blanks*; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like *Trifles* on Life's common Stream.
From whom thoſe *Blanks* and *Trifles*, but from *Thee*?
No *Blank*, no *Trifle*, Nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* Virtue, ſtill be thine;
This cancels thy Complaint at once; *This* leaves
In *Act* no *Trifle*, and no *Blank* in Time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes All;
This, the bleſt Art of turning all to *Gold*;
This, the good Heart's Prerogative to raiſe
A royal Tribute, from the pooreſt Hours;

Immenſe

Immenſe Revenue! ev'ry Moment *Pays*.
If nothing more than *Purpoſe* in thy Power;
Thy Purpoſe firm, is equal to the Deed:
Who does the beſt his Circumſtance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; Angels could no more.
Our *outward* Act, indeed, admits Reſtraint:
'Tis not in Things o'er *Thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy Thought; our Thoughts are heard in Heaven.
On all important *Time*, thro' ev'ry Age,
Tho' much, and warm, the Wiſe have urg'd; the Man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an Hour.
"*I've loſt a Day*"—The Prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an Emperor without his Crown;
Of *Rome?* Say, rather, Lord of human Race:
He ſpoke, as if deputed by Mankind.
So ſhould all ſpeak: So *Reaſon* ſpeaks in All;
From the ſoft Whiſpers of that God in Man,
Why fly to Folly, why to Phrenſy fly,
For Reſcue from the *Bleſſings* we poſſeſs?
Time, the Supreme!—Time is Eternity;
Pregnant with all Eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes Archangels ſmile.
Who murders Time, He cruſhes in the Birth
A Pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah! how unjuſt to Nature, and Himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs, thankleſs, inconſiſtent Man!
Like Children babbling Nonſenſe in their Sports,
We cenſure Nature for a Span too ſhort;
That Span too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture Invention, all Expedients tire,
To laſh the ling'ring Moments into ſpeed,
And whirl us (happy Riddance!) from ourſelves.
Art, brainleſs *Art!* our furious Charioteer,
(For *Nature*'s Voice unſtifled would recall)
Drives headlong tow'rds the Precipice of Death;

Death,

Death, moſt our Dread; Death *thus* more dreadful made;
O what a Riddle of Abſurdity!
Leiſure is Pain; takes off our Chariot-wheels;
How heavily we drag the Load of Life!
Bleſt Leiſure is our Curſe; like that of *Cain*,
It makes us wander; wander Earth around
To fly that Tyrant, Thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
The World beneath, we groan beneath an Hour.
We cry for Mercy to the next Amuſement;
The next Amuſement mortgages our Fields!
Slight Inconvenience! Priſons hardly frown,
From hateful *Time* if Priſons ſet us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us Relief,
We call him cruel; Years to Moments ſhrink,
Ages to Years. The Teleſcope is turn'd.
To Man's falſe Optics (from his Folly falſe)
Time, in Advance, behind him hides his Wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his Age:
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad Pinions ſwifter than the Wind?
And all Mankind, in Contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on his Career.
Leave to thy Foes theſe Errors, and theſe Ills;
To Nature juſt, their *Cauſe* and *Cure* explore.
Not ſhort Heav'n's Bounty, boundleſs our Expence;
No Niggard, Nature; Men are Prodigals.
We *waſte*, not *uſe* our Time; we breathe, not live.
Time *waſted* is Exiſtence, *us'd* is Life.
And *bare Exiſtence*, Man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppreſſes with enormous Weight.
And why? ſince *Time* was giv'n for Uſe, not Waſte.
Injoin'd to fly; with Tempeſt, Tide, and Stars,
To keep his Speed, nor ever wait for Man;
Time's Uſe was doom'd a Pleaſure; Waſte, a Pain;
That Man might *feel* his Error, if unſeen:

And,

And, feeling, fly to Labour for his Cure;
Not, blund'ring, ſplit on Idleneſs for Eaſe.
Life's Cares are Comforts; ſuch by Heav'n deſign'd;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are Employments; and without Employ
The Soul is on a Rack; the Rack of *Reſt*,
To Souls moſt adverſe; Action all their Joy.
Here, then, the Riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then Time turns Torment, when Man turns a Fool.
We rave, we wreſtle with *Great Nature's Plan*;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart His Will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural Quarrel with ourſelves;
Our Thoughts at Enmity; our Boſom-broil;
We puſh Time from us, and we wiſh Him back;
Laviſh of Luſtrums, and yet fond of Life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; *Death* ſeek, and ſhun;
Body and Soul, like peeviſh Man and Wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark Days of Vanity! while Here,
How taſteleſs! and how Terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The Spirit walks of ev'ry Day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an Angel, or a Fury frowns.
Nor Death, nor Life, delight us. If Time *paſt*,
And Time *poſſeſt*, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The Man who conſecrates his Hours
By vig'rous Effort, and an honeſt Aim,
At once he draws the Sting of Life and Death;
He *walks with Nature*; and her Paths are Peace.
Our Error's Cauſe and Cure are ſeen: See next
Time's *Nature*, *Origin*, *Importance*, *Speed*;
And thy great *Gain* from urging his Career.—
All-ſenſual Man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,

He

He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing elſe
Is truly Man's; 'tis Fortune's.—Time's a God.
Haſt *Thou* ne'er heard of *Time*'s Omnipotence?
For, or *againſt*, what Wonders can he do!
And *will*: To ſtand blank *Neuter* he diſdains.
Not on *thoſe Terms* was *Time* (Heav'n's Stranger!) ſent
On his important Embaſſy to Man.
Lorenzo! no: On the long-deſtin'd Hour,
From everlaſting Ages growing ripe,
That memorable Hour of wond'rous Birth,
When the *Dread Sire*, on Emanation bent,
And big with Nature, riſing in his Might,
Call'd forth Creation (for then *Time* was born),
By Godhead ſtreaming thro' a thouſand Worlds;
Not on *thoſe Terms*, from the great Days of Heaven,
From old Eternity's myſterious Orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and caſt beneath the Skies;
The Skies, which watch him in his new Abode,
Meaſuring his Motions by revolving Spheres;
That Horologe Machinery Divine.
Hours, Days, and Months, and Years, his Children, play,
Like num'rous Wings around him, as he flies:
Or, rather, as unequal Plumes they ſhape
His ample Pinions, ſwift as darted Flame,
To gain his Goal, to reach his antient Reſt,
And join anew *Eternity* his Sire;
In his *Immutability* to neſt,
When Worlds, that count his Circles *now*, unhing'd,
(Fate the loud Signal ſounding) headlong ruſh
To *timeleſs* Night and Chaos, whence they roſe.
Why ſpur the Speedy? Why with Levities
New-wing thy ſhort, ſhort Day's too rapid Flight?
Know'ſt thou, or what thou doſt, or what is done?
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from Man; too ſoon
In ſad Divorce this double Flight muſt end;

And

And then, where are we? where, LORENZO! then
Thy Sports? thy Pomps?—I grant thee, in a State
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* Shroud,
Thy *Parian* Tomb's *triumphant Arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his Fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her Plume, and in her Rainbow ſhine.
Ye *well-array'd!* Ye Lilies of our Land!
Ye Lilies *Male!* who neither toil, nor ſpin,
(As Siſter Lilies *might*) if not ſo wiſe
As *Solomon*, more ſumptuous to the Sight!
Ye *Delicate!* who nothing can ſupport,
Yourſelves moſt inſupportable! for whom
The Winter Roſe muſt blow, the Sun put on
A brighter Beam in *Leo*; ſilky-ſoft
Favonius breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
And other Worlds ſend Odours, Sawce, and Song,
And Robes, and Notions, fram'd in foreign Looms!
O ye LORENZOS of our Age! who deem
One Moment unamus'd, a Miſery
Not made for feeble Man! who call aloud
For ev'ry Bawble, drivell'd o'er by Senſe;
For Rattles, and Conceits of ev'ry Caſt,
For Change of Follies, and Relays of Joy,
To drag your Patient through the tedious Length
Of a ſhort Winter's *Day*—ſay, Sages! ſay,
Wit's Oracles! ſay, Dreamers of gay Dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal Night*,
Where ſuch Expedients fail?
O treach'rous *Conſcience!* while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On *Roſe* and *Myrtle*, lull'd with Syren Song;
While ſhe ſeems, nodding o'er her Charge, to drop
On headlong *Appetite* the ſlacken'd Rein,
And give us up to *Licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmarkt;—See, from behind her ſecret Stand,
The ſly Informer minutes ev'ry Fault,

And

And her dread Diary with Horror fills.
Not the groſs *Act* alone employs her Pen;
She reconnoitres *Fancy*'s airy Band,
A watchful Foe! The formidable Spy,
Liſt'ning, o'erhears the Whiſpers of our Camp:
Our dawning Purpoſes of Heart explores,
And ſteals our Embryos of Iniquity.
As all-rapacious Uſurers conceal
Their Doomſday-book from all-conſuming Heirs;
Thus, with Indulgence moſt ſevere, She treats
Us Spendthrifts of ineſtimable *Time*;
Unnoted, notes each Moment miſapply'd;
In Leaves more durable than Leaves of Braſs,
Writes our whole Hiſtory; which *Death* ſhall read
In ev'ry pale Delinquent's private Ear;
And *Judgment* publiſh; publiſh to more Worlds
Than this; and endleſs Age in Groans reſound.
LORENZO, *ſuch* that *Sleeper* in thy Breaſt!
Such is her Slumber; and her Vengeance *ſuch*
For ſlighted Counſel; *ſuch* thy future Peace!
And think'ſt thou ſtill thou canſt be wiſe *too ſoon?*
But why on *Time* ſo laviſh is my Song?
On this great *Theme* kind *Nature* keeps a School,
To teach her Sons Herſelf. Each Night we die,
Each Morn are born anew: Each Day, a Life!
And ſhall we kill each Day? If *Trifling* kills;
Sure *Vice* muſt butcher. O what Heaps of Slain
Cry out for Vengeance on us! *Time* deſtroy'd
Is *Suicide*, where more than *Blood* is ſpilt.
Time flies, Death urges, Knells call, Heav'n invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in Effort, All;
More than Creation labours!—Labours *more?*
And is there in Creation, what, amidſt
This Tumult Univerſal, wing'd Diſpatch,
And ardent Energy, ſupinely yawns?——

Man

Man ſleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whoſe Fate,
Fate, irreverſible, intire, extreme,
Endleſs, hair-hung, breeze-ſhaken, o'er the Gulph
A Moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
All elſe is in Alarm; *Man*, the ſole Cauſe
Of this ſurrounding Storm! And yet he ſleeps,
As the Storm rock'd to Reſt.——Throw *Years* away?
Throw *Empires*, and be blameleſs. Moments ſeize;
Heav'n's on their Wing: A Moment we may wiſh,
When Worlds want Wealth to buy. Bid *Day* ſtand ſtill,
Bid him drive back his Car, and reimport
The Period paſt, regive the given Hour.
LORENZO, *more* than Miracles we want;
LORENZO—O for Yeſterdays to come!

Such is the Language of the Man *awake*;
His Ardour ſuch, for what *oppreſſes* Thee.
And is his Ardour vain, LORENZO? No;
That *more* than Miracle the Gods indulge;
To-day is *Yeſterday* return'd; return'd
Full-pow'r'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn,
And reinſtate us on the Rock of Peace.
Let it not ſhare its Predeceſſor's Fate;
Nor, like its elder Siſters, die a Fool.
Shall it evaporate in Fume? Fly off
Fuliginous, and ſtain us deeper ſtill?
Shall we be poorer for the Plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the Clemencies of Heaven?

Where ſhall I find *Him?* Angels! tell me where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I ſee Glories beaming from his Brow?
Or trace his Footſteps by the riſing Flowers?
Your golden Wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, ſhed
Protection; now, are waving in Applauſe
To that bleſt Son of Foreſight! Lord of Fate!

That

That awful Independent on *To-morrow!*
Whoſe *Work is done*; who triumphs in the *Paſt*;
Whoſe *Yeſterdays* look backward with a Smile;
Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious Lot! Paſt Hours,
If not by Guilt, yet wound us by their Flight,
If Folly bounds our Proſpect by the Grave,
All Feeling of Futurity benumb'd;
All God-like Paſſion for Eternals quencht;
All Reliſh of Realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all Correſpondence with the Skies;
Our Freedom chain'd; quite wingleſs our Deſire;
In Senſe dark-priſon'd all that ought to ſoar;
Prone to the Centre; crawling in the Duſt;
Diſmounted ev'ry great and glorious Aim;
Embruted ev'ry Faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the Rubbiſh of the World.
The World, that Gulph of Souls, immortal Souls,
Souls elevate, Angelic, wing'd with Fire
To reach the diſtant Skies, and triumph there
On Thrones, which ſhall not mourn their Maſters chang'd;
Tho' we from *Earth*; *Ethereal*, They that fell.
Such Veneration due, O Man, to Man.
Who venerate themſelves, the World deſpiſe.
For what, gay Friend! is this *eſcutcheon'd* World,
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal Night?
A Night, that glooms us in the Noon-tide Ray,
And wraps our Thought, at Banquets, in the Shroud.
Life's little Stage is a ſmall Eminence,
Inch-high the Grave above; that Home of Man,
Where dwells the Multitude; We gaze around;
We read their Monuments; we ſigh; and while
We ſigh, we ſink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or Lamented, all our Lot!
Is Death at Diſtance? No: He has been on thee;

And giv'n ſure Earneſt of his final Blow.
Thoſe Hours, which lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to Thought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great Deep, which nothing diſembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee ſmall Renown.
The reſt are on the Wing: How fleet their Flight!
Already has the fatal Train took Fire;
A Moment, and the World's blown up *to thee*;
The Sun is Darkneſs, and the Stars are Duſt.

'Tis greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt Hours;
And aſk them, what Report they bore to Heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome News.
Their Anſwers form what Men *Experience* call;
If *Wiſdom*'s Friend, her beſt; if not, worſt Foe.
O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our Joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by Succeſs are tutor'd to Deſpair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *muſt* be ſo.
Who knows not this, tho' Grey, is ſtill a Child.
Looſe then from Earth the Graſp of fond Deſire,
Weigh Anchor, and ſome happier Clime explore.

Art thou ſo moor'd thou canſt not diſengage,
Nor give thy Thoughts a Ply to future Scenes?
Since, by *Life*'s paſſing Breath, blown up from Earth,
Light, as the Summer's Duſt, we take in Air
A Moment's giddy Flight, and fall again;
Join the dull Maſs, increaſe the trodden Soil,
And ſleep till Earth herſelf ſhall be no more;
Since *Then* (as Emmets, their ſmall World o'erthrown)
We, ſore-amaz'd, from out Earth's Ruins crawl,
And riſe to Fate extreme of Foul or Fair,
As Man's own Choice (Controuler of the Skies!)
As Man's deſpotic Will, perhaps *one* Hour,
(O how Omnipotent is Time!) decrees;

Should not each *Warning* give a ſtrong Alarm?
Warning, far leſs than that of Boſom torn
From Boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred Dead!
Should not each *Dial* ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous, as the *written Wall*, which ſtruck,
O'er midnight Bowls, the proud *Aſſyrian* pale,
Ere-while high-fluſht with Inſolence and Wine?
Like *That*, the Dial ſpeaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy Banquet up:
"O Man, thy Kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it laſts, is emptier than my Shade."
Its ſilent Language ſuch: Nor need'ſt thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the *Median*, Fate is in thy Walls:
Doſt aſk, *How? Whence? Belſhazzar*-like, amaz'd!
Man's Make incloſes the ſure Seeds of Death;
Life feeds the Murderer: Ingrate! he thrives
On her own Meal, and then his Nurſe devours.
But here, Lorenzo, the Deluſion lies;
That *Solar Shadow*, as it meaſures Life,
It Life reſembles too: Life ſpeeds away
From Point to Point, tho' ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
The cunning Fugitive is ſwift by Stealth:
Too ſubtle is the Movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon Man's Hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our Danger; *Gnomons*, Time:
As *theſe* are uſeleſs when the Sun is ſet;
So *thoſe*, but when more glorious *Reaſon* ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in Reaſon's Eye,
That Sedentary Shadow travels hard.
But ſuch our Gravitation to the Wrong,
So prone our Hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
'Tis later with the Wiſe, than he's aware;
A *Wilmington* goes ſlower than the Sun:
And all Mankind miſtake their Time of Day;

Ev'n Age itſelf. Freſh Hopes are hourly ſown
In furrow'd Brows. So gentle Life's Deſcent,
We ſhut our Eyes, and think it is a Plain.
We take fair Days in Winter, for the Spring;
And turn our Bleſſings into Bane. Since oft
Man muſt *compute* that Age He cannot *feel*,
He ſcarce believes he's older for his Years.
Thus, at Life's lateſt Eve, we keep in Store
One Diſappointment ſure, to crown the Reſt;
The Diſappointment of a promis'd Hour.

On *This*, or Similar, PHILANDER! Thou
Whoſe Mind was moral, as the Preacher's Tongue;
And ſtrong, to wield all Science, worth the Name;
How often we talk'd down the Summer's Sun,
And cool'd our Paſſions by the breezy Stream!
How often thaw'd and ſhorten'd Winter's Eve,
By Conflict kind, that ſtruck out latent Truth,
Beſt found, ſo ſought; to the *Recluſe* more coy!
Thoughts diſintangle, paſſing o'er the Lip;
Clean runs the Thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up Nonſenſe for a Song;
Song, faſhionably fruitleſs; ſuch as ſtains
The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Paſſion* fires;
Chiming her Saints to *Cytherea*'s Fane.

Know'ſt thou, LORENZO! what a Friend contains?
As Bees *mixt Nectar* draw from fragrant Flow'rs,
So Men from FRIENDSHIP, *Wiſdom* and *Delight*;
Twins ty'd by Nature; if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no Friend to ſet thy Mind abroach?
Good Senſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up, want Air,
And ſpoil, like Bales unopen'd to the Sun.
Had Thought been All, ſweet Speech had been deny'd;
Speech, Thought's Canal! Speech, Thought's Criterion [too!
Thought in the Mine, may come forth Gold, or Droſs;
When coin'd in Word, we know its *real* Worth.

If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future Uſe;
'Twill buy thee Benefit; perhaps, Renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The Births of Intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual Fire;
Speech burniſhes our Mental Magazine;
Brightens, for Ornament; and whets, for Uſe.
What Numbers, ſheath'd in Erudition, lie
Plung'd to the Hilts in venerable Tomes,
And ruſted in; who might have borne an Edge,
And play'd a ſprightly Beam, if born to Speech;
If born bleſt Heirs of half their Mother's Tongue!
'Tis Thought's Exchange, which, like th'alternate Puſh
Of Waves conflicting, breaks the learned Scum,
And defecates the Student's ſtanding Pool.
In *Contemplation* is his proud Reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converſe* unſuſtain'd.
Rude Thought runs wild in *Contemplation*'s Field;
Converſe, the Menage, breaks it to the Bit
Of due Reſtraint; and *Emulation*'s Spur
Gives graceful Energy, by Rivals aw'd.
'Tis Converſe qualifies for Solitude;
As Exerciſe, for ſalutary Reſt.
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves;
And *Nature*'s Fool, by *Wiſdom*'s is outdone.
Wiſdom, tho' richer than *Peruvian* Mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet Ambroſial Hive,
What is ſhe, but the Means of *Happineſs?*
That unobtain'd, than Folly more a Fool;
A melancholy Fool, without her Bells.
Friendſhip, the Means of Wiſdom, richly gives
The precious End, which makes our Wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in Zeal for human Amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* Joy.

Joy is an Import; Joy is an Exchange;
Joy flies Monopoliſts: It calls for *Two*;
Rich Fruit! heav'n planted! never pluckt by *One*.
Needful Auxiliars are our Friends, to give
To *ſocial* Man true Reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves deſcending in a Line
Pleaſure's bright Beam, is feeble in Delight:
Delight intenſe, is taken by Rebound;
Reverberated Pleaſures fire the Breaſt.
Celeſtial *Happineſs*, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit Earth, One Shrine the Goddeſs finds,
And One alone, to make her ſweet Amends
For abſent Heav'n—the Boſom of a Friend;
Where Heart meets Heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's Pillow to Repoſe divine.
Beware the Counterfeit: In *Paſſion*'s Flame
Hearts melt; but melt like Ice, ſoon harder froze.
True Love ſtrikes Root in *Reaſon*; Paſſion's Foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for Life:
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever:
Of *Friendſhip*'s faireſt Fruits, the Fruit moſt fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a Rival Fire,
And, *emulouſly*, rapid in her Race.
O the ſoft Enmity! Endearing Strife!
This carries Friendſhip to her noon-tide Point,
And gives the Rivet of Eternity.
From *Friendſhip*, which outlives my former Themes,
Glorious Survivor of old *Time*, and *Death!*
From Friendſhip, thus, that Flow'r of Heav'nly Seed,
The Wiſe extract Earth's moſt *Hyblean* Bliſs,
Superior Wiſdom, crown'd with ſmiling Joy.
But for whom bloſſoms this *Elyſian Flower?*
Abroad They find, who cheriſh it at *Home*.
LORENZO! pardon what my Love extorts,
An honeſt Love, and not afraid to Frown.

Tho'

Tho' Choice of Follies faſten on the *Great*,
None clings more obſtinate, than Fancy fond,
That ſacred Friendſhip is their eaſy Prey;
Caught by the Waſture of a Golden Lure,
Or Faſcination of a high-born Smile.
Their Smiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
For Others Hearts, tenacious of their Own;
And we no leſs of ours, when *ſuch* the Bait.
Ye Fortune's Cofferers! Ye Pow'rs of Wealth!
You do your *Rent-rolls* moſt felonious Wrong,
By taking our Attachment to *Yourſelves*.
Can Gold gain Friendſhip? Impudence of Hope!
As well mere Man an Angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the Loan for Love.
LORENZO! Pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A Friend, but what has found a Friend in Thee.
All like the Purchaſe; few the Price will pay;
And this makes Friends ſuch Miracles below.
What if (ſince Daring on ſo nice a Theme)
I ſhew thee Friendſhip Delicate, as Dear.
Of tender Violations apt to die?
Reſerve will wound it; and *Diſtruſt*, deſtroy.
Deliberate on all Things with thy Friend.
But ſince Friends grow not thick on ev'ry Bough,
Nor ev'ry Friend unrotten at the Core;
Firſt, on thy Friend, delib'rate with Thyſelf;
Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not Eager in the Choice,
Nor Jealous of the Choſen; Fixing, Fix;
Judge before Friendſhip, then confide till Death.
Well, for thy Friend; but Nobler far, for Thee;
How gallant Danger for Earth's Higheſt Prize!
A Friend is worth all Hazard we can run.
"Poor is the Friendleſs Maſter of a World:
"A World in Purchaſe for a Friend is Gain."

So ſung He (Angels hear that Angel ſing!
Angels from Friendſhip gather Half their Joy)
So ſung PHILANDER, as his Friend went round
In the rich *Ichor*, in the gen'rous Blood
Of BACCHUS, purple God of joyous Wit,
A Brow ſolute, and ever-laughing Eye.
He drank long Health, and Virtue, to his Friend;
His Friend, who warm'd him more, who more inſpir'd.
Friendſhip's the Wine of Life; but Friendſhip *new*
(Not ſuch was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
O! for the bright Complexion, cordial Warmth,
And elevating Spirit, of a Friend,
For Twenty Summers ripening by my Side;
All Feculence of Falſhood long thrown down;
All ſocial Virtues riſing in his Soul;
As Cryſtal clear; and ſmiling, as they riſe!
Here Nectar flows; it ſparkles in our Sight;
Rich to the Taſte, and genuine from the Heart.
High-flavour'd Bliſs for Gods! on Earth how rare!
On Earth how *loſt!*—PHILANDER is no more.

Think'ſt thou the Theme intoxicates my Song?
Am I too warm?—Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
Like Birds, whoſe Beauties languiſh, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the Wing, their gloſſy Plumes
Expanded ſhine with Azure, Green, and Gold;
How Bleſſings brighten as they take their Flight!
His Flight PHILANDER took; his Upward Flight,
If ever Soul aſcended. Had he dropt,
(That Eagle Genius!) O had he let fall
One Feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
What Friends might flatter; prudent Foes forbear;
Rivals ſcarce damn; and ZOILUS reprieve.
Yet what I can, I muſt: It were profane
To quench a Glory lighted at the Skies,

And

And caſt in Shadows his illuſtrious Cloſe.
Strange! the Theme moſt affecting, moſt ſublime,
Momentous moſt to Man, ſhould ſleep unſung!
And yet it ſleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Chriſtian*; to the Bluſh of Wit.
Man's higheſt Triumph! Man's profoundeſt Fall!
The *Death-bed* of the Juſt! is yet undrawn
By mortal Hand: It merits a Divine:
Angels ſhould paint it, Angels ever *There*;
There, on a Poſt of Honour, and of Joy.
Dare I preſume, then? But PHILANDER bids;
And Glory tempts, and Inclination calls——
Yet am I ſtruck; as ſtruck the Soul, beneath
Aëreal *Groves* impenetrable Gloom;
Or, in ſome mighty *Ruin*'s ſolemn Shade;
Or, gazing by pale Lamps on *high-born Duſt*,
In Vaults; thin Courts of poor Unflatter'd Kings!
Or, at the Midnight *Altar*'s hallow'd Flame.
It is Religion to proceed: I pauſe———
And enter, aw'd, the Temple of my Theme.
Is it his Death-bed? No: It is his Shrine:
Behold him, there, juſt riſing to a God.
The Chamber where the Good Man meets his Fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common Walk
Of *virtuous* Life, quite in the Verge of Heav'n.
Fly, ye Profane! If not, draw near with Awe,
Receive the Bleſſing, and adore the Chance,
That threw in this *Bethesda* your Diſeaſe;
If unreſtor'd by This, deſpair your Cure.
For, *Here*, reſiſtleſs Demonſtration dwells;
A Death-bed's a Detector of the Heart.
Here tir'd *Diſſimulation* drops her Maſque,
Thro' Life's Grimace, that Miſtreſs of the Scene!
Here Real, and Apparent, are the Same.
You ſee the *Man*; you ſee his Hold on Heav'n;

If ſound his Virtue; as PHILANDER's, ſound.
Heav'n waits not the laſt Moment; owns her Friends
On this Side Death; and points them out to Men,
A Lecture, ſilent, but of ſov'reign Pow'r!
To Vice, Confuſion; and to Virtue, Peace.
Whatever Farce the boaſtful Hero plays,
Virtue alone has Majeſty in Death;
And greater ſtill, the more the Tyrant frowns.
PHILANDER! he ſeverely frown'd on Thee.
" No warning giv'n! Unceremonious Fate!
" A ſudden Ruſh from Life's meridian Joys!
" A Wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
" A reſtleſs Bed of Pain! a Plunge opaque
" Beyond Conjecture! Feeble *Nature*'s Dread!
" Strong *Reaſon*'s Shudder at the dark Unknown!
" A Sun extinguiſht! a juſt opening Grave!
" And Oh! the laſt, laſt; what? (can Words expreſs?
" Thought reach?) the laſt, laſt—*Silence* of a Friend!"
Where are thoſe Horrors, that Amazement, where,
This hideous Group of Ills, which *ſingly* ſhock,
Demand from Man?—I thought him Man till *now*.
Thro' Nature's Wreck, thro' vanquiſht Agonies,
(Like the Stars ſtruggling thro' this Midnight Gloom)
What Gleams of Joy? what more than Human Peace?
Where, the frail Mortal? the poor abject Worm?
No, not in Death, the *Mortal* to be found.
His Conduct is a Legacy for All.
Richer than *Mammon*'s for his ſingle Heir.
His Comforters he comforts; Great in Ruin,
With unreluctant Grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His Soul ſublime; and cloſes with his Fate.
How our Hearts burnt within us at the Scene!
Whence, This brave Bound o'er Limits fixt to Man?
His God ſuſtains him in his final Hour!
His final Hour brings Glory to his God!

Man's

Man's Glory Heav'n vouchſafes to call her own.
We gaze; we weep; mixt Tears of Grief and Joy!
Amazement ſtrikes! Devotion burſts to Flame!
Chriſtians Adore! and *Infidels* Believe.

As ſome tall Tow'r, or lofty Mountain's Brow,
Detains the Sun, Illuſtrious from its Height;
While riſing Vapours, and deſcending Shades,
With Damps, and Darkneſs, drown the ſpacious Vale:
Undampt by Doubt, Undarken'd by Deſpair,
PHILANDER, thus, auguſtly rears his Head,
At that Black Hour, which gen'ral Horror ſheds
On the low Level of th'inglorious Throng:
Sweet *Peace*, and Heav'nly *Hope*, and Humble *Joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted Soul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the Skies,
With incommunicable Luſtre, Bright.

NIGHT the THIRD.

NARCISSA.

Humbly Inſcribed to her GRACE

The DUCHESS of P——.

Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere Manes.
VIRG.

FROM *Dreams*, where Thought in Fancy's Maze runs
To *Reaſon*, that Heav'n-lighted Lamp in Man, [mad,
Once more I wake; and at the deſtin'd Hour,
Punctual as Lovers to the Moment ſworn,
I keep my Aſſignation with my Woe.
O! Loſt to Virtue, Loſt to manly Thought,
Loſt to the noble Sallies of the Soul!
Who think it Solitude, to be Alone.
Communion ſweet! Communion large, and high!
Our *Reaſon*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God!*
Then neareſt Theſe, when Others moſt remote;
And all, ere long, ſhall be remote, *but* Theſe.
How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,
A Stranger! Unacknowledg'd! Unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy Breaſt;
To win thy Wiſh, Creation has no more.
Or, if we wiſh a *Fourth*, it is a Friend——
But Friends, how mortal! Dang'rous the Deſire.

Take

Take PHOEBUS to yourſelves, ye baſking Bards!
Inebriate at fair Fortune's Fountain-head;
And reeling thro' the Wilderneſs of Joy;
Where *Senſe* runs ſavage, broke from *Reaſon*'s Chain,
And ſings falſe Peace, till ſmother'd by the Pall.
My Fortune is unlike; unlike my Song;
Unlike the Deity my Song invokes.
I to *Day*'s ſoft-ey'd Siſter pay my Court,
(ENDYMION's Rival!) and her Aid implore;
Now firſt implor'd in Succour to the *Muſe*.
Thou, who didſt lately borrow * CYNTHIA's Form,
And modeſtly forego thine Own! O Thou
Who didſt thyſelf, at Midnight Hours, inſpire!
Say, why not CYNTHIA, Patroneſs of Song?
As Thou her Creſcent, ſhe thy Character
Aſſumes; ſtill more a Goddeſs by the Change.
Are there demurring Wits, who dare diſpute
This Revolution in the World *inſpir'd?*
Ye train *Pierian!* to the *Lunar* Sphere,
In ſilent Hour, addreſs your ardent Call
For Aid immortal; leſs her Brother's Right.
She, with the Spheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy Dance, and hears their matchleſs Strain;
A Strain for Gods, deny'd to mortal Ear.
Tranſmit it heard, Thou Silver Queen of Heav'n!
What Title, or what Name, endears thee moſt!
CYNTHIA! CYLLENE! PHOEBE!—or doſt hear
With higher Guſt, fair P———D of the Skies?
Is that the ſoft Inchantment calls thee down,
More pow'rful than of old *Circean* Charm;
Come; but from Heav'nly Banquets with thee bring
The Soul of Song, and whiſper in mine Ear
The Theft divine; or in propitious Dreams
(For Dreams are Thine) transfuſe it thro' the Breaſt

* At the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Maſquerade.

Of

Of thy firſt Votary——But not thy laſt;
If, like thy *Nameſake*, Thou art ever kind.
And kind Thou wilt be; Kind on ſuch a Theme;
A Theme ſo like thee, a quite *Lunar* Theme,
Soft, modeſt, melancholy, female, fair!
A Theme that roſe all pale, and told my Soul,
'Twas *Night*; on her fond Hopes perpetual Night;
A Night which ſtruck a Damp, a deadlier Damp,
Than that which ſmote me from PHILANDER's Tomb.
NARCISSA follows, ere his Tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluſter; rare are *ſolitary* Woes;
They love a Train, they tread each others Heel;
Her Death invades *His* mournful Right, and claims
The Grief that ſtarted from my Lids for Him:
Seizes the faithleſs, alienated Tear,
Or ſhares it, ere it falls. So frequent Death,
Sorrow, he *more* than cauſes, He confounds;
For human Sighs his rival Strokes contend,
And make Diſtreſs, Diſtraction. Oh PHILANDER!
What was thy Fate? A double Fate to me;
Portent, and Pain! a Menace, and a Blow!
Like the black Raven hov'ring o'er my Peace,
Not leſs a Bird of Omen, than of Prey.
It call'd NARCISSA long before her Hour;
It call'd her tender Soul, by Break of Bliſs,
From the firſt Bloſſom, from the Buds of Joy;
Thoſe few our noxious Fate unblaſted leaves
In this inclement Clime of human Life.
Sweet Harmoniſt! and Beautiful as ſweet!
And Young as beautiful! and Soft as young!
And Gay as ſoft! and Innocent as gay!
And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good!
For Fortune fond had built her Neſt on high.
Like Birds quite exquiſite of Note and Plume,
Transfixt by *Fate* (who loves a lofty Mark)

How

How from the Summit of the Grove ſhe fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its Charm
Extinguiſht in the Wonders of her Song!
Her Song ſtill vibrates in my raviſht Ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous Pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my Heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this Group
Of bright Ideas, Flow'rs of Paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one Blaze we bind,
Kneel, and preſent it to the Skies; as All
We gueſs of Heav'n: And *theſe* were all her own.
And ſhe was mine; and I was—*was* moſt bleſt—
Gay Title of the deepeſt Miſery!
As Bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of Life;
Good loſt weighs more in Grief, than gain'd, in Joy.
Like bloſſom'd Trees o'erturn'd by vernal Storm,
Lovely in Death the beauteous Ruin lay;
And if in Death ſtill lovely, lovelier There;
Far lovelier! Pity ſwells the Tide of Love.
And will not the Severe excuſe a Sigh?
Scorn the proud Man that is aſham'd to weep:
Our Tears *indulg'd* indeed deſerve our Shame.
Ye that e'er loſt an Angel! pity me.
Soon as the Luſtre languiſh'd in her Eye,
Dawning a dimmer Day on human Sight;
And on her Cheek, the Reſidence of Spring,
Pale Omen ſat; and ſcatter'd Fears around
On all that ſaw (and who would ceaſe to gaze,
That once had ſeen?) with Haſte, parental Haſte,
I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid North,
Her native Bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,
And bore her nearer to the Sun; the Sun
(As if the Sun could envy) checkt his Beam,
Deny'd his wonted Succour, or with more

Regret

Regret beheld her drooping, than the Bells
Of Lilies! Faireſt Lilies not ſo fair.
Queen Lilies! and ye painted Populace!
Who dwell in Fields, and lead ambroſial Lives;
In Morn and Ev'ning Dew, your Beauties bathe,
And drink the Sun; which gives your Cheeks to glow,
And out-bluſh (*mine* excepted) ev'ry Fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her Hand,
Which often cropt your Odours, Incenſe meet
To Thought ſo pure. Ye lovely Fugitives!
Coæval Race with Man! for Man you ſmile;
Why not ſmile *at* him too? You ſhare indeed
His ſudden Paſs; but not his conſtant Pain.
So Man is made, nought miniſters Delight,
But what his glowing Paſſions can engage;
And glowing Paſſions, bent on aught Below,
Muſt, ſoon or late, with Anguiſh turn the Scale;
And Anguiſh, after Rapture, how ſevere!
Rapture? Bold Man! who tempts the Wrath divine,
By plucking Fruit deny'd to mortal Taſte,
Whilſt *Here*, preſuming on the Rights of Heav'n.
For Tranſport doſt Thou call on ev'ry Hour,
LORENZO? At thy Friend's Expence be wiſe;
Lean not on Earth; 'twill pierce thee to the Heart;
A broken Reed, at beſt; but, oft, a Spear;
On its ſharp Point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.
Turn, hopeleſs Thought! turn from Her:—Thought repell'd,
Reſenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry Woe.
Snatch'd ere thy Prime! and in thy bridal Hour!
And when kind Fortune, with thy Lover, ſmil'd!
And when high-flavour'd thy freſh-op'ning Joys!
And when blind Man pronounc'd thy Bliſs complete!
And on a Foreign Shore; where Strangers wept!
Strangers to Thee; and, more ſurpriſing ſtill,

Strangers

Strangers to Kindneſs, wept: Their Eyes let fall
Inhuman Tears; ſtrange Tears; that trickled down
From marble Hearts! obdurate Tenderneſs!
A Tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere;
In Spite of Nature's ſoft Perſuaſion, ſteel'd;
While *Nature* melted, *Superſtition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the Dead; and *This* deny'd a Grave.
Their Sighs incenſt; Sighs foreign to the Will!
Their Will the *Tyger* ſuck'd, outrag'd the Storm.
For Oh! the curſt Ungodlineſs of Zeal!
While *ſinful Fleſh* relented, *Spirit* nurſt
In blind *Infallibility*'s Embrace,
The *Sainted Spirit* petrify'd the Breaſt;
Deny'd the Charity of Duſt, to ſpread
O'er Duſt! a Charity their Dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What Succour? What Reſource?
With pious Sacrilege a Grave I ſtole;
With impious Piety that Grave I wrong'd;
Short in my Duty; Coward in my Grief!
More like her Murderer, than Friend, I crept,
With ſoft-ſuſpended Step; and, muffled deep
In Midnight Darkneſs, *whiſper'd* my Laſt Sigh.
I *whiſper'd* what ſhould echo thro' their Realms:
Nor writ her Name, whoſe Tomb ſhould pierce the Skies.
Preſumptuous Fear! how durſt I dread her Foes,
While Nature's loudeſt Dictates I obey'd?
Pardon Neceſſity, Bleſt Shade! Of Grief
And Indignation rival Burſts I pour'd;
Half-execration mingled with my Pray'r;
Kindled at Man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the Savage Land her Sacred Duſt;
Stampt the curſt Soil; and with Humanity
(Deny'd NARCISSA) wiſh'd them all a Grave.
Glows my Reſentment into Guilt? What Guilt
Can equal Violations of the Dead?

The

The Dead how Sacred! Sacred is the Duſt
Of this Heav'n-labour'd Form, erect, divine!
This Heav'n-aſſum'd majeſtic Robe of Earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vaſt Expanſe
With Azure bright, and cloath'd the Sun in Gold.
When ev'ry Paſſion ſleeps that can offend;
When ſtrikes us ev'ry Motive that can melt;
When Man can wreak his Rancour *uncontroul'd*,
That ſtrongeſt Curb on Inſult and Ill-will;
Then, Spleen to *Duſt?* the Duſt of Innocence?
An Angel's Duſt!——This *Lucifer* tranſcends;
When he contended for the Patriarch's Bones,
'Twas not the Strife of Malice, but of Pride;
The Strife of Pontiff Pride, not Pontiff Gall.
Far leſs than This is ſhocking in a Race
Moſt *wretched*, but from Streams of mutual Love;
And *uncreated*, but for Love Divine;
And, but for Love Divine, this Moment, *loſt*,
By Fate reſorb'd, and ſunk in endleſs Night.
Man hard of Heart to Man! Of horrid Things
Moſt horrid! 'Mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange!
Yet oft his Courteſies are ſmoother Wrongs;
Pride brandiſhes the Favours He confers,
And contumelious his Humanity:
What then his Vengeance? Hear it not, ye Stars!
And thou, pale Moon! turn paler at the Sound;
Man is to Man the ſoreſt, ſureſt Ill.
A previous Blaſt foretels the riſing Storm;
O'erwhelming Turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcano's bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning Jaws devour;
And Smoke betrays the wide-conſuming Fire:
Ruin from Man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful Tidings in the Blow.
Is this the Flight of Fancy? Would it were!

Heav'n's Sov'reign ſaves all Beings but Himſelf,
That hideous Sight, a *naked* human Heart.
Fir'd is the Muſe? And let the Muſe be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what He ſpeaks, He feels,
And in the Nerve moſt tender, in his Friends?
Shame to Mankind! PHILANDER had his Foes:
He felt the Truths I ſing, and I in Him.
But He, nor I, feel more: Paſt Ills, NARCISSA!
Are ſunk in Thee, Thou recent Wound of Heart!
Which bleeds with other Cares, with other Pangs;
Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous Ills that ſwarm'd
O'er thy diſtinguiſht Fate, and, cluſt'ring There
Thick as the Locuſt on the Land of *Nile*,
Made Death more deadly, and more dark the Grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching Tale)
How was each Circumſtance with Aſpics arm'd?
An Aſpic, Each; and All, an *Hydra*-Woe.
What ſtrong *Herculean* Virtue could ſuffice?—
Or is it Virtue to be conquer'd Here?
This hoary Cheek a Train of Tears bedews;
And each Tear mourns its own *diſtinct* Diſtreſs;
And each Diſtreſs, diſtinctly mourn'd, demands
Of Grief ſtill more, as heighten'd by the Whole.
A Grief like *this* Proprietors excludes:
Not Friends alone ſuch Obſequies deplore;
They make Mankind the Mourner; carry Sighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her Way;
And turn the gayeſt Thought of gayeſt Age,
Down their right Channel, thro' the Vale of Death.
The Vale of Death! that huſht *Cimmerian* Vale,
Where *Darkneſs*, brooding o'er unfiniſh'd Fates,
With Raven Wing incumbent, waits the Day
(Dread Day!) that interdicts all future Change!
That Subterranean World, that Land of Ruin!
Fit Walk, LORENZO, for proud human Thought!

There let my Thought expatiate; and explore
Balſamic Truths, and healing Sentiments,
Of all moſt wanted, and moſt welcome, *Here*.
For gay LORENZO's ſake, and for thy own,
My Soul! "The Fruits of Dying Friends ſurvey;
"Expoſe the *Vain* of Life; weigh Life and Death:
"Give Death his Eulogy; Thy Fear ſubdue;
"And labour that Firſt Palm of noble Minds,
"A manly Scorn of Terror from the Tomb."
This Harveſt reap from thy NARCISSA's Grave.
As Poets feign'd, from AJAX' ſtreaming Blood
Aroſe, with Grief inſcrib'd, a mournful Flow'r;
Let Wiſdom bloſſom from my mortal Wound.
And *firſt*, of Dying Friends; what Fruit from Theſe?
It brings us more than Triple Aid; an Aid
To chaſe our *Thoughtleſſneſs*, *Fear*, *Pride*, and *Guilt*.
Our dying Friends come o'er us like a Cloud,
To damp our brainleſs Ardors; and abate
That Glare of Life, which often blinds the Wiſe.
Our dying Friends are Pioneers, to ſmooth
Our rugged Paſs to Death; to break thoſe Bars
Of Terror, and Abhorrence, Nature throws
Croſs our obſtructed Way; and, thus, to make
Welcome, as *ſafe*, our Port from ev'ry Storm.
Each Friend by Fate ſnatch'd from us, is a Plume
Pluckt from the Wing of human Vanity,
Which makes us ſtoop from our aëreal Heights,
And, dampt with Omen of our own Deceaſe,
On drooping Pinions of Ambition lower'd,
Juſt ſkim Earth's Surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid Earth to ſcratch a little Duſt,
And ſave the World a Nuiſance. Smitten Friends
Are Angels ſent on Errands full of Love;
For us they languiſh, and for us they die:
And ſhall they languiſh, ſhall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful,

Ungrateful, ſhall we grieve their hov'ring Shades,
Which wait the Revolution in our Hearts?
Shall we diſdain their ſilent, ſoft Addreſs;
Their poſthumous Advice, and pious Pray'r?
Senſeleſs, as Herds that graze their hallow'd Graves,
Tread under-foot their Agonies and Groans;
Fruſtrate their Anguiſh, and deſtroy their Deaths?
LORENZO! no; the Thought of Death indulge;
Give it its wholeſome Empire! let it reign,
That kind Chaſtiſer of thy Soul in Joy!
Its Reign will ſpread thy glorious Conqueſts far,
And ſtill the Tumults of thy ruffled Breaſt;
Auſpicious Æra! Golden Days, begin!
The Thought of Death, ſhall, like a God, inſpire.
And why not think on Death? Is Life the Theme
Of ev'ry Thought? and Wiſh of ev'ry Hour?
And Song of ev'ry Joy? Surpriſing Truth!
The beaten Spaniel's Fondneſs not ſo ſtrange.
To wave the num'rous *Ills* that ſeize on Life
As their own Property, their lawful Prey;
Ere Man has meaſur'd half his weary Stage,
His *Luxuries* have left him no Reſerve,
No maiden Reliſhes, unbroacht Delights;
On cold-ſerv'd Repetitions He ſubſiſts,
And in the taſteleſs *Preſent* chews the *Paſt*;
Diſguſted chews, and ſcarce can ſwallow down.
Like laviſh Anceſtors, his earlier Years
Have diſinherited his future Hours,
Which ſtarve on *Orts*, and *glean* their former Field.
Live ever Here, LORENZO!—Shocking Thought!
So ſhocking, they who wiſh, diſown it too;
Diſown from Shame, what they from Folly crave.
Live ever in the Womb, nor ſee the Light?
For what live ever Here?—With lab'ring Step
To tread our former Footſteps? Pace the Round
Eternal?

Eternal? To climb Life's worn, heavy Wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat,
The beaten Track? To bid each wretched Day
The former mock? To ſurfeit on the *Same*,
And yawn our Joys; or thank a Miſery
For Change, tho' ſad? To ſee what we have ſeen?
Hear, till unheard, the ſame old ſlabber'd Tale?
To taſte the taſted, and at each Return
Leſs taſteful? O'er our Palates to decant
Another Vintage? Strain a flatter Year,
Thro' loaded Veſſels, and a laxer Tone?
Crazy Machines to grind Earth's waſted Fruits!
Ill-ground, and worſe-concocted! Load, not Life!
The *Rational* foul Kennels of Exceſs?
Still-ſtreaming Thoroughfares of dull Debauch!
Trembling each Gulp, leſt Death ſhould ſnatch the Bowl.
Such of our *Fine ones* is the Wiſh refin'd!
So would they have it: Elegant Deſire!
Why not invite the bellowing Stalls, and Wilds?
But ſuch Examples might their Riot awe.
Thro' Want of Virtue, that is, Want of Thought,
(Tho' on *bright Thought* they father all their Flights)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
The ſame vain World; To cenſure, and eſpouſe,
This painted Shrew of Life, who calls them Fool
Each Moment of each Day; To flatter Bad
Thro' Dread of Worſe? To cling to this rude Rock,
Barren, *to them*, of Good, and ſharp with Ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending Storms,
And infamous for Wrecks of human Hope——
Scar'd at the gloomy Gulph, that yawns beneath.
Such are their Triumphs! ſuch their Pangs of Joy!
'Tis Time, high Time, to ſhift this diſmal Scene.
This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* State, what Art can cure?
One only; but that One, what All may reach;

VIRTUE—

VIRTUE—She, wonder-working Goddeſs! charms
That *Rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted Shrew*;
And what will more ſurpriſe, LORENZO! gives
To Life's ſick, nauſeous *Iteration*, Change;
And ſtraitens Nature's Circle to a Line.
Believ'ſt Thou This, LORENZO? Lend an Ear,
A patient Ear, Thou'lt bluſh to diſbelieve.
A languid, leaden Iteration reigns,
And ever muſt, o'er Thoſe, whoſe Joys are Joys
Of Sight, Smell, Taſte: The Cuckow-ſeaſons ſing
The ſame dull Note to ſuch as nothing prize,
But what thoſe Seaſons from the teeming Earth,
To doating *Senſe* indulge. But nobler Minds,
Which reliſh Fruits unripen'd by the *Sun*,
Make their Days various; various as the Dyes
On the Dove's Neck, which wanton in *his* Rays.
On Minds of Dove-like Innocence poſſeſt,
On lighten'd Minds, that baſk in Virtue's Beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *That*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious Efforts, wing'd with Heav'nly Hope,
Each riſing Morning ſees ſtill higher riſe;
Each bounteous Dawn its Novelty preſents
To worth maturing, *new* Strength, Luſtre, Fame;
While Nature's Circle, like a Chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated Aims,
Makes their fair Proſpect fairer ev'ry Hour;
Advancing *Virtue*, in a Line to *Bliſs*;
Virtue, which Chriſtian Motives beſt inſpire!
And *Bliſs*, which Chriſtian Schemes alone enſure!
And ſhall we then, for Virtue's Sake, commence
Apoſtates? and turn Infidels for Joy?
A Truth it is, Few doubt, but Fewer truſt,
"He ſins againſt *this* Life, who ſlights the *next*."
What is this Life? How Few their Fav'rite know?

Fond

Fond in the Dark, and blind in our Embrace,
By paſſionately loving Life, we make
Lov'd Life unlovely; hugging her to Death.
We give to Time Eternity's Regard;
And, dreaming, take our Paſſage for our Port.
Life has no Value, as an End, but Means;
An End deplorable! a Means divine!
When 'tis our All, 'tis Nothing; worſe than Nought;
A Neſt of Pains; when held as Nothing, Much:
Like ſome fair Hum'riſts, Life is moſt enjoy'd,
When courted leaſt; moſt worth, when diſeſteem'd;
Then 'tis the Seat of Comfort, rich in Peace;
In Proſpect richer far; Important! Awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with Shouts of Praiſe!
Not to be thought on, but with Tides of Joy!
The mighty Baſis of eternal Bliſs!

Where now the *barren Rock?* the *painted Shrew?*
Where now, LORENZO! Life's *eternal Round?*
Have I not made my triple Promiſe good?
Vain is the World; but only to the Vain.
To what compare we then this varying Scene,
Whoſe Worth ambiguous riſes, and declines?
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*
Aſſiſts me Here) Compare it to the Moon;
Dark in herſelf, and indigent; but rich
In *borrow'd* Luſtre from a higher Sphere.
When groſs Guilt interpoſes, Lab'ring Earth,
O'erſhadow'd, mourns a deep Eclipſe of Joy;
Her Joys, at brighteſt, pallid to that Font
Of full effulgent Glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that Glory diſtant: Oh LORENZO!
A good Man, and an Angel! Theſe between
How thin the Barrier? What divides their Fate?
Perhaps a Moment, or perhaps a Year;
Or, if an Age, it is a Moment ſtill;

A Moment

A Moment, or Eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are Gods;
Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the Skies.
Starts timid Nature at the gloomy Pass?
The *soft Transition* call it; and be chear'd:
Such it is often, and why not to Thee?
To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise;
And may itself *procure*, what it *presumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, Death is much traduc'd:
Compare the Rivals, and the kinder crown.
"*Strange Competition!*"—True, LORENZO! Strange!
So Little *Life* can cast into the Scale.
Life makes the Soul dependent on the Dust;
Death gives her Wings to mount above the Spheres.
Thro' Chinks, styl'd Organs, dim *Life* peeps at Light;
Death bursts th'involving Cloud, and all is Day;
All Eye, all Ear, the disembody'd Power.
Death has feign'd Evils, *Nature* shall not feel;
Life, Ills substantial, *Wisdom* cannot shun.
Is not the mighty *Mind*, that Son of Heaven!
By Tyrant *Life* dethron'd, impriſon'd, pain'd?
By *Death* inlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?
Death but intombs the Body; *Life* the Soul.
"Is *Death* then guiltless? How he marks his Way
"With dreadful Waste of what deserves to shine!
"Art, Genius, Fortune, elevated Power!
"With various Lustres *These* light up the World,
"Which *Death* puts out, and darkens human Race."
I grant, LORENZO! this Indictment just:
The Sage, Peer, Potentate, King, Conqueror!
Death humbles These; more barb'rous *Life*, the *Man*.
Life is the Triumph of our mould'ring Clay;
Death, of the Spirit infinite! divine!
Death has no Dread, but what frail *Life* imparts;
Nor *Life* true Joy, but what kind *Death* improves.

No Bliſs has *Life* to boaſt, till *Death* can give
Far greater; *Life*'s a Debtor to the Grave,
Dark Lattice! letting in eternal Day.
LORENZO! bluſh at *Fondneſs* for a *Life*,
Which ſends celeſtial Souls on Errands vile,
To cater for the Senſe; and ſerve at Boards,
Where ev'ry Ranger of the Wilds, perhaps
Each Reptile, juſtly claims our upper Hand.
Luxurious Feaſt! a Soul, a Soul immortal,
In all the Dainties of a Brute bemir'd!
LORENZO! bluſh at *Terror* for a *Death*,
Which gives thee to repoſe in feſtive Bow'rs,
Where Nectars ſparkle, Angels miniſter,
And more than Angels ſhare, and raiſe, and crown,
And eternize, the Birth, Bloom, Burſts of Bliſs.
What need I more? O *Death*, the Palm is thine.
Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded Harbingers,
Age, and *Diſeaſe*; Diſeaſe, tho' long my Gueſt;
That plucks my Nerves, thoſe tender Strings of Life;
Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the Bell,
That calls my few Friends to my Funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a Tear,
While Reaſon and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the Dead, and crown his Tomb
With Wreath triumphant. Death is Victory;
It binds in Chains the raging Ills of Life;
Luſt and *Ambition*, *Wrath* and *Avarice*,
Dragg'd at his Chariot-wheel, applaud his Power.
That Ills corroſive, Cares importunate,
Are not *immortal* too, O Death! is Thine.
Our Day of Diſſolution!—Name it right;
'Tis our great Pay-day; 'tis our Harveſt, rich
And ripe: What tho' the Sickle, ſometimes keen,
Juſt ſcars us as we reap the golden Grain?
More than thy Balm, O *Gilead!* heals the Wound.

Birth's feeble Cry, and *Death*'s deep diſmal Groan,
Are ſlender Tributes low-taxt Nature pays
For mighty Gain: The Gain of each, a Life!
But O! the laſt the former ſo tranſcends,
Life dies, compar'd; *Life* lives beyond the Grave.
And feel I, *Death!* no Joy from Thought of Thee?
Death, the great Counſellor, who Man inſpires
With ev'ry nobler Thought, and fairer Deed!
Death, the Deliv'rer, who reſcues Man!
Death, the Rewarder, who the Reſcu'd crowns!
Death, that abſolves my Birth; a Curſe without it!
Rich *Death*, that realizes all my Cares,
Toils, Virtues, Hopes; without it a Chimera!
Death, of all Pain the Period, not of Joy;
Joy's *Source*, and *Subject*, ſtill ſubſiſt unhurt;
One, in my Soul; and One, in her great Sire;
Tho' the four Winds were warring for my Duſt.
Yes, and from Winds, and Waves, and central Night,
Tho' priſon'd there, my Duſt too I reclaim,
(To Duſt when drop proud Nature's proudeſt Spheres)
And live *entire*. Death is the Crown of Life:
Were Death deny'd, poor Man would live in vain;
Were Death deny'd, to live would not be Life;
Were Death deny'd, ev'n Fools would wiſh to die.
Death wounds to cure: We fall; we riſe; we reign!
Spring from our Fetters; faſten in the Skies;
Where blooming *Eden* withers in our Sight:
Death gives us more than was in *Eden* loſt.
This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.
When ſhall I die to Vanity, Pain, Death?
When ſhall I die?—When ſhall I live for ever?

NIGHT the FOURTH.

THE

CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

Our only CURE for the FEAR of DEATH,

And Proper SENTIMENTS of HEART on that Ineſtimable Bleſſing.

Humbly Inſcribed

To the Honble Mr. *YORKE.*

A Much-indebted Muſe, O YORKE! intrudes.
Amid the Smiles of Fortune, and of Youth,
Thine Ear is patient of a ſerious Song.
How deep implanted in the Breaſt of Man
The Dread of Death! I ſing its ſov'reign Cure.
Why ſtart at Death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is paſt; not come, or gone, He's never *here.*
Ere *Hope*, *Senſation* fails; Black-boding Man
Receives, not *ſuffers*, Death's tremendous Blow.
The Knell, the Shroud, the Mattock, and the Grave;
The deep damp Vault, the Darkneſs, and the Worm;

Theſe are the Bugbears of a Winter's Eve,
The Terrors of the Living, not the Dead.
Imagination's Fool, and *Error*'s Wretch,
Man makes a Death, which Nature never made;
Then on the Point of his own Fancy falls;
And feels a thouſand Deaths, in fearing one.
But were Death frightful, what has *Age* to fear?
If prudent, Age ſhould meet the friendly Foe,
And ſhelter in his hoſpitable Gloom.
I ſcarce can meet a Monument, but holds
My Younger; ev'ry Date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the World around,
And tell me what: The Wiſeſt cannot tell.
Should any born of Woman give his Thought
Full Range, on juſt *Diſlike*'s unbounded Field;
Of Things, the Vanity; of Men, the Flaws;
Flaws in the *Beſt*; the Many, Flaw all o'er;
As *Leopards*, ſpotted, or, as *Æthiops*, dark;
Vivacious *Ill*; *Good* dying immature;
(How immature, NARCISSA's Marble tells)
And at its Death bequeathing endleſs Pain;
His Heart, tho' bold, would ſicken at the Sight,
And ſpend itſelf in Sighs for *future* Scenes.
But grant to Life (and juſt it is to grant
To *lucky* Life) ſome Perquiſites of Joy;
A Time there is, when, like a thrice-told Tale,
Long-rifled Life of Sweet can yield no more.
But from our *Comment* on the Comedy,
Pleaſing *Reflections* on Parts well-ſuſtain'd,
Or purpos'd *Emendations* where we fail'd,
Or Hopes of Plaudits from our candid Judge,
When, on their Exit, Souls are bid unrobe,
Toſs *Fortune* back her Tinſel, and her Plume,
And drop this Maſk of Fleſh behind the Scene.

With me, that Time is come; my World is dead;
A new World riſes, and new Manners reign:
Foreign Comedians, a ſpruce Band! arrive,
To puſh me from the Scene, or hiſs me there.
What a pert Race ſtarts up! The Strangers gaze,
And I at them; my Neighbour is unknown;
Nor that the worſt: Ah me! the dire Effect
Of loit'ring here, of Death defrauded long;
Of old ſo gracious (and let that ſuffice),
My very Maſter knows me not.——

Shall I dare ſay, Peculiar is the Fate?
I've been ſo long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An Object ever preſſing dims the Sight,
And hides behind its Ardor to be ſeen.
When in his Courtiers Ears I pour my Plaint,
They drink it as the Nectar of the Great;
And ſqueeze my Hand, and beg me come To-morrow;
Refuſal! can'ſt thou wear a ſmoother Form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my Theme:
Who cheapens Life, abates the *Fear of Death:*
Twice-told the Period ſpent on ſtubborn *Troy*,
Court-Favour, yet untaken, I beſiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd Effort to be rich.
Alas! Ambition makes my Little, leſs;
Embitt'ring the Poſſeſs'd: Why wiſh for more;
Wiſhing, of all Employments, is the worſt;
Philoſophy's Reverſe; and Health's Decay!
Were I as plump, as ſtall'd Theology,
Wiſhing would waſte me to this Shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a *South-Sea* Dream,
Wiſhing is an Expedient to be poor.
Wiſhing, that conſtant *Hectic* of a Fool;
Caught at a Court; purg'd off by purer Air,
And ſimpler Diet; Gifts of rural Life!

Bleſt

Bleſt be that Hand divine, which gently laid
My Heart at Reſt, beneath this humble Shed.
The World's a ſtately Bark, on dangerous Seas,
With Pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our Peril:
Here, on a ſingle Plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
I hear the Tumult of the diſtant Throng,
As that of Seas remote, or dying Storms;
And meditate on Scenes, more ſilent ſtill;
Purſue my Theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.
Here, like a Shepherd gazing from his Hut,
Touching his Reed, or leaning on his Staff,
Eager *Ambition*'s fiery Chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling Hunt of noiſy Men,
Burſt Law's Incloſure, leap the Mounds of Right,
Purſuing, and purſu'd, each other's Prey;
As Wolves, for Rapine; as the Fox, for Wiles;
Till *Death*, that mighty Hunter, earths them all.
Why all this Toil for Triumphs of an Hour?
What, tho' we wade in Wealth, or ſoar in Fame?
Earth's higheſt Station ends in, "Here he lies:"
And "Duſt to Duſt" concludes her nobleſt Song.
If this Song lives, Poſterity ſhall know
One, tho' in *Britain* born, with Courtiers bred,
Who thought e'en Gold might come a Day too late;
Nor on his ſubtle Death-bed plann'd his Scheme
For future Vacancies in Church or State;
Some Avocation deeming it——to die;
Unbit by Rage canine of *dying rich*;
Guilt's Blunder! and the loudeſt Laugh of Hell.
O my Coëvals! Remnants of yourſelves!
Poor human Ruins, tott'ring o'er the Grave!
Shall we, ſhall aged Men, like aged Trees,
Strike deeper their vile Root, and cloſer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched Soil?
Shall our pale, wither'd Hands, be ſtill ſtretch'd out,

Trembling, at once, with Eagerneſs and Age?
With Av'rice, and Convulſions, graſping hard?
Graſping at Air! for what has Earth beſide?
Man wants but Little; nor that Little, long;
How ſoon muſt he reſign his very Duſt,
Which frugal Nature lent him for an Hour!
Years *unexperienc'd* ruſh on num'rous Ills;
And ſoon as Man, *expert* from Time, has found
The *Key* of Life, it opes the Gates of Death.

When in this Vale of Years I backward look,
And miſs ſuch Numbers, Numbers too of ſuch,
Firmer in Health, and greener in their Age,
And ſtricter on their Guard, and fitter far
To play Life's ſubtle Game, I ſcarce believe
I ſtill ſurvive: And am I fond of Life,
Who ſcarce can think it poſſible, I live?
Alive by Miracle! or, what is next,
Alive by MEAD! If I am ſtill alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives Life to live,
Firmneſs of Nerve, and Energy of Thought.
Life's Lee is not more *ſhallow*, than *impure*,
And *vapid*; *Senſe* and *Reaſon* ſhew the Door,
Call for my Bier, and point me to the Duſt.

O Thou great Arbiter of Life and Death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun;
Whoſe all-prolific Beam late call'd me forth
From Darkneſs, teeming Darkneſs, where I lay
The Worm's Inferior, and, in Rank, beneath
The Duſt I tread on, high to bear my Brow,
To drink the Spirit of the golden Day,
And triumph in Exiſtence; and couldſt know
No Motive, but my Bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A Riſe in Bleſſing! with the *Patriarch*'s Joy,
Thy Call I follow to the Land *unknown*;
I truſt in Thee, and know in whom I truſt;

Or

Or Life or Death, is equal; neither weighs:
All Weight in this—O let me live to Thee!
Tho' *Nature*'s Terrors, *thus*, may be repreſt;
Still frowns grim *Death*; Guilt points the Tyrant's Spear.
And whence all human Guilt? From Death forgot.
Ah me! too long I ſet at Nought the Swarm
Of friendly Warnings, which around me flew;
And ſmil'd, unſmitten: Small my Cauſe to ſmile!
Death's Admonitions, like Shafts upward ſhot,
More dreadful by Delay; the longer ere
They ſtrike our Hearts, the deeper is their Wound.
O think how deep, LORENZO! *here* it ſtings:
Who can appeaſe its Anguiſh? How it burns!
What Hand the barb'd, invenom'd, Thought can draw?
What healing Hand can pour the Balm of Peace?
And turn my Sight undaunted on the Tomb?
With Joy,—with Grief, that *healing Hand* I ſee;
Ah! too conſpicuous! It is fix'd on high.
On *high?*—What means my Phrenzy? I blaſpheme;
Alas! how *low!* how far beneath the Skies!
The Skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me——
But bleeds the Balm I want—yet ſtill it *bleeds.*
Draw the dire Steel—Ah no!—the *dreadful* Bleſſing
What Heart or can ſuſtain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human Hope; that Nail ſupports
The falling Univerſe: That gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the diſmal Wiſh
Creation had been ſmother'd in her Birth——
Darkneſs His Curtain, and His Bed the Duſt;
When Stars and Sun are Duſt beneath his Throne!
In Heav'n itſelf can ſuch Indulgence dwell?
O what a Groan was there! A Groan *not His.*
He ſeiz'd our dreadful Right; the Load ſuſtain'd;
And heav'd the Mountain from a guilty World.
A thouſand Worlds, *ſo* bought, were bought too dear.

Senſations *new* in Angels Boſoms riſe;
Suſpend their Song; and make a Pauſe in Bliſs.
O for *their* Song to reach my lofty Theme!
Inſpire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful Spheres inſpire;
Whilſt I with *Seraphs* ſhare ſeraphic Themes,
And ſhew to Men the Dignity of Man;
Leſt I blaſpheme my Subject with my Song.
Shall *Pagan* Pages glow celeſtial Flame,
And *Chriſtian* languiſh? On our Hearts, not Heads,
Falls the foul Infamy: My Heart! awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
"Expended Deity on human Weal?"
Feel the *great Truths*, which burſt the tenfold Night
Of *Heathen* Error, with a golden Flood
Of endleſs Day: To feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel.
Thou moſt indulgent, moſt tremendous Pow'r!
Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous Love!
That arms, with Awe more aweful, thy Commands;
And foul Tranſgreſſion dips in ſev'nfold Night,
How our Hearts tremble at thy Love immenſe!
In Love immenſe, inviolably Juſt!
Thou, rather than thy *Juſtice* ſhould be ſtain'd,
Didſt ſtain the *Croſs*; and, Work of Wonders far
The greateſt, that thy Deareſt far might bleed.
Bold Thought! Shall I dare ſpeak it, or repreſs?
Should Man more *execrate*, or *boaſt*, the Guilt
Which rous'd ſuch Vengeance? which ſuch Love inflam'd?
O'er Guilt (how mountainous!) with out-ſtretcht Arms,
Stern *Juſtice*, and ſoft-ſmiling *Love*, embrace,
Supporting, in full Majeſty, thy Throne,
When ſeem'd its Majeſty to need Support,
Or *That*, or *Man*, inevitably loſt.
What, but the *Fathomleſs* of Thought divine,
Could labour ſuch Expedient from Deſpair,

And

And reſcue both! Both reſcue! Both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the *Deed!*
The wond'rous Deed! or ſhall I call it *more?*
A Wonder in Omnipotence itſelf!
A Myſtery, no leſs to Gods than Men!
Not, *thus*, our Infidels th' *Eternal* draw,
A God all o'er, conſummate, abſolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole Round of Rays complete:
They ſet at Odds Heav'n's jarring Attributes;
And, with one Excellence, another wound;
Maim Heav'n's Perfection, break its equal Beams,
Bid *Mercy* triumph over—God himſelf,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious Praiſe:
A God *All* Mercy, is a God unjuſt.
Ye brainleſs Wits! ye baptiz'd Infidels!
Ye worſe for mending! waſh'd to fouler Stains!
The Ranſom was paid down; the Fund of Heav'n.
Heav'n's inexhauſtible exhauſted Fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the Price,
All Price beyond: Tho' curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to caſt the mighty Sum:
Its Value vaſt ungraſpt by Minds *Create*,
For ever hides, and glows in, the *Supreme.*
And was the Ranſom paid? It was: and paid
(What can exalt the Bounty more?) for *You.*
The Sun beheld it—No, the ſhocking Scene
Drove back his Chariot: *Midnight* veil'd his Face;
Not ſuch as *This*; not ſuch as Nature makes;
A *Midnight*, Nature ſhudder'd to behold;
A Midnight new! a dread Eclipſe (without
Oppoſing Spheres) from her Creator's Frown!
Sun! didſt thou fly thy Maker's Pain? Or ſtart
At that enormous Load of human Guilt,
Which bow'd his bleſſed Head; o'erwhelm'd his Croſs;
Made groan the Centre; burſt Earth's marble Womb,

With Pangs, ſtrange Pangs! deliver'd of her Dead?
Hell howl'd; and Heav'n that Hour let fall a Tear;
Heav'n wept, that Men might ſmile! Heav'n bled, that
Might never die!——— [Man

And is Devotion Virtue? 'Tis *compell'd:*
What Heart of Stone, but glows at Thoughts like Theſe?
Such Contemplations mount us; and ſhould mount
The Mind ſtill higher; nor ever glance on Man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my Thoughts
To reſt from Wonders? Other Wonders riſe;
And ſtrike where-e'er they roll: My Soul is caught:
Heav'n's ſov'reign Bleſſings, cluſt'ring from the Croſs,
Ruſh on her, in a Throng, and cloſe her round,
The Pris'ner of Amaze!——In His bleſt *Life*,
I ſee the *Path*, and, in His *Death*, the *Price*,
And in His great *Aſcent*, the *Proof* Supreme
Of Immortality.——And did He riſe?
Hear, O ye Nations! hear it, O ye Dead!
He roſe! He roſe! He burſt the Bars of Death.
Lift up your Heads, ye everlaſting Gates!
And give the King of Glory to come in:
Who is the King of Glory? He who left
His Throne of Glory, for the Pang of Death:
Lift up your Heads, ye everlaſting Gates!
And give the King of Glory to come in.
Who is the King of Glory? He who ſlew
The rav'nous Foe, that gorg'd all human Race!
The King of Glory, He, whoſe Glory fill'd
Heav'n with Amazement at his Love to Man;
And with Divine Complacency beheld
Pow'rs moſt illumin'd, wilder'd in the Theme.

The Theme, the Joy, how then ſhall *Man* ſuſtain?
Oh the burſt Gates! cruſh'd Sting! demoliſh'd Throne!
Laſt Gaſp! of vanquiſh'd Death. Shout Earth and Heav'n!
This *Sum of Good* to Man. *Whoſe* Nature, then,

Took

Took Wing, and mounted with Him from the Tomb!
Then, then, I roſe; then firſt *Humanity*
Triumphant paſt the Cryſtal Ports of Light,
(Stupendous Gueſt!) and ſeiz'd eternal Youth,
Seiz'd in *our* Name. E'er ſince, 'tis blaſphemous
To call Man mortal. Man's Mortality
Was, then, transferr'd to Death; and Heav'n's Duration
Unalienably ſeal'd to this frail Frame,
This Child of Duſt — Man, all-immortal! Hail;
Hail, Heav'n! all-laviſh of ſtrange Gifts to Man!
Thine all the Glory; Man's the boundleſs Bliſs.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant Theme,
On Chriſtian Joy's exulting Wing, above
Th' *Aonian* Mount?—Alas, ſmall Cauſe for Joy!
What if to Pain immortal? If Extent
Of Being, to preclude a Cloſe of Woe?
Where, then, my Boaſt of Immortality?
I boaſt it ſtill, tho' cover'd o'er with Guilt;
For Guilt, not Innocence, His Life he pour'd;
Tis Guilt alone can juſtify his Death;
Nor That, unleſs His Death can juſtify
Relenting Guilt in Heav'n's indulgent Sight.
If, ſick of Folly, I relent; He writes
My Name in Heav'n, with that inverted Spear
(A Spear deep-dipt in Blood!) which pierc'd his Side,
And open'd there a Font for all Mankind,
Who ſtrive, who combat Crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, ſubdues the *Fear of Death.*
And what is *This?*—Survey the wond'rous Cure;
And at each Step, let higher Wonder riſe!
" Pardon for infinite Offence! and Pardon
" Thro' Means, that ſpeak its Value infinite!
" A Pardon bought with Blood! with Blood Divine!
" With Blood Divine of Him, I made my Foe!
" Perſiſted to provoke! tho' woo'd and aw'd,

" Bleſt,

" Bleſt, and chaſtis'd, a flagrant Rebel ſtill!
" A Rebel, 'midſt the Thunders of his Throne!
" Nor I alone! a Rebel Univerſe!
" My Species up in Arms! not One exempt!
" Yet for the Fouleſt of the Foul, He dies;
" Moſt joy'd, for the Redeem'd from deepeſt Guilt!
" As if our Race were held of higheſt Rank;
" And Godhead dearer, as more kind to Man!"
Bound, ev'ry Heart! and, ev'ry Boſom, burn!
Oh what a Scale of Miracles is here!
Its loweſt Round, high planted on the Skies;
Its tow'ring Summit loſt beyond the Thought
Of Man or Angel! Oh that I could climb
The wonderful Aſcent, with equal Praiſe!
Praiſe! flow for ever, (if Aſtoniſhment
Will give thee Leave) my Praiſe! for ever flow;
Praiſe Ardent, Cordial, Conſtant, to High Heav'n
More fragrant, than *Arabia* ſacrific'd;
And all her ſpicy Mountains in a Flame.
So dear, ſo due to Heav'n, ſhall *Praiſe* deſcend,
With her ſoft Plume (from *plauſive* Angels Wing
Firſt pluck'd by Man) to tickle mortal Ears,
Thus diving in the Pockets of the Great?
Is *Praiſe* the Perquiſite of ev'ry Paw,
Tho' black as Hell, that grapples well for Gold?
Oh Love of Gold! thou meaneſt of Amours!
Shall *Praiſe* her Odours waſte on VIRTUE's Dead,
Embalm the Baſe, perfume the Stench of Guilt,
Earn dirty Bread by waſhing *Ethiops* fair,
Removing Filth, or ſinking it from Sight,
A Scavenger in *Scenes*, where *vacant* Poſts,
Like Gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future Ornaments? From Courts and Thrones,
Return, apoſtate *Praiſe!* thou Vagabond!

Thou

Thou Proſtitute! to thy firſt Love return,
Thy firſt, thy greateſt, once unrival'd Theme.
There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,
Back to thy Fountain; to that Parent Pow'r,
Who gives the Tongue to ſound, the Thought to ſoar,
The Soul to *be*. Men Homage pay to Men,
Thoughtleſs beneath whoſe dreadful Eye they bow
In mutual Awe profound, of Clay to Clay,
Of Guilt to Guilt; and turn their Backs on Thee,
Great Sire! whom Thrones celeſtial ceaſeleſs ſing;
To proſtrate Angels, an amazing Scene!
O the Preſumption of Man's Awe for Man!
Man's Author! End! Reſtorer! Law! and Judge!
Thine, All; Day thine, and thine this Gloom of *Night*,
With all her Wealth, with all her radiant Worlds:
What, Night eternal, but a Frown from Thee?
What, Heav'n's meridian Glory, but thy Smile?
And ſhall not *Praiſe* be Thine? Not Human Praiſe?
While Heav'n's high Hoſt on *Hallelujahs* live?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My Soul in Praiſe to Him, who gave my Soul,
And all her Infinite of Proſpect fair,
Cut thro' the Shades of Hell, *great Love!* by Thee,
Oh moſt adorable! moſt unador'd!
Where ſhall that Praiſe begin, which ne'er ſhould end?
Where-e'er I turn, what Claim on all Applauſe!
How is *Night*'s ſable Mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought, with Attributes divine!
What *Wiſdom* ſhines! what *Love!* This Midnight Pomp,
This gorgeous Arch, with golden Worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine Ambition! nought to Thee;
For Others this Profuſion: Thou, Apart,
Above! Beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *Deep?*
Call to the *Sun*, or aſk the roaring *Winds*,

For

For their Creator? Shall I queſtion loud
The *Thunder*, if in that th'Almighty dwells?
Or holds he furious *Storms* in ſtreighten'd Reins,
And bids fierce *Whirlwinds* wheel his rapid Car?
What mean theſe Queſtions?—Trembling I retract;
My proſtrate Soul adores the *preſent* God:
Praiſe I a diſtant Deity? He tunes
My Voice (if tun'd); the Nerve, that writes, ſuſtains:
Wrap'd in his Being, I reſound his Praiſe:
But tho' paſt *All* diffus'd, without a Shore,
His Eſſence; *local* is his Throne (as meet),
To gather the Diſperſt (as Standards call
The Liſted from afar); to fix a Point,
A central Point, collective of his Sons,
Since *finite* ev'ry Nature, but his own.
The nameleſs *He*, whoſe Nod is *Nature*'s Birth;
And *Nature*'s Shield, the Shadow of his Hand;
Her Diſſolution, his ſuſpended Smile!
The great *Firſt-Laſt!* pavilion'd high he ſits
In Darkneſs, from exceſſive Splendor, borne,
By Gods unſeen, unleſs thro' Luſtre loſt.
His Glory, to created Glory, bright,
As that to central Horrors; He looks down
On all that ſoars; and ſpans Immenſity.
Tho' *Night* unnumber'd Worlds unfolds to View,
Boundleſs Creation! what art thou? A Beam,
A mere Effluvium of his Majeſty:
And ſhall an Atom of this Atom-World
Mutter, in Duſt and Sin, the Theme of Heav'n?
Down to the Centre ſhould I ſend my Thought
Thro' Beds of glitt'ring Ore, and glowing Gems,
Their beggar'd Blaze wants Luſtre for my Lay;
Goes out in Darkneſs: If, on tow'ring Wing,
I ſend it through the boundleſs Vault of Stars;
The Stars, tho' rich, what Droſs their Gold to *Thee*,
Great!

Great! Good! Wiſe! Wonderful! Eternal King!
If to thoſe *conſcious Stars* thy Throne around,
Praiſe ever-pouring, and imbibing Bliſs;
And aſk their Strain; They want it, *more* they want,
Poor their Abundance, humble their Sublime,
Languid their Energy, their Ardor cold,
Indebted ſtill, their higheſt Rapture burns;
Short of its Mark, defective, tho' divine.
Still more—This Theme is Man's, and Man's alone;
Their vaſt Appointments reach it not: They ſee
On Earth a Bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for Heav'n's ſuperior Praiſe!
Firſt-born of Ether! high in Fields of Light!
View Man, to ſee the Glory of your God!
Could Angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
And ſome *did* envy; and the reſt, tho' Gods,
Yet ſtill Gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs Man,
Tempted to weigh the Duſt againſt the Skies)
They leſs would *feel*, tho' more adorn, my Theme.
They ſung *Creation* (for in that they ſhar'd;)
How roſe in Melody, the Child of Love!
Creation's great Superior, Man! is Thine;
Thine is *Redemption*; They juſt gave the Key;
'Tis Thine to raiſe, and eternize, the Song;
Tho' human, yet divine; for ſhould not *this*
Raiſe Man o'er Man, and kindle Seraphs *here*?
Redemption! 'twas Creation more ſublime;
Redemption! 'twas the Labour of the Skies;
Far *more* than Labour—It was *Death* in Heav'n.
A Truth ſo ſtrange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder ſtill, to diſbelieve.
Here pauſe, and ponder! Was there Death in Heav'n?
What then on Earth? On Earth, which ſtruck the Blow?
Who ſtruck it? Who?—O how is Man inlarg'd,
Seen thro' this Medium! how the Pygmy tow'rs!

How

How counterpois'd his Origin from Duſt!
How counterpois'd, to Duſt his ſad Return!
How voided his vaſt diſtance from the Skies!
How near he preſſes on the Seraph's Wing!
Which is the Seraph? Which the Born of Clay?
How This demonſtrates, thro' the thickeſt Cloud
Of Guilt, and Clay condenſt, the Son of Heav'n!
The *double* Son; the Made, and the Re-made!
And ſhall Heav'n's double Property be loſt?
Man's double Madneſs only can deſtroy.
To Man the bleeding Croſs has promis'd *All*;
The bleeding Croſs has ſworn eternal Grace;
Who gave his Life, what Grace ſhall He deny?
O ye! who, from this *Rock of Ages*, leap,
Diſdainful, plunging headlong in the Deep!
What cordial Joy, what Conſolation ſtrong,
Whatever Winds ariſe, or Billows roll,
Our Int'reſt in the Maſter of the Storm?
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd Nature's Ruins *ſmile*;
While vile Apoſtates *tremble* in a Calm.

Man! Know thyſelf. All Wiſdom centres there;
To none Man ſeems ignoble, but to Man;
Angels that Grandeur, Men o'erlook, admire:
How long ſhall Human Nature be *Their* Book,
Degen'rate Mortal! and *unread* by Thee?
The Beam dim *Reaſon* ſheds ſhews Wonders There;
What high Contents! Illuſtrious Faculties!
But the grand *Comment*, which diſplays at Full
Our human Height, ſcarce ſever'd from Divine,
By Heav'n compos'd, was publiſh'd on the *Croſs*.

Who looks on That, and ſees not in himſelf
An aweful Stranger, a Terreſtrial God?
A glorious Partner with the Deity
In that high Attribute, immortal Life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a Worm:

I gaze,

I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting Soul
Catches ſtrange Fire, Eternity! at Thee;
And drops the World—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the Face of Nature! how improv'd!
What ſeem'd a Chaos, ſhines a glorious World,
Or, what a World, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!
It is another Scene! another Self!
And ſtill another, as Time rolls along;
And that a *Self* far more illuſtrious ſtill.
Beyond long Ages, yet roll'd up in Shades
Unpierc'd by bold Conjecture's keeneſt Ray,
What Evolutions of ſurpriſing Fate!
How Nature opens, and receives my Soul
In boundleſs Walks of raptur'd Thought! Where Gods
Encounter, and embrace me! What new Births
Of ſtrange Adventure, foreign to the Sun,
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exiſts,
Old *Time*, and fair *Creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of Man we form
Extravagant Conception, to be juſt:
Conception unconfin'd wants Wings to reach him:
Beyond its Reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one Flame
The World of Rationals; one Spirit pour'd
From Spirit's aweful Fountain; pour'd Himſelf
Thro' all their Souls; but not in equal Stream,
Profuſe, or frugal, of th' inſpiring God,
As his wiſe Plan demanded; and when paſt
Their various Trials, in their various Spheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Reſorbs them all into Himſelf again;
His Throne their Centre, and his Smile their Crown.
Why doubt we, then, the glorious Truth to ſing,
Tho' yet *unſung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are Men of a ſuperior Kind;

Angels

Angels are Men in lighter Habit clad,
High o'er celeſtial Mountains wing'd in Flight;
And Men are Angels, loaded for an Hour,
Who wade this miry Vale, and climb with Pain,
And ſlipp'ry Step, the Bottom of the Steep.
Angels their Failings, Mortals have their Praiſe;
While *Here*, of Corps ethereal, ſuch enroll'd,
And ſummon'd to the *glorious Standard* ſoon,
Which flames eternal Crimſon thro' the Skies.
Nor are our *Brothers* thoughtleſs of their Kin,
Yet abſent; but not abſent from their Love.
MICHAEL has fought our Battles; RAPHAEL ſung
Our Triumphs; GABRIEL on our Errands flown,
Sent by the SOV'REIGN: And are theſe, O Man!
Thy Friends, thy warm Allies? And Thou (Shame burn
The Cheek to Cinder!) Rival to the Brute?
Religion's All. Deſcending from the Skies
To wretched Man, the Goddeſs in her Left
Holds out *this* World, and, in her Right, the *next*;
Religion! the ſole Voucher Man is Man;
Supporter ſole of Man above himſelf;
Ev'n in this Night of Frailty, Change, and Death,
She gives the Soul a Soul that Acts a God.
Religion! Providence! an After-State;
Here is firm Footing; here is ſolid Rock;
This can ſupport us; all is Sea beſides;
Sinks under us; beſtorms, and then devours.
His Hand the good Man faſtens on the Skies,
And bids Earth roll, nor feels her idle Whirl.
As when a Wretch, from thick, polluted Air,
Darkneſs, and Stench, and ſuffocating Damps,
And Dungeon-Horrors, by kind Fate, diſcharg'd,
Climbs ſome fair Eminence, where Ether pure
Surrounds him, and *Elyſian* Proſpects riſe,
His Heart exults, his Spirits caſt their Load;

As if new-born, he triumphs in the Change;
So joys the Soul, when from inglorious Aims,
And ſordid Sweets, from Feculence and Froth
Of Ties Terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
To *Reaſon*'s Region, her own Element,
Breathes Hopes immortal, and affects the Skies.
Religion! thou the Soul of Happineſs;
And, groaning *Calvary*, of thee! *There* ſhine
The nobleſt Truths; *there* ſtrongeſt Motives ſting;
There ſacred Violence aſſaults the Soul;
There, nothing but *Compulſion* is forborn.
Can Love allure us? or can Terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling Drop puts out the Sun;
He ſighs!—the Sigh Earth's deep Foundation ſhakes.
If, in his Love, ſo terrible, what then
His Wrath inflam'd? his Tenderneſs on Fire;
Like ſoft, ſmooth Oil, outblazing other Fires?
Can Pray'r, can Praiſe avert it?——Thou, my *All!*
My Theme! My Inſpiration! and my Crown!
My Strength in Age! my Riſe in low Eſtate!
My Soul's Ambition, Pleaſure, Wealth!—my World!
My Light in Darkneſs! and my Life in Death!
My Boaſt thro' Time! Bliſs thro' Eternity!
Eternity, too ſhort to ſpeak thy Praiſe!
Or fathom thy Profound of Love to Man!
To Man of Men the meaneſt, ev'n to me;
My Sacrifice! my God! what Things are theſe!
What then art THOU? by what Name ſhall I call Thee?
Knew I the Name devout Archangels uſe,
Devout Archangels ſhould the Name enjoy,
By me unrivall'd; Thouſands more ſublime,
None half ſo dear, as that, which, tho' unſpoke,
Still glows at Heart: O how Omnipotence
Is loſt in Love! Thou great PHILANTHROPIST!
Father of Angels! but the Friend of Man!

Like,

Like JACOB, fondeſt of the younger born!
Thou, who didſt ſave him, ſnatch the ſmoking Brand
From out the Flames, and quench it in thy Blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by Bounty to diſtreſs!
To make us groan beneath our Gratitude,
Too big for Birth! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to diſtance, all Return!
Of laviſh Love ſtupendous Heights to ſoar,
And leave Praiſe panting in the diſtant Vale!
Thy Right too great defrauds Thee of Thy Due;
And ſacrilegious our ſublimeſt Song.
But ſince the naked *Will* obtains thy Smile,
Beneath this Monument of Praiſe *unpaid*,
And future Life ſymphonious to my Strain,
(That nobleſt Hymn to Heav'n!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my *Fear of Death!* and ev'ry Fear,
The Dread of ev'ry Evil, but Thy Frown.
Whom ſee I yonder, ſo demurely ſmile?
Laughter a Labour, and might break their Reſt.
Ye Quietiſts, in Homage to the Skies!
Serene! of ſoft Addreſs! who mildly make
An unobtruſive Tender of your Hearts,
Abhorring Violence! who *halt* indeed;
But, for the Bleſſing, *wreſtle* not with Heav'n!
Think you my Song too turbulent? too warm?
Are *Paſſions*, then, the Pagans of the Soul?
Reaſon alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
To touch Things ſacred? Oh for Warmer ſtill!
Guilt chills my Zeal, and Age benumbs my Pow'rs;
Oh for an humbler Heart, and prouder Song!
THOU, my much-injur'd Theme! with that ſoft Eye,
Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
Compaſſion to the Coldneſs of my Breaſt;
And Pardon to the Winter in my Strain.

Oh

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, Formaliſts!
On ſuch a Theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Paſſion is Reaſon, Tranſport Temper, *here.*
Shall Heav'n, which gave us Ardor, and has ſhewn
Her own for Man ſo ſtrongly, not diſdain
What ſmooth Emollients in Theology,
Recumbent Virtue's downy Doctors preach,
That Proſe of Piety, a lukewarm Praiſe?
Riſe Odours ſweet from Incenſe *uninflam'd?*
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its Heat is ſtruck to Heav'n;
To human Hearts her golden Harps are ſtrung;
High Heav'n's *Orcheſtra* chaunts *Amen* to Man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their diſtant Strain,
Sweet to the Soul, and taſting ſtrong of Heav'n,
Soft-wafted on celeſtial *Pity*'s Plume,
Thro' the vaſt Spaces of the Univerſe,
To chear me in this melancholy Gloom?
Oh when will *Death* (now ſtingleſs), like a Friend,
Admit me of their Choir? Oh when will *Death,*
This mould'ring, old, Partition-Wall throw down?
Give Beings, one in Nature, one Abode?
Oh Death Divine! that giv'ſt us to the Skies!
Great *Future!* glorious Patron of the *Paſt,*
And *Preſent!* when ſhall I thy Shrine adore?
From Nature's *Continent,* immenſely wide,
Immenſely bleſt, this little *Iſle of Life,*
This dark, incarcerating *Colony,*
Divides us. Happy Day! that breaks our Chain:
That manumits; that calls from Exile home;
That leads to Nature's great *Metropolis,*
And re-admits us, thro' the *guardian* Hand
Of elder Brothers, to our *Father*'s Throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and, thro' his Wounds
Beholding Man, allows *that* tender Name.

'Tis

'Tis this makes *Chriſtian Triumph* a Command:
'Tis this makes Joy a *Duty* to the Wiſe?
'Tis impious, in a good Man, to be ſad.
Seeſt thou, LORENZO! where hangs all our Hope?
Touch'd by the *Croſs*, we live; or, *more* than die;
That *Touch* which touch'd not Angels; more divine
Than that, which touch'd Confuſion into Form,
And Darkneſs into Glory; partial *Touch!*
Ineffably pre-eminent Regard!
Sacred to Man, and Sov'reign thro' the whole
Long golden Chain of Miracles, which hangs
From Heav'n thro' all Duration, and ſupports
In one illuſtrious, and amazing Plan,
Thy Welfare, *Nature!* and thy God's Renown;
That Touch, with Charm celeſtial, heals the Soul
Diſeas'd, drives Pain from Guilt, lights Life in Death,
Turns Earth to Heav'n, to heav'nly Thrones transforms
The ghaſtly Ruins of the mould'ring Tomb.
Doſt aſk me when? when HE who dy'd returns?
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the Man of Woe?
In Glory's Terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his Courts, exhauſted by the Tide
Of Deities triumphant in his Train,
Leave a ſtupendous Solitude in Heaven;
Repleniſht ſoon, repleniſht with Increaſe
Of Pomp, and Multitude; a radiant Band
Of Angels new; of Angels from the *Tomb*.
Is this by Fancy thrown remote? and riſe
Dark Doubts between the Promiſe, and Event?
I ſend thee not to Volumes for thy Cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a Friend to Truth;
Nature is Chriſtian; preaches to Mankind;
And bids dead Matter aid us in our Creed.
Haſt thou ne'er ſeen the Comet's flaming Flight?
Th' illuſtrious Stranger paſſing, Terror ſheds

On

On gazing Nations, from his fiery Train
Of Length enormous, takes his ample Round
Thro' Depths of Ether; coaſts unnumber'd Worlds,
Of more than ſolar Glory; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty Cape; and then reviſits Earth,
From the long Travel of a thouſand Years.
Thus, at the deſtin'd Period, ſhall return
HE, once on Earth, who bids the Comet blaze:
And, with Him, *all* our Triumph o'er the Tomb.
Nature is dumb on this important Point;
Or Hope precarious in low Whiſper breathes;
Faith ſpeaks aloud, diſtinct; ev'n *Adders* hear,
But turn, and dart into the Dark again.
Faith builds a Bridge acroſs the Gulph of Death,
To break the Shock blind *Nature* cannot ſhun,
And lands Thought ſmoothly on the farther Shore.
Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes;
That Mountain Barrier between Man and Peace.
'Tis *Faith* diſarms Deſtruction; and abſolves
From ev'ry clam'rous Charge, the guiltleſs Tomb.
Why diſbelieve? LORENZO!—"*Reaſon* bids,
"All-ſacred Reaſon."—Hold her ſacred ſtill;
Nor ſhalt thou want a Rival in thy Flame:
All-ſacred *Reaſon!* Source, and Soul, of all
Demanding Praiſe, on Earth, or Earth above!
My Heart is thine: Deep in its inmoſt Folds,
Live thou with Life; live dearer of the Two.
Wear I the bleſſed Croſs, by Fortune ſtampt
On paſſive Nature, before Thought was born?
My Birth's blind Bigot! fir'd with *local* Zeal!
No; *Reaſon* rebaptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd True, and Falſe, in her impartial Scale;
My Heart became the Convert of my Head;
And made that Choice, which once was but my Fate.
"On Argument alone my Faith is built;"

Reaſon purſu'd is *Faith*; and, unpurſu'd
Where Proof invites, 'tis Reaſon, then, no more:
And ſuch our *Proof*, That, or our *Faith* is *right*,
Or *Reaſon* lyes, and Heav'n deſign'd it *wrong*:
Abſolve we This? What, then, is Blaſphemy?

Fond as we are, and juſtly fond of *Faith*,
Reaſon, we grant, demands our firſt Regard;
The Mother honour'd, as the Daughter dear.
Reaſon the Root; fair *Faith* is but the Flower:
The fading Flow'r ſhall die; but *Reaſon* lives
Immortal, as her Father in the Skies.
When *Faith* is Virtue, *Reaſon* makes it ſo.
Wrong not the Chriſtian; think not Reaſon *yours*;
'Tis *Reaſon* our great *Maſter* holds ſo dear;
'Tis *Reaſon*'s injur'd Rights His Wrath reſents;
'Tis *Reaſon*'s Voice obey'd, His Glories crown;
To give loſt *Reaſon* Life, He pour'd his own;
Believe, and ſhew the Reaſon of a Man;
Believe, and taſte the Pleaſure of a God;
Believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb:
Thro' *Reaſon*'s Wounds alone thy *Faith* can die;
Which dying, tenfold Terror gives to Death,
And dips in *Venom* his twice-mortal Sting.

Learn hence what Honours, what loud *Pæans*, due
To thoſe, who puſh our *Antidote* aſide;
Thoſe boaſted Friends to *Reaſon*, and to *Man*,
Whoſe fatal Love ſtabs ev'ry Joy, and leaves
Death's Terror heighten'd gnawing on his Heart.
Theſe pompous Sons of *Reaſon* idoliz'd,
And vilify'd at once; of Reaſon dead,
Then deify'd, as Monarchs were of old;
What Conduct plants proud Laurels on their Brow?
While *Love of Truth* thro' all their Camp reſounds,
They draw *Pride*'s Curtain o'er the Noon-tide Ray,
Spike up their Inch of Reaſon, on the Point

Of philoſophic Wit, *call'd* Argument;
And then, exulting in their Taper, cry,
" Behold the Sun;" And, *Indian*-like, adore.
Talk they of *Morals?* O thou bleeding Love!
Thou Maker of *new* Morals to Mankind!
The *grand* Morality is Love of Thee.
As wiſe as SOCRATES, if ſuch they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that ſublime Renown)
As wiſe as SOCRATES, might juſtly ſtand
The Definition of a modern Fool.
A CHRISTIAN is the higheſt Stile of Man.
And is there, who the bleſſed Croſs wipes off,
As a foul Blot, from his diſhonour'd Brow?
If Angels tremble, 'tis at ſuch a Sight:
The Wretch they quit, deſponding of their Charge,
More ſtruck with Grief or Wonder, who can tell?
Ye ſold to Senſe! ye Citizens of Earth!
(For ſuch alone the Chriſtian Banner fly)
Know ye how wiſe your Choice, how great your Gain?
Behold the Picture of Earth's happieſt Man:
" He calls his Wiſh, it comes; he ſends it back,
" And ſays, he call'd another; that arrives,
" Meets the ſame Welcome; yet he ſtill calls on;
" Till *One* calls him, who varies not his Call,
" But holds him faſt, in Chains of Darkneſs bound,
" Till Nature dies, and Judgment ſets him free;
" A Freedom far leſs welcome than his Chain."
But grant Man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to Life's higheſt Prize her lateſt Hour;
That Hour, ſo late, is nimble in Approach,
That, like a Poſt, comes on in full Career;
How ſwift the Shuttle flies, that weaves thy Shroud!
Where is the Fable of thy former Years?
Thrown down the Gulph of Time; as far from Thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the Day in Hand,

Like a Bird ſtruggling to get looſe, is going;
Scarce now poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
And each ſwift Moment fled, is Death advanc'd
By Strides as ſwift: Eternity is All;
And whoſe Eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the Font of Bliſs!
For ever baſking in the Deity!
LORENZO! who?—Thy Conſcience ſhall reply.
O give it Leave to ſpeak; 'twill ſpeak ere long,
Thy Leave unaſkt: LORENZO! hear it now,
While uſeful its Advice, its Accent mild.
By the great Edict, the Divine Decree,
Truth is depoſited with Man's *laſt Hour*;
An honeſt Hour, and faithful to her Truſt;
Truth, eldeſt Daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his Council, when he made the Worlds;
Nor leſs, when he ſhall judge the Worlds he made;
Tho' ſilent long, and ſleeping ne'er ſo ſound,
Smother'd with Errors, and oppreſt with Toys,
That Heav'n-commiſſion'd Hour no ſooner calls,
But from her Cavern in the Soul's Abyſs,
Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,
The Goddeſs burſts in Thunder, and in Flame;
Loudly convinces, and ſeverely pains.
Dark *Dæmons* I diſcharge, and *Hydra*-ſtings;
The keen Vibration of bright *Truth*—is Hell:
Juſt Definition! tho' by Schools untaught.
Ye Deaf to Truth! peruſe this Parſon'd Page,
And truſt, for once, a Prophet, and a Prieſt;
"Men may *live* Fools, but Fools they cannot *die*."

NIGHT the FIFTH.

THE

RELAPSE.

Humbly Inſcribed

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate is juſt.
Fondneſs for Fame is Avarice of Air.
I grant the Man is vain who writes for Praiſe.
Praiſe no Man e'er deſerv'd, who fought no more.
As juſt thy *Second Charge*. I grant the *Muſe*
Has often bluſh'd at her degen'rate Sons,
Retain'd by *Senſe* to plead her filthy Cauſe;
To raiſe the Low, to magnify the Mean,
And ſubtilize the Groſs into Refin'd:
As if to magic Numbers pow'rful Charm
'Twas giv'n, to make a *Civet* of their Song
Obſcene, and ſweeten Ordure to Perfume.
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the Brute,
And lifts our Swine-Enjoyments from the Mire.
The Fact notorious, nor obſcure the Cauſe.
We wear the Chains of *Pleaſure*, and of *Pride*.
Theſe ſhare the Man; and theſe diſtract him too;
Draw diff'rent Ways, and claſh in their Commands.

Pride, like an Eagle, builds among the Stars;
But *Pleaſure*, Lark-like, neſts upon the Ground.
Joys ſhar'd by Brute-Creation, *Pride* reſents;
Pleaſure embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: A Point how hard to gain!
But, what can't Wit, when ſtung by ſtrong Deſire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous Enterprize.
Since Joys of *Senſe* can't riſe to *Reaſon*'s Taſte;
In ſubtle *Sophyſtry*'s laborious Forge,
Wit hammers out a Reaſon *new*, that ſtoops
To ſordid Scenes, and meets them with Applauſe.
Wit calls the *Graces* the chaſte Zone to looſe;
Nor leſs than a *plump God* to fill the Bowl:
A thouſand Phantoms, and a thouſand Spells,
A thouſand Opiates ſcatters, to delude,
To faſcinate, inebriate, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd Mind of Man delightfully confound.
Thus that which ſhock'd the *Judgment*, ſhocks no more;
That which gave *Pride* Offence, no more offends.
Pleaſure and *Pride*, by Nature mortal Foes,
At War eternal, which in Man ſhall reign,
By *Wit*'s Addreſs, patch up a fatal Peace,
And Hand in Hand lead on the rank Debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curſed Art! wipes off the indebted Bluſh
From Nature's Cheek, and bronzes ev'ry Shame.
Man ſmiles in Ruin, glories in his Guilt,
And Infamy ſtands Candidate for Praiſe.
All writ by Man in Favour of the Soul,
Theſe *ſenſual Ethics* far, in Bulk, tranſcend.
The Flow'rs of Eloquence, profuſely pour'd
O'er ſpotted Vice, fill half the letter'd World.
Can Pow'rs of Genius exorciſe their Page,
And conſecrate Enormities with Song?

But

But let not theſe inexpiable Strains
Condemn the Muſe that knows her Dignity;
Nor meanly ſtops at *Time*, but holds the World
As 'tis, in Nature's ample Field, a Point,
A Point in her Eſteem; from whence to ſtart,
And run the Round of univerſal Space,
To viſit Being univerſal there,
And Being's Source, that utmoſt Flight of Mind!
Yet, ſpite of this ſo vaſt Circumference,
Well knows, but what is *Moral*, nought is *Great*.
Sing *Syrens* only? Do not Angels ſing?
There is in *Poeſy* a decent Pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeaks to *Proſe*,
Her younger Siſter; haply, not more wiſe.
Think'ſt thou, LORENZO! to find Paſtimes here?
No guilty Paſſion blown into a Flame,
No Foible flatter'd, Dignity diſgrac'd,
No Fairy Field of Fiction, all on Flow'r,
No Rainbow Colours, *here*, or ſilken Tale:
But ſolemn *Counſels*, Images of Awe,
Truths, which Eternity lets fall on Man
With double Weight, thro' theſe revolving Spheres,
This Death-deep Silence, and incumbent Shade:
Thoughts, ſuch as ſhall reviſit your laſt Hour;
Viſit uncall'd, and live when Life expires;
And thy dark Pencil, *Midnight!* darker ſtill
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the Whole.
Yet this, ev'n *This*, my Laughter-loving Friends!
LORENZO! and thy Brothers of the Smile!
If, what imports you moſt, can moſt engage,
Shall ſteal your Ear, and chain you to my Song.
Or if you fail me, know, the Wiſe ſhall taſte
The Truths I ſing; the Truths I ſing ſhall feel;
And, feeling, give Aſſent; and their Aſſent
Is ample Recompence; is more than Praiſe.

But chiefly Thine, O LITCHFIELD! nor miſtake;
Think not un-introduc'd I force my Way;
NARCISSA, not unknown, not unally'd,
By Virtue, or by Blood, illuſtrious Youth!
To thee, from blooming *Amaranthine* Bow'rs,
Where all the Language *Harmony*, deſcends
Uncall'd, and aſks Admittance for the Muſe:
A Muſe that will not pain thee with thy Praiſe;
Thy Praiſe ſhe drops, by *nobler* ſtill inſpir'd.

O Thou! Bleſt Spirit! *whether* the Supreme,
Great antemundane Father! in whoſe Breaſt
Embryo Creation, unborn Being, dwelt,
And all its various Revolutions roll'd
Preſent, tho' future; prior to themſelves;
Whoſe Breath can blow it into Nought again;
Or, from his Throne ſome delegated Pow'r,
Who, ſtudious of our Peace, doſt turn the Thought
From Vain and Vile, to Solid and Sublime!
Unſeen thou lead'ſt me to delicious Draughts
Of Inſpiration, from a purer Stream,
And fuller of the God, than that which burſt
From fam'd *Caſtalia*: Nor is yet allay'd
My ſacred Thirſt; tho' long my Soul has rang'd
Thro' pleaſing Paths of *Moral*, and *Divine*,
By Thee ſuſtain'd, and lighted by the STARS.

By *Them* beſt lighted are the Paths of *Thought*;
Nights are their *Days*, their moſt illumin'd Hours.
By *Day*, the Soul, o'erborne by Life's Career,
Stunn'd by the Din, and giddy with the Glare,
Reels far from Reaſon, joſtled by the Throng.
By *Day* the Soul is paſſive, all her Thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken, ere mature.
By *Night* from Objects free, from Paſſion cool,
Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpreſs'd, the Births
Of pure Election, arbitrary range,

Not

Not to the Limits of *one* World confin'd;
But from *Ethereal* Travels light on *Earth*,
As Voyagers drop Anchor, for Repoſe.
Let *Indians*, and the Gay, like *Indians*, fond
Of feather'd Fopperies, the Sun adore:
Darkneſs has more Divinity for me;
It ſtrikes Thought inward; it drives back the Soul
To ſettle on Herſelf, our Point ſupreme!
There lies our Theatre; there ſits our Judge.
Darkneſs the Curtain drops o'er Life's dull Scene;
'Tis the kind Hand of Providence ſtretcht out
'Twixt Man and Vanity; 'tis *Reaſon*'s Reign,
And *Virtue*'s too; theſe Tutelary Shades
Are Man's *Aſylum* from the tainted Throng.
Night is the good Man's *Friend*, and *Guardian* too;
It no leſs *reſcues* Virtue, than *inſpires*.
Virtue, for ever Frail, as Fair, below,
Her tender Nature ſuffers in the Crowd,
Nor touches on the World, without a Stain:
The World's infectious; few bring back at Eve,
Immaculate, the Manners of the Morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *reſolv'd*,
Is ſhaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *Salutation* may ſlide in a Sin
Unthought before, or fix a former Flaw.
Nor is it ſtrange: *Light*, *Motion*, *Concourſe*, *Noiſe*,
All, ſcatter us abroad; Thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our Home-affairs, flies off
In Fume and Diſſipation, quits her Charge,
And leaves the Breaſt unguarded to the Foe.
Preſent Example gets within our Guard,
And acts with *double* Force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires Ambition; *Love of Gain*
Strikes, like a Peſtilence, from Breaſt to Breaſt;
Riot, *Pride*, *Perfidy*, blue Vapours breathe;

And *Inhumanity* is caught from Man,
From ſmiling Man. A ſlight, a ſingle Glance,
And ſhot at random, often has brought home
A ſudden Fever, to the throbbing Heart,
Of *Envy*, *Rancour*, or *impure Deſire*.
We ſee, we hear, with Peril; *Safety* dwells
Remote from *Multitude*; the World's a School
Of *Wrong*, and what Proficients ſwarm around!
We muſt or imitate, or diſapprove;
Muſt liſt as their Accomplices, or Foes;
That ſtains our Innocence; *This* wounds our Peace.
From Nature's Birth, hence, *Wiſdom* has been ſmit
With ſweet Receſs, and languiſh'd for the Shade.

This ſacred Shade, and Solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt Preſence of the Deity.
Few are the Faults we flatter when alone.
Vice ſinks in her Allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other Objects, black by Night.
By Night an Atheiſt half-believes a God.

Night is fair Virtue's immemorial Friend;
The conſcious Moon, thro' ev'ry diſtant Age,
Has held a Lamp to *Wiſdom*, and let fall,
On *Contemplation*'s Eye, her purging Ray.
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from Heav'n
Philoſophy the fair, to dwell with Men,
And form their Manners, not inflame their Pride,
While o'er his Head, as fearful to moleſt
His lab'ring Mind, the Stars in Silence ſlide,
And ſeem all gazing on their future Gueſt,
See him ſoliciting his ardent Suit
In private Audience: All the live-long Night,
Rigid in Thought, and motionleſs, he ſtands;
Nor quits his Theme, or Poſture, till the Sun
(Rude Drunkard, riſing roſy from the Main!)
Diſturbs his nobler intellectual Beam,

And gives him to the Tumult of the World.
Hail, precious Moments! ſtol'n from the black Waſte
Of murder'd Time! Auſpicious *Midnight!* Hail!
The World excluded, ev'ry Paſſion huſh'd,
And open'd a calm Intercourſe with Heav'n,
Here the Soul ſits in Council; ponders *paſt*,
Predeſtines *future* Action; ſees, not feels,
Tumultuous Life, and reaſons with the Storm;
All her Lyes anſwers, and *thinks* down her Charms.
What aweful Joy! What mental Liberty!
I am not pent in Darkneſs; rather ſay
(If not too bold) in Darkneſs I'm embow'r'd.
Delightful Gloom! the cluſt'ring Thoughts around
Spontaneous riſe, and bloſſom in the Shade;
But droop by Day, and ſicken in the *Sun*.
Thought borrows Light elſewhere; from that *Firſt* Fire,
Fountain of Animation! whence deſcends
URANIA, my celeſtial Gueſt! who deigns
Nightly to viſit me, ſo mean; and *now*
Conſcious how needful Diſcipline to Man,
From pleaſing Dalliance with the Charms of *Night*
My wand'ring Thought recalls, to what excites
Far other Beat of Heart; NARCISSA's Tomb!
Or is it feeble Nature calls me back,
And breaks my Spirit into Grief again?
Is it a *Stygian* Vapour in my Blood?
A cold, ſlow Puddle, creeping thro' my Veins?
Or is it *thus* with all Men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we ſoar,
And now we ſink; to be *the ſame*, tranſcends
Our preſent Proweſs. Dearly pays the *Soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her Clay.
Reaſon, a baffled Counſellor! but adds
The Bluſh of Weakneſs, to the Bane of Woe,
The nobleſt Spirit fighting her hard Fate,

In this damp, dusky Region, charg'd with Storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, short her Flight, and sure her Fall.
Our utmost Strength, when down, to rise again;
And not to *yield*, tho' *beaten*, all our Praise.
'Tis vain to seek in Men for more than Man.
Tho' proud in Promise, big in previous Thought,
Experience damps our Triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the Shadows of the Grave,
Where *Grief* detain'd me Pris'ner, mounting high,
Threw wide the Gates of everlasting Day,
And call'd Mankind to Glory, shook off *Pain*,
Mortality shook off, in Æther pure,
And struck the Stars; *now* feel my Spirits fail;
They drop me from the Zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom Fable fledg'd with waxen Wings,
In Sorrow drown'd—but not, in Sorrow, lost.
How wretched is the Man, who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious Pearl, in *Sorrow*'s Stream:
Not so the thoughtless Man that *only* grieves;
Takes all the Torment, and rejects the Gain
(Inestimable Gain!); and gives Heav'n Leave
To make him but more Wretched, not more Wise.
If Wisdom is our Lesson (and what else
Ennobles Man? What else have Angels learnt?)
Grief! more Proficients in thy School are made,
Than *Genius*, or *proud Learning*, e'er could boast.
Voracious *Learning*, often over-fed,
Digests not into Sense her motley Meal.
This *Book-case*, with dark Booty almost burst,
This *Forager* on others Wisdom, leaves
Her Native Farm, her *Reason*, quite untill'd.
With mixt Manure she surfeits the rank Soil,
Dung'd, but not drest; and rich to Beggary.

A Pomp untameable of Weeds prevails.
Her *Servant*'s Wealth incumber'd *Wiſdom* mourns.
And what ſays *Genius?* "*Let the dull be Wiſe.*"
Genius, too hard for Right, can prove it Wrong;
And loves to boaſt, where bluſh Men leſs inſpir'd.
It pleads Exemption from the Laws of *Senſe*;
Conſiders *Reaſon* as a Leveller;
And ſcorns to ſhare a Bleſſing with the Crowd.
That Wiſe it *could* be, thinks an ample Claim
To *Glory*, and to *Pleaſure* gives the reſt.
CRASSUS but ſleeps, ARDELIO is undone.
Wiſdom leſs ſhudders at a Fool, than Wit.
But *Wiſdom* ſmiles, when humbled Mortals weep.
When *Sorrow* wounds the Breaſt, as Ploughs the Glebe,
And Hearts obdurate feel her ſoft'ning Shower;
Her Seed Celeſtial, then, glad *Wiſdom* ſows;
Her golden Harveſt triumphs in the Soil.
If ſo, NARCISSA! welcome my *Relapſe*;
I'll raiſe a Tax on my Calamity,
And reap rich Compenſation from my Pain.
I'll range the plenteous Intellectual Field;
And gather ev'ry Thought of ſov'reign Power
To chaſe the moral Maladies of Man;
Thoughts, which may bear tranſplanting to the Skies,
Tho' Natives of this coarſe penurious Soil;
Nor wholly wither *there*, where *Seraphs* ſing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in Heav'n.
Reaſon, the Sun that gives them Birth, the ſame
In either Clime, tho' more illuſtrious *There*.
Theſe choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a Garland for NARCISSA's Tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading Flow'rs.
Say, On what Themes ſhall puzzled Choice deſcend?
" Th' Importance of Contemplating the Tomb;
" *Why* Men decline it; *Suicide*'s foul Birth;

" The

" The various *Kinds of Grief*; the *Faults of Age*;
" And *Death's dread Character*—invite my Song."
And, firſt, th' Importance of our End ſurvey'd.
Friends counſel quick Diſmiſſion of our Grief
Miſtaken Kindneſs! our Hearts heal *too ſoon*.
Are *They* more kind than *He*, who ſtruck the Blow?
Who bid it do his Errand in our Hearts,
And baniſh Peace, till *nobler Gueſts* arrive,
And bring it back, a true, and endleſs Peace?
Calamities are *Friends:* As glaring *Day*
Of theſe unnumber'd Luſtres robs our Sight;
Proſperity puts out unnumber'd Thoughts
Of Import high, and Light divine, to Man.
The Man how bleſt, who, ſick of gaudy Scenes,
(Scenes apt to thruſt between Us and Ourſelves!)
Is led by Choice to take his fav'rite Walk,
Beneath *Death's* gloomy, ſilent, Cypreſs Shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantaſtic Ray;
To read his Monuments, to weigh his Duſt,
Viſit his Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs!
LORENZO! read with me NARCISSA's Stone;
(NARCISSA was thy Fav'rite) let us read
Her moral Stone; few Doctors preach ſo well;
Few Orators ſo tenderly can touch
The feeling Heart. What *Pathos* in the *Date!*
Apt Words can ſtrike; and yet in them we ſee
Faint Images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What Cauſe have *We* to build on Length of Life?
Temptations ſeize, when *Fear* is laid aſleep;
And Ill foreboded is our ſtrongeſt Guard.
See from her Tomb, as from an humble Shrine,
Truth, radiant Goddeſs! ſallies on my Soul,
And puts *Deluſion's* duſky Train to Flight;
Diſpels the Miſt our ſultry *Paſſions* raiſe,
From Objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene;

And

And ſhews the *Real* Eſtimate of Things;
Which no Man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the Veil from *Virtue*'s riſing Charms;
Detects *Temptation* in a thouſand Lyes.
Truth bids me look on Men, as *Autumn* Leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the Summer's Duſt,
Driv'n by the Whirlwind: Lighted by her Beams,
I widen my Horizon, gain new Powers,
See Things inviſible, feel Things remote,
Am preſent with Futurities; think nought
To Man ſo foreign, as the Joys *poſſeſt*;
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe beyond the Grave.

No *Folly* keeps its Colour in *her* Sight;
Pale *worldly Wiſdom* loſes all her Charms;
In pompous Promiſe from her Schemes profound,
If future Fate ſhe plans, 'tis all in Leaves,
Like *Sybil*, unſubſtantial, fleeting Bliſs!
At the firſt Blaſt it vaniſhes in Air.
Not ſo, *Celeſtial:* Wouldſt thou know, LORENZO!
How differ *worldly Wiſdom*, and *Divine?*
Juſt as the waning, and the waxing Moon.
More empty *worldly* Wiſdom ev'ry Day;
And ev'ry Day more fair her *Rival* ſhines.
When *Later*, there's leſs Time to play the Fool.
Soon our whole Term for Wiſdom is expir'd
(Thou know'ſt ſhe calls no Council in the Grave):
And everlaſting Fool is writ in Fire,
Or *real* Wiſdom wafts us to the Skies.

As worldly Schemes reſemble *Sybil*'s Leaves,
The good Man's Days to *Sybil*'s Books compare,
(In antient Story read, thou know'ſt the Tale)
In Price ſtill riſing, as in Number leſs,
Ineſtimable quite his Final Hour.
For That who Thrones can offer, offer Thrones;
Inſolvent Worlds the Purchaſe cannot pay.

" Oh let me die his Death!" all Nature cries.
" Then live his Life"—All Nature falters there.
Our great Phyſician daily to conſult,
To commune with the *Grave*, our only Cure.
What Grave preſcribes the beſt?—A Friend's; and yet,
From a Friend's Grave, how ſoon we diſengage!
Ev'n to the deareſt, as his Marble, cold.
Why are Friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,
By ſoft *Affection*'s Tyes, on human Hearts,
The Thought of Death, which *Reaſon*, too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens *There*.
Nor Reaſon, nor Affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the Witchcrafts of the World.
Behold th' inexorable Hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable Hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *Aim* of Life,
Tho' well to ponder it, is Life's chief *End*.
Is Death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only ſure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected Gueſt?
Nay, tho' invited by the loudeſt Calls
Of blind *Imprudence*, unexpected ſtill?
Tho' num'rous Meſſengers are ſent before,
To warn his great Arrival. What the Cauſe,
The wond'rous Cauſe, of this myſterious Ill?
All Heav'n looks down aſtoniſh'd at the Sight.
Is it that Life has ſown her *Joys* ſo thick,
We can't thruſt in a ſingle Care between?
Is it, that Life has ſuch a Swarm of *Cares*,
The Thought of Death can't enter for the Throng?
Is it, that *Time* ſteals on with downy Feet,
Nor wakes *Indulgence* from her golden Dream?
To-day is ſo like *Yeſterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying Siſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, LORENZO! like a Brook;

For

For ever changing, unperceiv'd the Change.
In the ſame Brook none ever bath'd him twice;
To the ſame Life none ever twice awoke.
We call the Brook the ſame; the ſame we think
Our Life, tho' ſtill more rapid in its Flow;
Nor mark the *Much* irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the Sea. Or ſhall we ſay,
(Retaining ſtill the Brook to bear us on)
That Life is like a Veſſel on the Stream?
In Life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the Tide
Of *Time* deſcend, but not on *Time* intent;
Amus'd, unconſcious of the gliding Wave;
Till on a ſudden we perceive a Shock;
We ſtart, awake, look out; what ſee we there?
Our brittle Bark is burſt on *Charon's* Shore.
Is this the Cauſe *Death* flies all human Thought?
Or is it *Judgment*, by the *Will* ſtruck blind,
That domineering Miſtreſs of the Soul!
Like *him* ſo ſtrong by *Dalilah* the fair?
Or is it *Fear* turns ſtartled *Reaſon* back,
From looking down a Precipice ſo ſteep?
'Tis dreadful; and the Dread is wiſely plac'd,
By Nature conſcious of the Make of Man.
A dreadful Friend it is, a Terror kind,
A flaming Sword to guard the Tree of Life.
By that unaw'd, in Life's moſt ſmiling Hour,
The *Good Man* would repine; would *ſuffer* Joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd Skies.
The *Bad*, on each punctilious Pique of Pride,
Or Gloom of Humour, would give Rage the Rein,
Bound o'er the Barrier, ruſh into the Dark,
And mar the Scenes of Providence below.
What Groan was that, LORENZO?—Furies! riſe;
And drown, in your leſs execrable Yell,
Britannia's Shame. There took her gloomy Flight,

On

On Wing impetuous, a black ſullen Soul,
Blaſted from Hell, with horrid Luſt of Death.
Thy Friend, the Brave, the Gallant *Altamont*,
So call'd, ſo thought—And *then* he fled the Field,
Leſs baſe the Fear of Death, than Fear of Life.
O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide!
An *Iſland* in thy Manners! far diſjoin'd
From the whole World of *Rationals* beſide!
In ambient Waves plunge thy polluted Head,
Waſh the dire Stain, nor ſhock the Continent.
But thou be ſhock'd, while I detect the Cauſe
Of *Self-Aſſault*, expoſe the Monſter's Birth,
And bid *Abhorrence* hiſs it round the World.
Blame not thy Clime, nor chide the diſtant Sun;
The Sun is innocent, thy Clime abſolv'd:
Immoral Climes kind Nature never made.
The Cauſe I ſing, in *Eden* might prevail,
And proves, It is thy Folly, not thy Fate.
The Soul of Man (Let Man in Homage bow,
Who names his *Soul*), a Native of the Skies!
High-born, and free, her Freedom ſhould maintain,
Unſold, unmortgag'd for *Earth*'s little Bribes.
Th' illuſtrious Stranger, in this foreign Land,
Like Strangers, jealous of her Dignity,
Studious of Home, and ardent to return,
Of *Earth* ſuſpicious, *Earth*'s inchanted Cup
With cool Reſerve light touching, ſhould indulge,
On *Immortality*, her godlike Taſte;
There take large Draughts; make her chief Banquet *there*.
But ſome reject this Suſtenance divine;
To beggarly vile Appetites deſcend;
Aſk Alms of *Earth*, for Gueſts that came from *Heav'n*;
Sink into Slaves; and ſell, for *preſent* Hire,
Their rich Reverſion, and (what ſhares its Fate)
Their native *Freedom*, to the Prince who ſways

This

This nether World. And when his Payments fail,
When his foul Baſket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd Palates loath the Baſket full;
Are inſtantly, with wild demoniac Rage,
For breaking all the Chains of Providence,
And burſting their Confinement; tho' faſt barr'd
By Laws divine and human; guarded ſtrong
With *Horrors* doubled to defend the Paſs,
The blackeſt, *Nature*, or *dire Guilt*, can raiſe;
And moated round with fathomleſs *Deſtruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their Fall.
Such, *Britons!* is the *Cauſe*, to you unknown,
Or worſe, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by Magiſtrates,
Thus Criminals themſelves. I grant the Deed
Is Madneſs; but the Madneſs of the *Heart*.
And what is that? Our utmoſt Bound of Guilt.
A ſenſual, unreflecting Life, is big
With monſtrous Births, and *Suicide*, to crown
The black infernal Brood. The Bold to break
Heav'n's Law ſupreme, and deſperately ruſh
Thro' ſacred *Nature*'s Murder, on their own,
Becauſe they never *think of Death*, they die.
'Tis equally Man's Duty, Glory, Gain,
At once to ſhun, and meditate, his End.
When by the Bed of Languiſhment we ſit,
(The Seat of *Wiſdom!* if our Choice, not Fate)
Or, o'er our dying Friends, in Anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold Dew, or ſtay the ſinking Head,
Number their Moments, and, in ev'ry Clock,
Start at the Voice of an Eternity;
See the dim Lamp of Life juſt feebly lift
An agonizing Beam, at us to gaze,
Then ſink again, and quiver into Death,
That moſt pathetic Herald of our own;
How read we ſuch ſad Scenes? As ſent to Man

In

In perfect Vengeance? No; in Pity ſent,
To melt him down, like Wax, and then impreſs,
Indelible, *Death*'s Image on his Heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himſelf.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we ſmile.
The Mind turns Fool, before the Cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *Folly* cancels all;
As the Tide ruſhing raſes what is writ
In yielding Sands, and ſmooths the letter'd Shore.
LORENZO! haſt thou ever weigh'd a *Sigh?*
Or ſtudy'd the Philoſophy of *Tears?*
(A Science, yet, unlectur'd in our Schools!)
Haſt thou deſcended deep into the Breaſt,
And ſeen their Source? If not, deſcend with me,
And trace theſe briny Riv'lets to their Springs.
Our Fun'ral Tears, from diff'rent Cauſes riſe.
As if from ſep'rate Ciſterns in the Soul,
Of *various Kinds*, they flow. From tender Hearts,
By ſoft Contagion call'd, *ſome* burſt at once,
And ſtream obſequious to the leading Eye.
Some aſk more Time, by curious *Art* diſtill'd.
Some Hearts in ſecret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the Magic of the Public Eye,
Like MOSES' ſmitten Rock, guſh out amain.
Some weep to ſhare the Fame of the Deceas'd,
So high in Merit, and to them ſo dear.
They dwell on Praiſes, which they think they ſhare;
And thus, without a Bluſh, commend Themſelves.
Some mourn in Proof, that ſomething they could love;
They weep not to *relieve* their Grief, but *ſhew*.
Some weep in perfect Juſtice to the Dead,
As conſcious all their Love is in Arrear.
Some miſchievouſly weep, not unappriſ'd,
Tears, ſometimes, aid the Conqueſt of an Eye.
With what Addreſs the ſoft *Epheſians* draw

Their

Their Sable Net-work o'er entangled Hearts?
As ſeen thro' Cryſtal, how their Roſes glow,
While *liquid Pearl* runs trickling down their Cheek?
Of hers not prouder *Egypt*'s wanton Queen,
Carouſing Gems, herſelf diſſolv'd in Love.
Some weep at *Death*, abſtracted from the *Dead*,
And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own Deceaſe.
By kind Conſtruction ſome are *deem'd* to weep,
Becauſe a decent Veil conceals their Joy.
Some weep in Earneſt, and yet weep in Vain;
As deep in Indiſcretion, as in Woe.
Paſſion, blind Paſſion! impotently pours
Tears, that deſerve more Tears; while *Reaſon* ſleeps;
Or gazes, like an Idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the Storm;
Knows not it ſpeaks to *Her*, and her *alone*.
Irrationals all Sorrow are beneath,
That noble Gift! that Privilege of Man!
From *Sorrow*'s Pang, the Birth of endleſs Joy.
But *Theſe* are barren of that Birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the Summer-Storm,
And full as ſhort! The cruel *Grief* ſoon tam'd,
They make a Paſtime of the ſtingleſs Tale;
Far as the deep-reſounding Knell, they ſpread
The dreadful News, and hardly feel it more.
No Grain of *Wiſdom* pays them for their *Woe*.
Half-round the Globe, the Tears pumpt up by *Death*
Are ſpent in wat'ring Vanities of Life;
In making *Folly* flouriſh ſtill more fair.
When the ſick Soul, her wonted Stay withdrawn,
Reclines on Earth, and ſorrows in the Duſt;
Inſtead of learning, *there*, her *true Support*,
Tho' there thrown down her true Support to learn,
Without Heav'n's Aid impatient to be bleſt,
She crawls to the next Shrub, or Bramble vile,

Tho'

Tho' from the ſtately Cedar's Arms ſhe fell;
With ſtale, foreſworn Embraces, clings anew,
The Stranger weds, and bloſſoms, as before,
In all the fruitleſs Fopperies of Life:
Preſents her *Weed*, well-fanſy'd, at the Ball,
And raffles for the *Death's-Head* on the Ring.
So wept AURELIA, till the deſtin'd Youth
Stept in, with his Receipt for making Smiles,
And blanching Sables into bridal Bloom.
So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's Fate;
Who gave that Angel Boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his Birth!
Not ſuch, NARCISSA, my Diſtreſs for Thee.
I'll make an Altar of thy ſacred Tomb,
To ſacrifice to Wiſdom.—What waſt Thou?
"*Young*, *Gay*, and *Fortunate!*" Each yields a Theme.
I'll dwell on each, to ſhun Thought more ſevere;
(Heav'n knows I labour with ſeverer ſtill!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhauſt thy Death.
A Soul without Reflection, like a Pile
Without Inhabitant, to Ruin runs.
And Firſt, thy *Youth*. What ſays it to Grey Hairs?
NARCISSA, I'm become *thy* Pupil *now*—
Early, Bright, Tranſient, Chaſte, as Morning Dew,
She Sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heav'n.
Time on this Head has ſnow'd; yet ſtill 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another*'s Grave.
Cover'd with Shame I ſpeak it, *Age* ſevere
Old worn-out Vice ſets down for Virtue fair;
With graceleſs Gravity chaſtiſing Youth,
That Youth chaſtis'd ſurpaſſing in a Fault,
Father of all, Forgetfulneſs of Death:
As if, like Objects preſſing on the Sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be ſeen:
Or, that Life's Loan *Time* ripen'd into Right;

And Men might plead Preſcription from the Grave;
Deathleſs, from Repetition of Reprieve.
Deathleſs? far from it! *ſuch* are dead already;
Their Hearts are bury'd, and the World their Grave.
Tell me, ſome God! my Guardian Angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what Inchantment plants
The Phantom of an Age 'twixt us and Death
Already at the Door? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What Mail defends
Our untouch'd Hearts? What Miracle turns off
The pointed Thought, which from a thouſand Quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd?
We ſtand, as in a Battle, Throngs on Throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Tho' bleeding with our Wounds, immortal ſtill!
We ſee Time's Furrows on another's Brow,
And Death intrench'd, preparing his Aſſault;
How few Themſelves, in that juſt Mirror, ſee!
Or, ſeeing, draw their Inference as ſtrong!
There Death is certain; doubtful *Here:* He *muſt*,
And *ſoon*; We *may*, within an *Age*, expire.
Tho' grey our Heads, our Thoughts and Aims are green;
Like damag'd Clocks, whoſe Hand and Bell diſſent;
Folly ſings Six, while *Nature* points at Twelve.
Abſurd *Longevity!* More, More, it cries:
More Life, more Wealth, more Traſh of ev'ry Kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when Reliſh fails?
Object, and *Appetite*, muſt club for Joy;
Shall *Folly* labour hard to mend the Bow,
Baubles, I mean, that ſtrike us from *without*,
While *Nature* is relaxing ev'ry String?
Aſk *Thought* for Joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the Soul, when this Life's Rattles ceaſe,
Has nothing of more Manly to ſucceed?
Contract the Taſte immortal; learn ev'n Now

To

To reliſh what *alone* ſubſiſts hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your Joys for ever.
Of *Age* the Glory is, to *wiſh* to die.
That Wiſh is *Praiſe* and *Promiſe*; it applauds
Paſt Life, and promiſes our future Bliſs.
What Weakneſs ſee not Children in their Sires?
Grand-climacterical Abſurdities!
Grey-hair'd Authority, to Faults of Youth,
How ſhocking! It makes Folly thrice a Fool;
And our firſt Childhood might our laſt deſpiſe.
Peace and *Eſteem* is all that Age can hope.
Nothing but *Wiſdom* gives the *firſt*; the *laſt*,
Nothing, but the *Repute of being Wiſe*.
Folly bars both; our Age is quite undone.
What Folly can be ranker? Like our Shadows,
Our Wiſhes lengthen, as our Sun declines.
No Wiſh ſhould loiter, *then*, this Side the Grave.
Our Hearts ſhould leave the World, before the Knell
Calls for our Carcaſes to mend the Soil.
Enough to live in Tempeſt, die in Port;
Age ſhould fly Concourſe, cover in Retreat
Defects of *Judgment*; and the *Will*'s ſubdue;
Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn Shore
Of that vaſt Ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
And put *Good-works* on Board; and wait the Wind
That ſhortly blows us into Worlds unknown.
If *unconſider'd* too, a dreadful Scene!
All ſhould be Prophets to themſelves; foreſee
Their future Fate; their future Fate foretaſte;
This Art would waſte the Bitterneſs of Death.
The *Thought* of Death alone, the *Fear* deſtroys.
A Diſaffection to that precious Thought
Is more than *Midnight* Darkneſs on the Soul,
Which ſleeps beneath it, on a *Precipice*,
Puff'd off by the firſt Blaſt, and loſt for ever.

Doſt

Doſt aſk, LORENZO, why ſo warmly preſt,
By Repetition hammer'd on thine Ear,
The Thought of Death? That Thought is the Machine,
The grand Machine! that heaves us from the Duſt,
And rears us into Men. That Thought ply'd home
Will ſoon reduce the ghaſtly *Precipice*
O'er hanging Hell, will ſoften the Deſcent,
And gently ſlope our Paſſage to the Grave;
How warmly to be wiſht! What Heart of Fleſh
Would trifle with Tremendous? dare Extremes?
Yawn o'er the Fate of Infinite? What Hand,
Beyond the blackeſt Brand of Cenſure bold,
(To ſpeak a Language *too well* known to Thee)
Would at a Moment give its *All* to Chance,
And *ſtamp* the Die for an Eternity?
Aid me, NARCISSA! aid me to keep Pace
With *Deſtiny*; and ere her Sciſſars cut
My Thread of Life, to break this tougher Thread
Of Moral Death, that ties me to the World.
Sting thou my ſlumb'ring *Reaſon* to ſend forth
A Thought of Obſervation on the Foe;
To ſally; and ſurvey the rapid March
Of his ten thouſand Meſſengers to Man;
Who, JEHU-like, behind him turns them all.
All *Accident* apart, by *Nature* ſign'd,
My Warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one Moment lurks my Fate.
Muſt I then *forward* only look for Death?
Backward I turn mine Eye, and find him there.
Man is a Self-ſurvivor ev'ry Year.
Man, like a Stream, is in perpetual Flow.
Death's a Deſtroyer of Quotidian Prey.
My *Youth*, My *Noon-tide*, His; my *Yeſterday*;
The bold Invader ſhares the *preſent* Hour.
Each Moment on the Former ſhuts the Grave.

While Man is growing, Life is in Decreaſe;
And Cradles rock us nearer to the Tomb.
Our Birth is nothing but our Death begun;
As Tapers waſte, that Inſtant they take Fire.
Shall we then fear, leſt that ſhould come to paſs,
Which comes to paſs each Moment of our Lives?
If fear we muſt, let *that* Death turn us pale,
Which murders *Strength* and *Ardor*; what remains
Should rather call on Death, than dread his Call.
Ye Partners of my Fault, and my Decline!
Thoughtleſs of Death, but when your Neighbour's Knell
(Rude Viſitant!) knocks hard at your dull Senſe,
And with its Thunder ſcarce obtains your Ear!
Be Death your Theme in ev'ry Place and Hour;
Nor longer want, ye Monumental Sires!
A Brother Tomb to tell you you ſhall die.
That Death you *dread* (ſo great is Nature's Skill!)
Know, you ſhall *court*, before you ſhall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in Volumes, deep you ſit;
In Wiſdom, ſhallow: Pompous Ignorance!
Would you be ſtill more learned, than the Learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *Knowledge*, which impairs your *Senſe*.
Our needful Knowledge, like our needful Food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in Life's common Field;
And bids all welcome to the Vital Feaſt.
You ſcorn what lies before you in the Page
Of *Nature* and *Experience*, Moral Truth;
Of indiſpenſable, eternal Fruit;
Fruit, on which Mortals feeding, turn to Gods;
And dive in *Science* for diſtinguiſh'd Names,
Diſhoneſt Fomentation of your Pride;
Sinking in Virtue, as you riſe in Fame.
Your Learning, like the *Lunar* Beam, affords
Light, but not Heat; it leaves you undevout,

Frozen at Heart, while Speculation ſhines.
Awake, ye curious Indagators! fond
Of knowing All, but what avails you, known.
If you would learn *Death's Character*, attend.
All Caſts of Conduct, all Degrees of Health,
All Dies of Fortune, and all Dates of Age,
Together ſhook in his impartial Urn,
Come forth at random: Or if Choice is made,
The Choice is quite *ſarcaſtic*, and inſults
All bold Conjecture, and fond Hopes of Man.
What countleſs Multitudes, not only *leave*,
But deeply *diſappoint* us, by their Deaths!
Tho' great our Sorrow, greater our Surprize.
Like other Tyrants, *Death* delights to ſmite,
What, ſmitten, moſt proclaims the Pride of Pow'r,
And arbitrary Nod. His Joy ſupreme,
To bid the Wretch ſurvive the Fortunate;
The Feeble wrap th' Athletic in his Shroud;
And weeping Fathers build their Childrens Tomb;
Me Thine, NARCISSA!——What tho' ſhort thy Date?
Virtue, not rolling Suns, the Mind matures.
That Life is long, which anſwers Life's great End.
The Time that bears no Fruit, deſerves no Name;
The Man of Wiſdom is the Man of Years.
In hoary Youth METHUSALEMS may die;
O how *miſdated* on their flatt'ring Tombs!
NARCISSA's *Youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *Gaiety* give Counſel too?
That, like the *Jews* fam'd Oracle of Gems,
Sparkles Inſtruction; ſuch as throws new Light,
And opens more the *Character of Death*,
Ill known to thee, LORENZO! this thy Vaunt:
" Give Death his Due, the Wretched, and the Old;
" Ev'n let him ſweep his Rubbiſh to the Grave;
" Let him not violate kind Nature's Laws,

" But own Man born to *Live*, as well as *Die*."
Wretched and *Old* Thou giv'ſt Him; *Young* and *Gay*
He takes; and *Plunder* is a Tyrant's Joy.
What if I prove, " The fartheſt from the *Fear*,
" Are often neareſt to the *Stroke* of Fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an End.
A Blaze betokens Brevity of Life:
As if bright Embers ſhould emit a Flame,
Glad Spirits ſparkled from NARCISSA's Eye,
And made Youth younger, and taught Life to live.
As Nature's Oppoſites wage endleſs War,
For *this* Offence, as Treaſon to the deep
Inviolable Stupor of his Reign,
Where *Luſt*, and turbulent *Ambition*, ſleep,
Death took ſwift Vengeance. As he Life deteſts,
More Life is ſtill more odious; and, reduc'd
By Conqueſt, aggrandizes more his Pow'r.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By Heav'n's Decree,
To plant the Soul on her eternal Guard,
In aweful Expectation of our End.
Thus runs Death's dread Commiſſion: " Strike, but *ſo*,
" As moſt alarms the Living by the Dead."
Hence *Stratagem* delights him, and *Surprize*,
And cruel Sport with Man's Securities.
Not ſimple Conqueſt, Triumph is his Aim;
And, where leaſt fear'd, there Conqueſt triumphs moſt.
This proves my bold Aſſertion not too bold.
What are *His* Arts to lay our Fears aſleep?
Tiberian Arts his Purpoſes wrap up
In deep Diſſimulation's darkeſt Night.
Like Princes unconfeſt in foreign Courts,
Who travel under Cover, *Death* aſſumes
The Name and Look of *Life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all Shapes that ſerve his black Deſigns:
Tho' Maſter of a wider Empire far

Than that, o'er which the *Roman* Eagle flew;
Like *Nero*, he's a Fidler, Charioteer,
Or drives his *Phaeton*, in Female-Guiſe;
Quite unſuſpected, till, the Wheel beneath,
His diſarray'd Oblation he devours.
He moſt affects the Forms leaſt like himſelf,
His ſlender Self. Hence burly Corpulence
Is his familiar Wear, and ſleek Diſguiſe.
Behind the roſy Bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambuſh in a Smile; or wanton dive
In Dimples deep; Love's Eddies, which draw in
Unwary Hearts, and ſink them in Deſpair.
Such, on NARCISSA's Couch, he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, ſtill was ſeen
To *ſmile*; ſuch Peace has Innocence in Death!
Moſt happy they! whom leaſt his Arts deceive.
One Eye on *Death*, and one full fix'd on *Heav'n*,
Becomes a Mortal, and Immortal Man.
Long on his Wiles a piqu'd and jealous Spy,
I've ſeen, or dreamt I ſaw, the Tyrant *dreſs*;
Lay by his Horrors, and put on his Smiles.
Say, Muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back,
And ſhew LORENZO the ſurpriſing Scene;
If 'twas a Dream, his Genius can explain.
'Twas in a Circle of the *Gay* I ſtood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* puſht him back;
Supported by a Doctor of Renown,
His Point he gain'd. Then artfully *diſmiſt*
The Sage; for *Death* deſign'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *Uſurer*
His meagre Aſpect, and his naked Bones;
In Gratitude for plumping up his Prey,
A pamper'd *Spendthrift*; whoſe fantaſtic Air,
Well-faſhion'd Figure, and cockaded Brow,

He took in Change, and underneath the Pride
Of coſtly Linen, tuck'd his filthy Shroud.
His crooked Bow he ſtraiten'd to a Cane;
And hid his deadly Shafts in MYRA's Eye.
The dreadful Maſquerader, thus equipt,
Out-ſallies on Adventures. Aſk you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar Haunts,
Let *this* ſuffice; ſure as Night follows Day,
Death treads in *Pleaſure*'s Footſteps round the World,
When *Pleaſure* treads the Paths, which *Reaſon* ſhuns.
When, againſt *Reaſon*, *Riot* ſhuts the Door,
And *Gaiety* ſupplies the Place of *Senſe*,
Then, foremoſt at the Banquet, and the Ball,
Death leads the Dance, or ſtamps the deadly Die;
Nor ever fails the midnight Bowl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay Compeers,
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far: And when the Revel burns,
When *Fear* is baniſh'd, and triumphant Thought,
Calling for all the Joys beneath the Moon,
Againſt him turns the Key; and bids him ſup
With their Progenitors—He drops his Maſk;
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire.
Scarce with more ſudden Terror and Surprize,
From his black Maſque of Nitre, touch'd by Fire,
He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant Treachery,
And *more than ſimple Conqueſt*, in the Fiend?
And now, LORENZO, doſt thou wrap thy Soul
In ſoft Security, becauſe unknown
Which Moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In *Death*'s Uncertainty thy Danger lies.
Is *Death* uncertain? Therefore Thou be fixt;
Fixt as a Centinel, all Eye, all Ear,

All

All Expectation of the coming Foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in Arms, nor lean againſt thy Spear;
Leſt Slumber ſteal one Moment o'er thy Soul,
And *Fate* ſurpriſe thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong;
Thus give each Day the Merit, and Renown,
Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die.
Nor let Life's *Period* hidden (as from moſt)
Hide too from Thee the precious *Uſe* of Life.
Early, not ſudden, was NARCISSA's Fate.
Soon, not ſurprifing, *Death* his Viſit paid.
Her Thought went forth to meet him on his Way,
Nor *Gaiety* forgot it was to die.
Tho' *Fortune* too (our third and final Theme),
As an Accomplice, play'd her gaudy Plumes,
And ev'ry glitt'ring Gewgaw, on her Sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its Mark.
Death's dreadful Advent is the Mark of Man;
And ev'ry Thought that miſſes it, is blind.
Fortune, with *Youth* and *Gaiety*, conſpir'd
To weave a *triple* Wreath of Happineſs
(If Happineſs on Earth) to crown her Brow.
And could *Death* charge thro' ſuch a ſhining Shield?
That ſhining Shield *invites* the Tyrant's Spear.
As if to damp our elevated Aims,
And ſtrongly preach Humility to Man.
O how portentous is Proſperity!
How, Comet-like, it threatens, while it ſhines!
Few Years but yield us Proof of *Death*'s Ambition,
To cull his Victims from the faireſt Fold,
And ſheath his Shafts in all the Pride of Life.
When flooded with Abundance, purpled o'er
With recent Honours, bloom'd with ev'ry Bliſs,
Set up in Oſtentation, made the Gaze,
The gaudy Centre, of the publick Eye,

When *Fortune* thus has toſs'd her Child in Air,
Snatcht from the Covert of an humble State,
How often have I ſeen him dropt at once,
Our Morning's Envy! and our Ev'ning's Sigh!
As if her Bounties were the Signal giv'n,
The flow'ry Wreath to mark the Sacrifice,
And call Death's Arrows on the deſtin'd Prey.
High Fortune ſeems in cruel League with *Fate*.
Aſk you for what? To give his War on Man
The deeper Dread, and more illuſtrious Spoil;
Thus to keep daring Mortals more in Awe.
And burns LORENZO ſtill for the Sublime
Of Life? to hang his airy Neſt on high,
On the ſlight Timber of the topmoſt Bough,
Rockt at each Breeze, and menacing a Fall?
Granting grim *Death* at equal Diſtance *there*;
Yet *Peace* begins juſt where *Ambition* ends.
What makes Man wretched? Happineſs *deny'd*?
LORENZO! no: 'Tis Happineſs *diſdain'd*.
She comes too meanly dreſt to win our Smile;
And calls herſelf *Content*, a homely Name!
Our Flame is *Tranſport*, and *Content* our Scorn.
Ambition turns, and ſhuts the Door againſt her,
And weds a *Toil*, a *Tempeſt*, in her ſtead;
A *Tempeſt* to warm *Tranſport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal State admits,
Life's modeſt Joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
And all our Ecſtaſies are Wounds to Peace:
Peace, the full Portion of Mankind below.
And ſince thy Peace is dear, ambitious Youth!
Of Fortune fond, as thoughtleſs of thy Fate!
As late I drew *Death*'s Picture, to ſtir up
Thy wholeſome Fears; now, drawn in Contraſt, ſee
Gay *Fortune*'s, thy vain Hopes to reprimand.

See,

See, high in Air, the ſportive Goddeſs hangs,
Unlocks her Caſket, ſpreads her glitt'ring Ware,
And calls the giddy Winds to puff abroad
Her random Bounties o'er the gaping Throng.
All ruſh rapacious; Friends o'er trodden Friends;
Sons o'er their Fathers, Subjects o'er their Kings,
Prieſts o'er their Gods, and Lovers o'er the Fair,
(Still *more* ador'd) to ſnatch the golden Show'r.
Gold glitters moſt, where *Virtue* ſhines no more;
As Stars from abſent Suns have Leave to ſhine.
O what a precious Pack of Votaries
Unkennell'd from the Priſons, and the Stews,
Pour in, all op'ning in their Idol's Praiſe!
All, ardent, eye each Waſture of her Hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious Jaws,
Morſel on Morſel ſwallow down unchew'd,
Untaſted, thro' mad Appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the Throat, yet lean and rav'nous ſtill.
Sagacious All, to trace the ſmalleſt Game,
And bold to ſeize the greateſt. If (bleſt Chance!)
Court-Zephyrs ſweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er Juſt, o'er Sacred, all forbidden Ground,
Drunk with the burning Scent of Place or Pow'r,
Staunch to the Foot of Lucre, till they die.
Or, if for Men you take them, as I mark
Their Manners, Thou their various Fates ſurvey.
With Aim miſ-meaſur'd, and impetuous Speed,
Some darting, ſtrike their ardent Wiſh far off,
Thro' Fury to poſſeſs it: *Some* ſucceed,
But ſtumble, and let fall the taken Prize.
From *ſome*, by ſudden Blaſts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in Boſoms that ne'er dream'd of Gain.
To *ſome* it ſticks ſo cloſe, that, when torn off,
Torn is the Man, and mortal is the Wound.

Some, o'er-enamour'd of their Bags, run mad,
Groan under Gold, yet weep for want of Bread.
Together *ſome* (unhappy Rivals!) ſeize,
And rend Abundance into Poverty;
Loud croaks the Raven of the Law, and ſmiles:
Smiles too the Goddeſs; but ſmiles moſt at thoſe,
(Juſt Victims of exorbitant Deſire!)
Who periſh at their own Requeſt, and, whelm'd
Beneath her Load of laviſh Grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her Numbers ſlain.
The Number ſmall, which Happineſs can bear.
Tho' *various* for a while their Fates; at laſt
One Curſe involves them All: At Death's Approach,
All read their Riches backward into Loſs,
And mourn in juſt Proportion to their Store.
And *Death*'s Approach (if orthodox my Song)
Is haſten'd by the Lure of *Fortune*'s Smiles.
And art thou ſtill a Glutton of bright Gold?
And art thou ſtill rapacious of thy Ruin?
Death loves a ſhining Mark, a ſignal Blow;
A Blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And ſtartles Thouſands with a ſingle Fall.
As when ſome ſtately Growth of Oak, or Pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly ſpreads her Shade,
The Sun's Defiance, and the Flock's Defence;
By the ſtrong Strokes of lab'ring Hinds ſubdu'd,
Loud groans her laſt, and, ruſhing from her Height,
In cumbrous Ruin, thunders to the Ground:
The conſcious Foreſt trembles at the Shock,
And Hill, and Stream, and diſtant Dale, reſound.
Theſe high-aim'd Darts of *Death*, and theſe alone,
Should I collect, my Quiver would be full.
A Quiver, which, ſuſpended in mid Air,
Or near Heav'n's *Archer*, in the Zodiac, hung,

(So

(So could it be) *ſhould* draw the public Eye,
The Gaze and Contemplation of Mankind!
A Conſtellation aweful, yet benign,
To guide the *Gay* thro' Life's tempeſtuous Wave;
Nor ſuffer them to ſtrike the common Rock,
" From greater Danger to grow more ſecure,
" And, wrapt in Happineſs, forget their Fate."
LYSANDER, happy paſt the common Lot,
Was warn'd of Danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair ASPASIA: She was kind:
In Youth, Form, Fortune, Fame, they both were bleſt:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in Envy lov'd:
Can Fancy form more finiſh'd Happineſs?
Fixt was the Nuptial Hour. Her ſtately Dome
Roſe on the ſounding Beach. The glitt'ring Spires
Float in the Wave, and break againſt the Shore:
So break thoſe glitt'ring Shadows, Human Joys.
The faithleſs Morning ſmil'd: He takes his Leave,
To re-embrace in Ecſtaſies, at Eve.
The riſing Storm forbids. The News arrives:
Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her Servant's Eye.
She felt it ſeen (her Heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious Ocean's Aid,
In ſuffocating Sorrows ſhares his Tomb.
Now, round the ſumptuous, Bridal Monument,
The guilty Billows innocently roar;
And the rough Sailor paſſing, drops a Tear.
A Tear? Can Tears ſuffice?—But not for *me*.
How vain our Efforts! and our Arts, how vain!
The *diſtant* Train of Thought I took, to ſhun,
Has thrown me on my Fate—*Theſe* dy'd together;
Happy in Ruin! *undivorc'd* by Death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is Peace—
NARCISSA! Pity bleeds at Thought of Thee.

Yet Thou waſt only *near* me; not *myſelf*.
Survive *myſelf?*—*That* cures all other Woe.
NARCISSA lives; PHILANDER is forgot.
O the ſoft Commerce! O the tender Tyes,
Cloſe-twiſted with the Fibres of the Heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the Soul
Of Human Joy; and make it Pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *ſuch* Friends part,
'Tis the Survivor dies—My Heart! no more.

NIGHT the SIXTH.

THE

INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, *and* IMPORTANCE, *of* IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, GLORY and RICHES are particularly conſidered.

Humbly Inſcribed to the Right Honourable

HENRY PELHAM,

Firſt LORD COMMISSIONER of the TREASURY, and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

FEW Ages have been deeper in Diſpute about Religion, than this. The Diſpute about Religion, and the Practice of it, ſeldom go together. The ſhorter, therefore, the Diſpute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this ſingle Queſtion, Is Man Immortal, or is he not? *If he is not, all our Diſputes are mere Amuſements, or Trials of Skill. In this Caſe,* Truth, Reaſon, Religion, *which give our Diſ-*

courſes

courſes ſuch Pomp and Solemnity, are (as will be ſhewn) mere empty Sounds, without any Meaning in them. But if Man is Immortal, it will behove him to be very ſerious about eternal Conſequences; or, in other Words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental Truth, uneſtabliſhed, or unawaken'd in the Minds of Men, is, I conceive, the real Source and Support of all our Infidelity; how remote ſoever the particular Objections advanced may ſeem to be from it.

Senſible Appearances affect moſt Men much more than abſtract Reaſonings; and we daily ſee Bodies drop around us, but the Soul is inviſible. The Power which Inclination has over the Judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by thoſe that have not had an Experience of it; and of what Numbers is it the ſad Intereſt, that Souls ſhould not ſurvive! The Heathen World confeſſed, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed Immortality! and how many Heathens have we ſtill amongſt us! The ſacred Page aſſures us, that Life and Immortality is brought to Light by the Goſpel: But by how many is the Goſpel rejected, or overlooked! From theſe Conſiderations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the Sentiments of ſome particular Perſons, I have been long perſuaded, that moſt, if not all, our Infidels (whatever Name they take, and whatever Scheme, for Argument's ſake, and to keep themſelves in Countenance, they patronize) are ſupported in their deplorable Error, by ſome Doubt of their Immortality, at the Bottom. And I am ſatisfied, that Men once thoroughly convinced of their Immortality, are not far from being Chriſtians. For it is hard to conceive, that a Man fully conſcious eternal Pain or Happineſs will certainly be his Lot, ſhould not earneſtly, and impartially, inquire after the ſureſt Means of eſcaping One, and ſecuring the Other. And of ſuch an earneſt and impartial Inquiry, I well know the Conſequence.

Here, therefore, in Proof of this moſt fundamental Truth, ſome plain Arguments are offered; Arguments derived from

Principles

Principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; Arguments, which appear to me altogether irreſiſtible; and ſuch as, I am ſatisfied, will have great Weight with all, who give themſelves the ſmall Trouble of looking ſeriouſly into their own Boſoms, and of obſerving, with any tolerable Degree of Attention, what daily paſſes round about them in the World. If ſome Arguments ſhall, Here, *occur, which Others have declined, they are ſubmitted, with all Deference, to better Judgments in this, of all Points, the* moſt *important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer diſputed; but it is undiſputed for this Reaſon only;* viz. *Becauſe where the leaſt Pretence to Reaſon is admitted, it muſt for ever be indiſputable. And of conſequence no Man can be betrayed into a Diſpute of that Nature by* Vanity, *which has a principal Share in animating our modern Combatants againſt other Articles of our Belief.*

SHE * (for I know not yet her Name in Heaven)
Not early, like NARCISSA, left the Scene;
Nor ſudden, like PHILANDER. What Avail?
This ſeeming Mitigation but inflames;
This fanſy'd Med'cine heightens the Diſeaſe.
The longer known, the cloſer ſtill ſhe grew;
And gradual Parting is a gradual Death.
'Tis the grim Tyrant's Engine, which extorts
By tardy Preſſure's ſtill-increaſing Weight,
From hardeſt Hearts, Confeſſion of Diſtreſs.
O the long, dark Approach thro' Years of Pain,
Death's Gall'ry! (might I dare to call it ſo)
With diſmal *Doubt*, and ſable *Terror*, hung;
Sick *Hope*'s pale Lamp, its only glimm'ring Ray:

* Referring to Night the Fifth.

There,

There, Fate my melancholy Walk ordain'd,
Forbid *Self-love* itſelf to flatter, There.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically ſad!
How oft I ſaw her dead, while yet in Smiles!
In Smiles ſhe ſunk *her* Grief, to leſſen *mine*.
She ſpoke me Comfort, and increas'd my Pain.
Like pow'rful Armies trenching at a Town,
By ſlow, and ſilent, but reſiſtleſs Sap,
In his pale Progreſs gently gaining Ground,
Death urg'd his deadly Siege; in ſpite of Art,
Of all the balmy Bleſſings Nature lends
To ſuccour frail Humanity. Ye Stars!
(Not now *firſt* made familiar to my Sight)
And thou, O Moon! bear Witneſs; many a Night
He tore the Pillow from beneath my Head,
Ty'd down my ſore Attention to the Shock,
By ceaſeleſs Depredations on a Life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful Poſt
Of Obſervation! darker ev'ry Hour!
Leſs dread the Day that drove me to the Brink,
And pointed at Eternity below;
When my Soul ſhudder'd at Futurity;
When, on a Moment's Point, th' important Dye
Of Life and Death ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up Life; my Title to more Woe.
But why more Woe? More Comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wiſh'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but Wretchedneſs and Pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the Paſs, and barr'd from *real Life*.
Where dwells *that* Wiſh moſt ardent of the Wiſe?
Too dark the Sun to ſee it; higheſt Stars
Too low to reach it; *Death*, great *Death* alone,
O'er Stars and Sun, triumphant, lands us There.

Nor

Nor dreadful our *Tranſition*; tho' the Mind,
An Artiſt at creating Self-alarms,
Rich in Expedients for Inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's Portrait true? The Tyrant never ſat.
Our Sketch all random Strokes, Conjecture all;
Cloſe ſhuts the Grave, nor tells one ſingle Tale.
Death, and his Image riſing in the Brain,
Bear faint Reſemblance; never are alike;
Fear ſhakes the Pencil; *Fancy* loves Exceſs;
Dark *Ignorance* is laviſh of her Shades:
And *Theſe* the formidable Picture draw.
But grant the Worſt; 'tis paſt; new Proſpects riſe;
And drop a Veil eternal o'er her Tomb.
Far other Views our Contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the Rigours of our Life;
Views that ſuſpend our Agonies in Death.
Wrapt in the Thought of *Immortality*,
Wrapt in the ſingle, the triumphant Thought!
Long Life might lapſe, Age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the Soul unfated with her Theme.
Its *Nature*, *Proof*, *Importance*, fire my Song.
O that my Song could emulate my Soul!
Like her, Immortal. No!—the Soul diſdains
A Mark ſo mean; far nobler Hope inflames;
If endleſs Ages can outweigh an Hour,
Let not the *Laurel*, but the *Palm*, inſpire.
Thy *Nature*, Immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but Life
In ſtronger Thread of brighter Colour ſpun,
And ſpun for ever; dipt by cruel Fate
In *Stygian* Dye, how *black*, how *brittle here!*
How ſhort our Correſpondence with the Sun!
And while it laſts, inglorious! Our beſt Deeds,
How wanting in their Weight! Our higheſt Joys,

Small

Small Cordials to ſupport us in our Pain,
And give us Strength to ſuffer. But how *Great*
To mingle Int'reſts, Converſe, Amities,
With all the Sons of *Reaſon*, ſcatter'd wide
Thro' habitable Space, where-ever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free Citizens
Of univerſal Nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *Faith* on the *Supreme!*
To call Heav'n's rich unfathomable Mines
(Mines, which ſupport Archangels in their State)
Our own! to riſe in Science, as in Bliſs,
Initiate in the Secrets of the Skies!
To read Creation; read its mighty Plan
In the bare Boſom of the Deity!
The Plan, and Execution, to collate!
To ſee, before each Glance of piercing Thought,
All Cloud, all Shadow, blown remote; and leave
No Myſtery——but that of Love Divine,
Which lifts us on the Seraph's flaming Wing,
From Earth's *Aceldama*, this Field of Blood,
Of inward Anguiſh, and of outward Ill,
From Darkneſs, and from Duſt, to *ſuch* a Scene!
Love's Element! true Joy's illuſtrious Home!
From Earth's ſad Contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquiſite Viciſſitude of Fate!
Bleſt Abſolution of our blackeſt Hour!

LORENZO, theſe are Thoughts that make Man Man,
The Wiſe illumine, aggrandize the Great.
How Great (while yet we tread the kindred Clod,
And ev'ry Moment fear to ſink beneath
The Clod *we* tread; ſoon trodden by our Sons)
How Great, in the wild Whirl of *Time*'s Purſuits,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd in high Preſage,
Thro' the long Viſto of a thouſand Years,
To ſtand contemplating our diſtant Selves,

As

As in a magnifying Mirror ſeen,
Enlarg'd, Ennobled, Elevate, Divine!
To propheſy our own Futurities!
To gaze in Thought on what all Thought tranſcends!
To talk, with Fellow-Candidates, of Joys
As far beyond Conception, as Deſert,
Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd Talkers, and the Tale!
LORENZO, ſwells thy Boſom at the Thought?
The Swell becomes thee: 'tis an honeſt Pride.
Revere thyſelf;—and yet thyſelf deſpiſe.
His *Nature* no Man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his *Merit*. Take good heed,
Nor there be modeſt, where thou ſhouldſt be proud;
That almoſt univerſal Error ſhun.
How *juſt* our Pride, when we behold *thoſe* Heights!
Not thoſe *Ambition* paints in Air, but thoſe
Reaſon points out, and ardent *Virtue* gains;
And Angels emulate; our Pride how juſt!
When mount we? When theſe Shackles caſt? When quit
This Cell of the Creation? This ſmall Neſt,
Stuck in a Corner of the Univerſe,
Wrapt up in fleecy Cloud, and fine-ſpun Air?
Fine-ſpun to Senſe; but groſs and feculent
To Souls celeſtial; Souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambroſial Gales, and drink a purer Sky;
Greatly triumphant on *Time*'s farther Shore,
Where *Virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full Arrears;
While *Pomp Imperial* begs an Alms of Peace.
In Empire high, or in proud Science deep,
Ye born of Earth! on what can you confer,
With half the Dignity, with half the Gain,
The Guſt, the Glow of rational Delight,
As on *this* Theme, which Angels praiſe and ſhare?
Man's Fates and Favours are a Theme in Heaven.

What-

What wretched Repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic Potions for the Sick!
Diſtemper'd Bodies! and diſtemper'd Minds!
In an *Eternity*, what Scenes ſhall ſtrike!
Adventures thicken! Novelties ſurpriſe!
What Webs of Wonder ſhall unravel, *there!*
What full Day pour on all the Paths of Heaven,
And light th' Almighty's Footſteps in the Deep!
How ſhall the bleſſed Day of our Diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the Labyrinths of Fate,
And ſtraiten its inextricable Maze!
If inextinguiſhable Thirſt in Man
To know; how rich, how full, our Banquet *There!*
There, not the *Moral* World alone unfolds;
The World *Material*, lately ſeen in Shades,
And, in thoſe Shades, by Fragments only ſeen,
And ſeen thoſe Fragments by the *lab'ring* Eye,
Unbroken, then, illuſtrious, and intire,
Its ample Sphere, its univerſal Frame,
In full Dimenſions, ſwells to the Survey;
And enters, at one Glance, the raviſh'd Sight.
From ſome ſuperior Point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a Point where Gods reſide)
How ſhall the Stranger Man's illumin'd Eye,
In the vaſt Ocean of unbounded Space,
Behold an Infinite of floating Worlds
Divide the Cryſtal Waves of Ether pure,
In endleſs Voyage, without Port? The *leaſt*
Of theſe diſſeminated Orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what Numbers Theſe ſurpaſs,
Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that ſmall Race,
Thoſe twinkling Multitudes of little Life,
He ſwallows unperceiv'd! *Stupendous* Theſe!
Yet what are theſe ſtupendous to the *Whole?*
As Particles, as Atoms ill-perceiv'd;

As circulating Globules in our Veins;
So vaſt the Plan: Fecundity Divine!
Exub'rant Source! perhaps, I wrong thee ſtill.
If Admiration is a Source of Joy,
What Tranſport hence! Yet this the Leaſt in Heaven.
What *This* to that illuſtrious Robe *He* wears,
Who toſt this Maſs of Wonders from his Hand,
A Specimen, an Earneſt, of his Power?
'Tis, to *that Glory*, whence all Glory flows,
As the Mead's meaneſt Flow'ret to the Sun,
Which gave it Birth. But what, this Sun of Heaven?
This Bliſs ſupreme of the ſupremely Bleſt?
Death, only Death, the Queſtion can reſolve.
By Death, cheap-bought th' Ideas of our Joy;
The *bare* Ideas! Solid Happineſs
So diſtant from its Shadow chas'd below.
And chaſe we ſtill the Phantom thro' the Fire,
O'er Bog, and Brake, and Precipice, till Death?
And toil we ſtill for ſublunary Pay?
Defy the Dangers of the Field and Flood,
Or, Spider-like, ſpin out our precious All,
Our *more* than Vitals ſpin (if no Regard
To great Futurity) in curious Webs
Of ſubtle Thought, and exquiſite Deſign;
(Fine Net-work of the Brain!) to catch a Fly!
The momentary Buz of vain Renown!
A *Name!* a mortal Immortality!
Or (meaner ſtill!) inſtead of graſping Air,
For ſordid *Lucre* plunge we in the Mire?
Drudge, ſweat, thro' ev'ry Shame, for ev'ry Gain,
For vile contaminating Traſh; throw up
Our Hope in Heav'n, our Dignity with Man?
And deify the Dirt, matur'd to Gold?
Ambition, *Av'rice*; the two *Dæmons* theſe,
Which goad thro' ev'ry Slough our Human Herd,

Hard-

Hard-travell'd from the Cradle to the Grave.
How low the Wretches ſtoop! How ſteep they climb!
Theſe *Dæmons* burn Mankind; but moſt poſſeſs
LORENZO's Boſom, and turn out the Skies.
Is it in *Time* to hide *Eternity?*
And why not in an Atom on the Shore,
To cover Ocean? or a Mote, the Sun?
Glory and *Wealth!* have They this blinding Pow'r?
What if to *Them* I prove LORENZO blind?
Would it ſurprize Thee? Be thou then ſurpris'd;
Thou *neither* know'ſt: Their Nature learn from me.
Mark well, as foreign as *Theſe Subjects* ſeem,
What cloſe Connexion ties them to my Theme.
Firſt, what is *True* Ambition? The Purſuit
Of Glory, nothing *leſs* than Man can ſhare.
Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded Man,
As flatulent with Fumes of Self-applauſe,
Their Arts and Conqueſts *Animals* might boaſt,
And claim their *Laurel* Crowns, as well as We;
But not *Celeſtial*. *Here* we ſtand *alone*;
As in our Form, diſtinct, pre-eminent;
If *prone* in Thought, our Stature is our Shame;
And Man ſhould bluſh, his Forehead meets the Skies.
The *Viſible* and *Preſent* are for Brutes,
A ſlender Portion; and a narrow Bound!
Theſe *Reaſon*, with an Energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *Future* and *Unſeen*;
The vaſt Unſeen! the Future fathomleſs!
When the great Soul buoys up to this high Point,
Leaving groſs *Nature*'s Sediments below,
Then, and then only, *Adam*'s Offspring quits
The Sage and Hero of the Fields and Woods,
Aſſerts his Rank, and riſes into Man.
This is Ambition: This is *Human* Fire,

Can

Can *Parts* or *Place* (two bold Pretenders!) make
LORENZO great, and pluck him from the Throng?
Genius and *Art*, Ambition's boaſted Wings,
Our Boaſt but ill deſerve. A feeble Aid!
Dedalian Engin'ry! If Theſe alone
Aſſiſt our Flight, *Fame*'s Flight is *Glory*'s Fall.
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er ſo high,
Our Height is but the Gibbet of our Name.
A celebrated Wretch when I behold,
When I behold a Genius bright, and baſe,
Of tow'ring Talents, and terreſtrial Aims;
Methinks I ſee, as thrown from her high Sphere,
The glorious Fragments of a Soul immortal,
With Rubbiſh mix'd, and glitt'ring in the Duſt.
Struck at the ſplendid, melancholy Sight,
At once *Compaſſion* ſoft, and *Envy*, riſe——
But wherefore Envy? Talents Angel-bright,
If wanting Worth, are ſhining Inſtruments
In falſe Ambition's Hand, to finiſh Faults
Illuſtrious, and give Infamy Renown.
Great *Ill* is an Atchievement of great *Pow'rs*.
Plain Senſe but rarely leads us far aſtray.
Reaſon the Means, *Affections* chuſe our End;
Means have no Merit, if our End amiſs.
If wrong our Hearts, our Heads are right in vain;
What is a PELHAM'S Head, to PELHAM'S Heart?
Hearts are Proprietors of all Applauſe.
Right Ends, *and* Means, make Wiſdom: Worldly-wiſe
Is but *half*-witted, at its higheſt Praiſe.
Let *Genius* then deſpair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *Station*: What is Station high?
'Tis a proud Mendicant; it boaſts, and begs;
It begs an Alms of Homage from the Throng,
And oft the Throng denies its Charity.
Monarchs, and Miniſters, are aweful Names;

Whoever

Whoever wear them, challenge our Devoir.
Religion, public Order, Both exact
External Homage, and a ſupple Knee,
To Beings pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
The meaneſt Slave; *all more* is Merit's due,
Her ſacred and inviolable Right;
Nor ever paid the *Monarch*, but the *Man*.
Our Hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior *Worth*;
Nor ever fail of their Allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *Man* in their Account,
And vote the *Mantle* into Majeſty.
Let the *ſmall Savage* boaſt his Silver Fur;
His royal Robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, deſcending fairly from his Sires.
Shall Man be proud to wear *his* Livery,
And Souls in *Ermin* ſcorn a Soul without?
Can *Place* or leſſen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are Pygmies ſtill, tho' perch'd on *Alps*;
And Pyramids are Pyramids in Vales.
Each Man makes his own Stature, builds himſelf:
Virtue alone out-builds the *Pyramids*;
Her Monuments ſhall laſt, when *Egypt*'s fall.

Of theſe ſure Truths doſt thou demand the Cauſe?
The Cauſe is lodg'd in *Immortality*.
Hear, and aſſent. Thy Boſom burns for Pow'r;
What Station charms thee? I'll inſtall thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
Then thou before waſt ſomething *leſs* than Man.
Has thy new Poſt betray'd thee into Pride?
That treach'rous Pride betrays thy Dignity;
That Pride defames Humanity, and calls
The Being mean, which *Staffs* or *Strings* can raiſe.
That Pride, like hooded Hawks, in Darkneſs ſoars,
From Blindneſs bold, and tow'ring to the Skies.
'Tis born of *Ignorance*, which knows not Man:

An

An Angel's Second; nor his Second, long.
A NERO quitting his Imperial Throne,
And courting Glory from the tinkling String,
But faintly ſhadows an immortal Soul,
With Empire's Self, to Pride, or Rapture fir'd.
If nobler Motives miniſter no Cure,
Ev'n Vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High Worth is elevated Place: 'Tis more;
It makes the Poſt ſtand Candidate for Thee;
Makes more than Monarchs, makes an honeſt Man;
Tho' no *Exchequer* it commands, 'tis Wealth;
And tho' it wears no *Ribband*, 'tis Renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' diſgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendent on a Maſter's Smile.
Other Ambition *Nature* interdicts;
Nature proclaims it moſt abſurd in Man,
By pointing at his Origin, and End;
Milk, and a Swathe, *at firſt*, his whole Demand;
His whole Domain, *at laſt*, a Turf or Stone;
To whom, *between*, a World may ſeem too ſmall.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the Wing
Of *juſt* Ambition, to the grand Reſult,
The Curtain's Fall; *there*, ſee the buſkin'd Chief
Unſhod behind this momentary Scene;
Reduc'd to his own Stature, low or high,
As Vice, or Virtue, ſinks him, or ſublimes;
And laugh at this fantaſtic Mummery,
This antic Prelude of groteſque Events,
Where Dwarfs are often ſtilted, and betray
A Littleneſs of Soul by Worlds o'er-run,
And Nations laid in Blood. Dread Sacrifice
To *Chriſtian* Pride! which had with Horror ſhock'd
The darkeſt *Pagans*, offer'd to their Gods.
O Thou *moſt Chriſtian* Enemy to Peace!
Again in Arms? Again provoking Fate?

That Prince, and That alone, is truly Great,
Who draws the Sword reluctant, gladly ſheaths;
On Empire builds what Empire far outweighs,
And makes his Throne a Scaffold to the Skies.
Why *this* ſo rare? Becauſe forgot of all
The Day of Death; that venerable Day,
Which ſits as Judge; that Day, which ſhall pronounce
On all our Days, abſolve them, or condemn.
LORENZO, never ſhut thy Thought againſt it;
Be *Levees* ne'er ſo full, afford it Room,
And give it Audience in the *Cabinet*.
That Friend conſulted, Flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if Thou art Great, or Mean.
To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is That *Ambition?* Then let Flames *deſcend*,
Point to the Centre their inverted Spires,
And learn Humiliation from a Soul,
Which boaſts her Lineage from celeſtial Fire.
Yet *Theſe* are they, the World pronounces wiſe;
The World, which cancels Nature's Right and Wrong,
And caſts *new* Wiſdom: Ev'n the grave Man lends
His ſolemn Face, to countenance the Coin.
Wiſdom for Parts is Madneſs for the Whole.
This ſtamps the Paradox, and gives us leave
To call the Wiſeſt weak, the Richeſt poor,
The moſt Ambitious, Unambitious, Mean;
In Triumph, mean; and abject, on a Throne.
Nothing can make it leſs than mad in Man,
To put forth all his Ardor, all his Art,
And give his Soul her full unbounded Flight,
But reaching *Him*, who gave her Wings to fly.
When blind Ambition quite miſtakes her Road,
And downward pores, for that which ſhines above,
Subſtantial Happineſs, and true Renown;
Then, like an Idiot gazing on the brook,

We leap at Stars, and faſten in the Mud;
At Glory graſp, and ſink in Infamy.
Ambition! pow'rful Source of Good and Ill!
Thy Strength in Man, like Length of Wing in Birds,
When diſengag'd from Earth, with greater Eaſe,
And ſwifter Flight, tranſports us to the Skies;
By Toys entangled, or in Guilt bemir'd,
It turns a Curſe; it is our Chain, and Scourge,
In this dark Dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Cloſe-grated by the ſordid Bars of *Senſe*;
All Proſpect of Eternity ſhut out;
And, but for *Execution*, ne'er ſet free.
With Error in *Ambition* juſtly charg'd,
Find we LORENZO wiſer in his *Wealth?*
What if thy Rental I reform? and draw
An Inventory *new* to ſet thee right?
Where, thy *true* Treaſure? Gold ſays, "Not in me:"
And, "Not in me," the Di'mond. Gold is poor;
India's inſolvent: Seek it in Thyſelf,
Seek in thy naked Self, and find it There;
In *Being* ſo deſcended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, ſky-guided, ſky-returning Race!
Erect, Immortal, Rational, Divine!
In *Senſes*, which inherit Earth, and Heav'ns;
Enjoy the various Riches *Nature* yields;
Far nobler; *give* the Riches they enjoy;
Give Taſte to Fruits; and Harmony to Groves;
Their radiant Beams to Gold, and Gold's bright Sire:
Take in, at once, the Landſchape of the World,
At a ſmall Inlet, which a Grain might cloſe,
And half create the wond'rous World they ſee.
Our *Senſes*, as our *Reaſon*, are divine.
But for the magic Organ's pow'rful Charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd Chaos, ſtill.
Objects are but th' Occaſion; ours th' *Exploit*;

Ours is the Cloth, the Pencil, and the Paint,
Which Nature's admirable Picture draws;
And beautifies Creation's ample Dome.
Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the Lake,
Man makes the matchleſs Image, Man admires.
Say then, Shall Man, his Thoughts all ſent abroad,
Superior Wonders in Himſelf forgot,
His Admiration waſte on Objects round,
When Heav'n makes Him the Soul of all he ſees?
Abſurd! not rare! ſo Great, ſo Mean, is Man.
What Wealth in *Senſes* ſuch as theſe! What Wealth
In *Fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer Scene
Than *Senſe* ſurveys! In *Mem'ry*'s firm Record,
Which, ſhould it periſh, could this World recall
From the dark Shadows of o'erwhelming Years!
In Colours freſh, originally bright,
Preſerve its Portrait, and report its Fate!
What Wealth in *Intellect*, that ſov'reign Pow'r!
Which *Senſe*, and *Fancy*, ſummons to the Bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the Maſs thoſe *Underlings* import,
From their Materials ſifted, and refin'd,
And in *Truth*'s Balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *Art*, and *Science*, *Government*, and *Law*;
The ſolid Baſis, and the beauteous Frame,
The Vitals, and the Grace of *Civil* Life!
And *Manners* (ſad Exception!) ſet aſide,
Strikes out, with Maſter-hand, a Copy fair
Of *His* Idea, whoſe indulgent Thought,
Long, long, ere Chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* Bliſs.
What *Wealth* in Souls that ſoar, dive, range around,
Diſdaining Limit, or from Place, or Time;
And hear at once, in Thought extenſive, hear
Th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's Sound!*
Bold, on Creation's Outſide walk, and view

What was, and is, and *more* than e'er ſhall be;
Commanding, with Omnipotence of Thought,
Creations new in Fancy's Field to riſe!
Souls, that can graſp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild thro' Things impoſſible!
What *Wealth*, in *Faculties* of endleſs Growth,
In quenchleſs *Paſſions* violent to crave,
In *Liberty* to chuſe, in *Pow'r* to reach,
And in *Duration* (how thy Riches riſe!)
Duration to *perpetuate*——boundleſs Bliſs!

Aſk you, what *Pow'r* reſides in feeble Man
That Bliſs to gain? Is *Virtue*'s, then, unknown?
Virtue, our preſent Peace, our future Prize,
Man's unprecarious, natural Eſtate,
Improveable at Will, in Virtue lies;
Its Tenure ſure; its Income is divine.

High-built Abundance, Heap on Heap! for what?
To breed new Wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer Scramble for the Throng;
Soon as this feeble Pulſe, which leaps ſo long
Almoſt by Miracle, is tir'd with Play,
Like Rubbiſh from diſploding Engines thrown,
Our Magazines of hoarded Trifles fly;
Fly diverſe; fly to Foreigners, to Foes;
New Maſters court, and call the former Fool
(How juſtly!) for Dependence on their Stay.
Wide ſcatter, firſt, our Play-things; then, our Duſt.

Doſt court Abundance for the ſake of Peace?
Learn, and lament thy ſelf-defeated Scheme:
Riches enable to be richer ſtill;
And, *Richer ſtill*, what Mortal can reſiſt?
Thus Wealth (a cruel Taſk-maſter!) injoins
New Toils, ſucceeding Toils, an endleſs Train!
And murders Peace, which taught it firſt to ſhine.
The Poor are *half* as wretched, as the Rich;

Whoſe proud and painful Privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double Load of Woe;
To feel the Stings of *Envy*, and of *Want*,
Outrageous Want! both *Indies* cannot cure.
A Competence is vital to Content.
Much Wealth is Corpulence, if not Diſeaſe;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our Happineſs.
A *Competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
O be content, where Heav'n can give no more!
More, like a Flaſh of Water from a Lock,
Quickens our Spirit's Movement for an Hour;
But ſoon its Force is ſpent, nor riſe our Joys
Above our native Temper's common Stream.
Hence Diſappointment lurks in ev'ry Prize,
As Bees in Flow'rs; and ſtings us with Succeſs.
The rich Man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the Wiſe are privy to the Lye.
Much Learning ſhews how little Mortals *know*;
Much Wealth, how little Worldlings can *enjoy*:
At beſt, it babies us with endleſs Toys,
And keeps us Children till we drop to Duſt.
As Monkeys at a Mirror ſtand amaz'd,
They fail to find, what they ſo plainly ſee;
Thus Men, in ſhining Riches, ſee the Face
Of Happineſs, nor know it is a Shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wiſh, and wonder it is abſent ſtill.
How Few can reſcue Opulence from Want!
Who lives to *Nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *Fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the Man in Debt; the Man of Gold,
In Debt to *Fortune*, trembles at her Pow'r.
The Man of *Reaſon* ſmiles at Her, and Death.
O what a Patrimony this! A *Being*
Of ſuch inherent Strength and Majeſty,

Not

Not Worlds poſſeſt can raiſe it; Worlds deſtroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious Courſe,
When thine, O *Nature!* ends; too bleſt to mourn
Creation's Obſequies. What Treaſure, *this!*
The *Monarch* is a Beggar to the Man.
Immortal! Ages paſt, yet nothing gone!
Morn without Eve! a Race without a Goal!
Unſhorten'd by Progreſſion Infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning ſtill, where Computation ends!
'Tis the Deſcription of a *Deity!*
'Tis the Deſcription of the *meaneſt Slave:*
The meaneſt Slave dares then LORENZO ſcorn?
The meaneſt Slave thy *ſov'reign* Glory ſhares.
Proud Youth! faſtidious of the *lower* World!
Man's *lawful* Pride includes Humility;
Stoops to the Loweſt; is too great to find
Inferiors; all Immortal! Brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy Love.
IMMORTAL! What can ſtrike the *Senſe* ſo ſtrong,
As this the *Soul?* It Thunders to the Thought;
Reaſon amazes; *Gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we ſlumber on the Brink of Fate;
Rous'd at the Sound, th' exulting Soul aſcends,
And breathes her native Air; an Air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal Fires;
Quick-kindles all that is Divine within us;
Nor leaves one loit'ring Thought beneath the Stars.
Has not LORENZO's Boſom caught the Flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* Immortal, how
Would others envy! How would Thrones adore!
Becauſe 'tis common, is the Bleſſing loſt?
How *this* ties up the bounteous Hand of Heav'n!
O vain, vain, vain! all elſe! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* Refuge, *that,*

From vile Impriſonment, in abject Views.
'Tis *Immortality*, 'tis That alone,
Amid Life's *Pains*, *Abaſements*, *Emptineſs*,
The Soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
That only, and That amply, this performs;
Lifts us above Life's Pains, her Joys above;
Their Terror *thoſe*; and *theſe* their Luſtre loſe;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all atchieves;
Sets Earth at Diſtance; caſts her into Shades;
Blends her Diſtinctions; abrogates her Pow'rs;
The Low, the Lofty, Joyous, and Severe,
Fortune's dread Frowns, and faſcinating Smiles,
Make one promiſcuous and neglected Heap,
The Man beneath; if I may call him Man,
Whom *Immortality*'s full Force inſpires.
Nothing terreſtrial touches his high Thought;
Suns ſhine unſeen, and Thunders roll unheard,
By Minds quite conſcious of their high Deſcent,
Their preſent Province, and their future Prize;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry Wiſh,
Warm on the Wing, in glorious *Abſence* loſt.

Doubt you this Truth? Why labours your Belief?
If Earth's whole Orb, by ſome due-diſtant Eye
Were ſeen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would ſink,
And level'd *Atlas* leave an even Sphere.
Thus *Earth*, and all that earthly Minds admire,
Is ſwallow'd in *Eternity*'s vaſt Round.
To that ſtupendous View, when Souls awake,
So large of late, ſo mountainous to Man,
Time's Toys ſubſide; and *equal* All below.

Enthuſiaſtic, This? Then all are weak,
But rank Enthuſiaſts. To this godlike Height
Some Souls have ſoar'd; or Martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all *may* do, what has by *Man* been done.

Who,

Who, beaten by theſe ſublunary Storms,
Boundleſs, interminable Joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What Slave *unbleſt*, who from To-morrow's Dawn
Expects an Empire? He forgets his Chain,
And, thron'd in Thought, his *abſent* Sceptre waves.
And what a Sceptre waits us! what a Throne!
Her own immenſe Appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high Prerogatives,
In this her dark Minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human Soul divine!
Too great the Bounty ſeems for earthly Joy:
What Heart but *trembles* at ſo ſtrange a Bliſs?
In ſpite of all the Truths the Muſe has ſung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the World ſo cloſe about them,
They ſee no farther than the Clouds; and dance
On heedleſs Vanity's phantaſtic Toe,
Till, ſtumbling at a Straw, in their Career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both Dance and Song?
Are there, LORENZO? Is it poſſible?
Are there on Earth (let me not call them Men)
Who lodge a Soul immortal in their Breaſts;
Unconſcious as the Mountain of its Ore;
Or Rock, of its ineſtimable Gem?
When Rocks ſhall melt, and Mountains vaniſh, *Theſe*
Shall know their Treaſure; Treaſure, *then*, no more.
Are there (ſtill more amazing!) who reſiſt
The riſing Thought? Who ſmother, in its Birth,
The glorious Truth? Who ſtruggle to be Brutes?
Who thro' this Boſom-barrier burſt their Way;
And, with reverſt Ambition, ſtrive to ſink?
Who labour downwards thro' th' oppoſing Powers
Of Inſtinct, Reaſon, and the World againſt them,

To diſmal Hopes, and ſhelter in the Shock
Of endleſs Night? Night darker than the Grave's?
Who fight the Proofs of Immortality?
With horrid Zeal, and execrable Arts,
Work all their Engines, level their black Fires,
To blot from Man *this* Attribute divine,
(Than vital Blood far dearer to the Wiſe)
Blaſphemers, and rank Atheiſts to *Themſelves?*
To contradict them, ſee all Nature riſe!
What Object, what Event, the Moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an After-ſcene?
To *Reaſon* proves, or weds it to *Deſire?*
All Things proclaim it *needful*; ſome advance
One precious Step beyond, and prove it *ſure.*
A thouſand Arguments ſwarm round my Pen,
From *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and *Man.* Indulge a few,
By Nature, as her *common Habit*, worn;
So *preſſing* Providence a Truth to teach.
Which Truth untaught, all other Truths were vain.
THOU! whoſe all-providential Eye ſurveys,
Whoſe Hand directs, whoſe Spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds Empire far beyond!
Eternity's Inhabitant auguſt!
Of two Eternities amazing Lord!
One paſt, ere Man's, or Angel's, had begun;
Aid! while I reſcue from the Foe's Aſſault,
Thy glorious Immortality in *Man:*
A Theme for ever, and for all, of Weight,
Of Moment infinite! but reliſh'd moſt
By thoſe who love Thee moſt, who moſt adore.
Nature, thy Daughter, ever-changing Birth
Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to Man
Speaks Wiſdom; is his Oracle ſupreme;
And he who moſt conſults her, is moſt Wiſe.

LORENZO,

LORENZO, to this heav'nly *Delphos* haſte;
And come back All-immortal; All-divine:
Look Nature through, 'tis *Revolution* All;
All Change, no Death. Day follows Night; and Night
The dying Day; Stars riſe, and ſet, and riſe;
Earth takes th' Example. See, the *Summer* gay,
With her green Chaplet, and ambroſial Flowers,
Droops into pallid *Autumn*: *Winter* grey,
Horrid with Froſt, and turbulent with Storm,
Blows *Autumn*, and his golden Fruits, away:
Then melts into the *Spring*: Soft *Spring*, with Breath
Favonian, from warm Chambers of the South,
Recalls the *Firſt*. All, to reflouriſh, fades.
As in a Wheel, All ſinks, to reaſcend.
Emblems of Man, who paſſes, not expires.
With this minute Diſtinction, Emblems juſt,
Nature revolves, but Man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a Circle, *this* a Line.
That gravitates, *this* ſoars. Th' aſpiring Soul
Ardent, and *tremulous*, like Flame, aſcends;
Zeal, and *Humility*, her Wings to Heav'n.
The World of Matter, with its various Forms,
All dies into new Life. Life born from Death
Rolls the vaſt Maſs, and ſhall for ever roll,
No ſingle Atom, once in Being, loſt,
With Change of Counſel charges the moſt High.
What hence infers LORENZO? Can it be?
Matter immortal? And ſhall *Spirit* die?
Above the nobler, ſhall leſs noble riſe?
Shall Man alone, for whom all elſe revives,
No Reſurrection know? Shall Man alone,
Imperial Man! be ſown in barren Ground,
Leſs privileg'd than Grain, on which he feeds?
Is Man, in whom alone is Pow'r to prize

The Bliſs of Being, or with previous Pain
Deplore its Period, by the Spleen of Fate,
Severely doom'd *Death*'s ſingle Unredeem'd?
If Nature's *Revolution* ſpeaks aloud,
In her *Gradation*, hear her louder ſtill.
Look Nature thro', 'tis neat *Gradation* all.
By what minute Degrees her Scale aſcends!
Each middle Nature join'd at each Extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into Parts reciprocally ſhot,
Abhor Divorce: What Love of Union reigns!
Here, dormant Matter waits a Call to Life;
Half-life, half-death, join There; Here, Life and Senſe;
There, Senſe from Reaſon ſteals a glimm'ring Ray;
Reaſon ſhines out in Man. But how preſerv'd
The Chain unbroken upward, to the Realms
Of incorporeal Life? thoſe Realms of Bliſs,
Where Death hath no Dominion? Grant a Make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, Part;
And Part ethereal; grant the Soul of Man
Eternal; or in Man the Series ends.
Wide yawns the Gap; Connexion is no more;
Checkt *Reaſon* halts; her next Step wants Support;
Striving to climb, ſhe tumbles from her Scheme;
A Scheme, *Analogy* pronounc'd ſo true;
Analogy, Man's ſureſt Guide below.
Thus far, *all Nature* calls on thy Belief.
And will LORENZO, careleſs of the Call,
Falſe Atteſtation on all Nature charge,
Rather than violate his League with Death?
Renounce his Reaſon, rather than renounce
The Duſt belov'd, and run the *Riſque* of Heav'n?
O what Indignity to deathleſs Souls!
What Treaſon to the Majeſty of Man!

Of

Of Man *immortal!* Hear the lofty Style:
" If ſo decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
" Let Earth diſſolve, yon pond'rous Orbs deſcend,
" And grind us into Duſt: The *Soul* is ſafe;
" The *Man* emerges; mounts above the Wreck,
" As tow'ring Flame from *Nature*'s fun'ral Pyre;
" O'er Devaſtation, as a Gainer, ſmiles;
" His Charter, his inviolable Rights,
" Well-pleas'd to learn from Thunder's Impotence,
" Death's pointleſs Darts, and Hell's defeated Storms."
But theſe Chimæras *touch* not thee, LORENZO!
The Glories of the World, thy ſev'nfold *Shield*.
Other Ambition than of Crowns in Air,
And ſuperlunary Felicities,
Thy Boſom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn thoſe Glories that inchant, againſt thee.
What ties thee to *this* Life, proclaims the *next*.
If wiſe, the Cauſe that wounds thee is thy Cure.
Come, my *Ambitious!* let us mount together,
(To mount LORENZO never can refuſe);
And from the Clouds, where Pride delights to dwell,
Look down on Earth.—What ſeeſt thou? Wond'rous Things!
Terreſtrial Wonders, that eclipſe the Skies.
What Lengths of labour'd Lands! what loaded Seas!
Loaded by Man, for Pleaſure, Wealth, or War!
Seas, Winds, and Planets, into Service brought,
His Art acknowledge, and promote his Ends.
Nor can th' eternal Rocks his Will withſtand;
What level'd Mountains! And what lifted Vales!
O'er Vales and Mountains ſumptuous Cities ſwell,
And gild our Landſchape with their glitt'ring Spires.
Some 'mid the wond'ring Waves majeſtic riſe;
And *Neptune* holds a Mirror to their Charms.
Far greater ſtill! (what cannot mortal Might?)

See,

See, wide Dominions raviſh'd from the Deep!
The narrow'd Deep with Indignation foams.
Or Southward turn; to *Delicate*, and *Grand*,
The finer Arts there ripen in the Sun.
How the tall Temples, as to meet their Gods,
Aſcend the Skies! the proud triumphal Arch
Shews us half Heav'n beneath its ample Bend.
High thro' mid Air, *here*, Streams are taught to flow;
Whole Rivers, *there*, lay'd by in Baſons, ſleep.
Here, Plains turn Oceans; *there*, vaſt Oceans join
Thro' Kingdoms channel'd deep from Shore to Shore;
And chang'd Creation takes its Face from Man.
Beats thy brave Breaſt for formidable Scenes,
Where Fame and Empire wait upon the Sword?
See Fields in Blood; hear naval Thunders riſe;
BRITANNIA's Voice! that awes the World to Peace.
How yon enormous Mole projecting breaks
The mid-ſea, furious Waves! Their Roar amidſt,
Out-ſpeaks the Deity, and ſays, "O Main!
"Thus far, nor farther; *New* Reſtraints obey."
Earth's diſembowel'd! meaſur'd are the Skies!
Stars are detected in their deep Receſs!
Creation widens! vanquiſh'd *Nature* yields!
Her Secrets are extorted! *Art* prevails!
What Monument of Genius, Spirit, Power!

And now, LORENZO! raptur'd at this Scene,
Whoſe Glories render Heav'n ſuperfluous! ſay,
Whoſe Footſteps Theſe?—*Immortals* have been Here.
Could *leſs* than Souls Immortal this have done?
Earth's cover'd o'er with Proofs of Souls immortal;
And Proofs of Immortality *forgot*.

To flatter thy grand Foible, I confeſs,
Theſe are *Ambition*'s Works: And Theſe are Great:
But *this*, the leaſt immortal Souls can do;

Tranſcend

Tranſcend them all—But What can theſe tranſcend?
Doſt aſk me, What?—One Sigh for the *Diſtreſt.*
What then for *Infidels?* A *deeper* Sigh.
'Tis *moral Grandeur* makes the mighty Man:
How *Little* they, who think aught *Great* below?
All our Ambitions Death defeats, but One;
And that it crowns.——Here ceaſe we: But, ere long,
More pow'rful *Proof* ſhall take the Field againſt thee,
Stronger than Death, and ſmiling at the Tomb.

NIGHT the SEVENTH.

BEING THE SECOND PART OF THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

CONTAINING

The NATURE, PROOF, *and* IMPORTANCE, *of* IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

AS we are at War with the Power, it were well if we were at War with the Manners, of France. *A Land of* Levity, *is a Land of* Guilt. *A* Serious Mind *is the native Soil of every Virtue; and the ſingle Character that does true Honour to Mankind. The* Soul's Immortality *has been the favourite Theme with the* Serious *of all Ages. Nor is it ſtrange; it is a Subject by far the moſt intereſting, and Important, that can enter the Mind of Man. Of higheſt Moment this Subject always* was, *and always* will be. *Yet this its higheſt Moment ſeems to admit of* Increaſe, *at this Day; a Sort of* occaſional *Importance is ſuperadded to the* natural *Weight of it; if that Opinion which is advanced in the Preface to the preceding* Night, *be juſt. It is there ſuppoſed, that all our* Infidels, *whatever Scheme, for Argument's*

gument's Sake, and to keep themſelves in Countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable Error, by ſome Doubt of their Immortality, *at the Bottom. And the more I conſider this Point, the more I am perſuaded of the Truth of that Opinion. Tho' the Diſtruſt of a* Futurity *is a ſtrange Error; yet it is an Error into which* Bad *Men may* naturally *be diſtreſſed. For it is impoſſible to bid Defiance to final Ruin, without ſome Refuge in Imagination, ſome Preſumption of Eſcape. And what Preſumption is there? There are but Two in Nature; but Two, within the Compaſs of Human Thought. And theſe are,—That either* GOD will *not, or* can *not puniſh. Conſidering the Divine Attributes, the* Firſt *is too groſs to be digeſted by our ſtrongeſt Wiſhes. And ſince* Omnipotence *is as much a Divine Attribute as* Holineſs, *that* GOD cannot *puniſh, is as abſurd a Suppoſition, as the Former. GOD certainly can puniſh, as long as wicked Men exiſt. In Non-exiſtence, therefore, is their only Refuge; and, conſequently, Non-exiſtence is their ſtrongeſt Wiſh. And ſtrong Wiſhes have a ſtrange Influence on our Opinions; they bias the Judgment in a Manner, almoſt, incredible. And ſince on* this *Member of their* Alternative, *there are ſome very ſmall* Appearances *in their Favour, and none at all on the* other, *they catch at this Reed, they lay hold on this Chimæra, to ſave themſelves from the Shock, and Horror, of an* immediate, *and* abſolute, *Deſpair.*

On reviewing my Subject, by the Light which this *Argument, and others of like Tendency, throw upon it, I was more inclin'd than ever to purſue it, as it appear'd to me to ſtrike directly at the main Root of* all *our Infidelity. In the following Pages, it is, accordingly, purſued at large; and ſome Arguments for Immortality, new (at leaſt to me) are ventured on in them. There alſo the Writer has made an Attempt to ſet the groſs Abſurdities and Horrors of* Annihilation *in a fuller and more affecting View, than is (I think) to be met with elſewhere.*

The

The Gentlemen, for whoſe Sake this Attempt was chiefly made, profeſs great Admiration for the Wiſdom of Heathen Antiquity: What Pity 'tis, they are not ſincere! If they were ſincere, how would it mortify them to conſider, with what Contempt, and Abhorrence, their Notions would have been received, by Thoſe *whom they ſo much admire? What Degree of Contempt, and Abhorrence, would fall to their Share, may be conjectured by the following Matter of Fact (in my Opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their Heathen Worthies,* Socrates *('tis well known) was the moſt Guarded, Diſpaſſionate, and Compoſed: Yet this great Maſter of Temper was angry; and angry at his Laſt Hour; and angry with his Friend; and angry for what deſerved Acknowledgment; angry, for a right and tender Inſtance of true Friendſhip towards Him. Is not this ſurpriſing? What could be the Cauſe? The Cauſe was for his Honour; it was a truly noble, tho', perhaps, a too punctilious, Regard for* Immortality: *For his Friend aſking him, with ſuch an affectionate Concern as became a Friend, "Where he ſhould depoſit his Remains?" it was reſented by* Socrates, *as implying a diſhonourable Suppoſition, that He could be ſo mean, as to have Regard for any thing, even in Himſelf, that was* not IMMORTAL.

This Fact well conſider'd, would make our Infidels withdraw their Admiration from Socrates; *or make them endeavour, by their Imitation of this Illuſtrious Example, to ſhare his Glory: And, conſequently, It would incline them to peruſe the following Pages with Candor and Impartiality: Which is all I deſire; and that, for* their *Sakes: For I am perſuaded, that an Unprejudiced Infidel muſt, neceſſarily, receive ſome advantageous Impreſſions from them.*

July 7, 1744.

CON-

CONTENTS of the Seventh Night.

IN the Sixth Night Arguments were drawn from NATURE, *in Proof of* Immortality. Here, *others are drawn from* MAN: *From his* Diſcontent, *p.* 142; *from his* Paſſions *and* Powers, 143; *from the gradual Growth of* Reaſon, ibid; *from his Fear of* Death, ibid; *from the Nature of* Hope, 144; *and of* Virtue, 145, &c. *from* Knowledge *and* Love, *as being the moſt eſſential Properties of the Soul*, 148; *from the* Order *of* Creation, 149; *from the Nature of* Ambition, 150, &c. Avarice, 153, 154; Pleaſure, 154. *A Digreſſion on the Grandeur of the* Paſſions, 155, 156. Immortality *alone renders our preſent State intelligible*, 157. *An Objection from the* Stoics *Diſbelief of Immortality, anſwered*, 157, 158. *Endleſs Queſtions unreſolvable, but on Suppoſition of our* Immortality, 158, 159. *The natural, moſt melancholy, and pathetic Complaint of a Worthy Man under the Perſuaſion of no* Futurity, 160, &c. *The groſs Abſurdities and Horrors of* Annihilation *urg'd home on* LORENZO, 164, &c. *The Soul's vaſt* Importance, 169, &c. *from whence it ariſes*, 172, 173. *The* Difficulty *of being an Infidel*, 174. *The* Infamy, ibid. *the* Cauſe, 175. *and the* Character, 175, 176, *of an Infidel State. What* True *Free-thinking is*, 176, 177. *The* neceſſary *Puniſhment of the* Falſe, 178. *Man's Ruin is from* Himſelf, ibid. *An Infidel accuſes himſelf of* Guilt, *and* Hypocriſy; *and that of the worſt Sort*, 179. *His Obligations to* Chriſtians, ibid. *What Danger he incurs by* Virtue, 180. Vice *recommended to Him*, 181. *His high Pretences to* Virtue, *and* Benevolence, *exploded*, ibid. *The Concluſion, on the Nature of* Faith, ibid. Reaſon, 182; *and* Hope, 182, 183; *with an Apology for this Attempt*, 183.

HEAV'N

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, Call.
What Day, what Hour, but knocks at human [Hearts,
To wake the Soul to Senſe of future Scenes?
Deaths ſtand, like *Mercurys*, in ev'ry Way;
And kindly point us to our Journey's End.
POPE, who couldſt make Immortals! art Thou dead?
I give thee Joy: Nor will I take my Leave;
So ſoon to follow. Man but dives in Death;
Dives from the Sun, in fairer Day to riſe;
The Grave, his ſubterranean Road to Bliſs.
Yes, infinite Indulgence plann'd it ſo;
Thro' various Parts our glorious Story runs;
Time gives the Preface, *endleſs Age* unrolls
The Volume (ne'er unroll'd) of human Fate.
This, *Earth* and *Skies** already have proclaim'd.
The World's a Prophecy of Worlds to come;
And who, what GOD foretels (who ſpeaks in *Things*,
Still louder than in *Words*) ſhall dare deny?
If *Nature*'s Arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new Leaf, and ſtronger read in *Man*.
If Man ſleeps on, untaught by what he *ſees*,
Can he prove Infidel to what he *feels*?
He, whoſe blind Thought Futurity denies,
Unconſcious bears, BELLEROPHON! like thee,
His own Indictment; he condemns himſelf;
Who reads his Boſom, reads immortal Life;
Or, *Nature*, there, impoſing on her Sons,
Has written Fables; Man was made a *Lye*.

* Night the Sixth.

Why

Why *Diſcontent* for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable Conſumption of our Peace!
Reſolve me, why, the *Cottager*, and *King*,
He whom Sea-ſever'd Realms obey, and he
Who ſteals his whole Dominion from the Waſte,
Repelling Winter Blaſts with Mud and Straw,
Diſquieted alike, draw Sigh for Sigh,
In Fate ſo diſtant, in Complaint ſo near?
Is it, that Things *Terreſtrial* can't content?
Deep in rich Paſture, will thy Flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their Maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet *Serene*. Man, ill at Eaſe,
In this, not *his own* Place, this foreign Field,
Where Nature fodders him with other Food,
Than was ordain'd his Cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in Abundance, famiſh'd at a Feaſt,
Sighs on for ſomething *more*, when *moſt* enjoy'd.
Is Heav'n then kinder to thy Flocks than Thee?
Not ſo; thy Paſture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter Part
Man bleats from *Inſtinct*, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
By *Senſe*, his *Reaſon* ſleeps, nor dreams the Cauſe.
The Cauſe how obvious, when his Reaſon wakes!
His Grief is but his Grandeur in Diſguiſe;
And Diſcontent is *Immortality*.
Shall Sons of Æther, ſhall the Blood of Heav'n,
Set up their Hopes on Earth, and ſtable *here*,
With brutal Acquieſcence in the Mire?
LORENZO! no! they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *Foreigners*, diſtreſt, ſhall ſigh
On Thrones; and Thou *congratulate* the Sigh:
Man's Miſery declares him born for Bliſs;
His *anxious* Heart aſſerts the Truth I ſing,
And gives the *Sceptic* in his Head the Lye.

Our

Our Heads, our Hearts, our *Paſſions*, and our *Powers*,
Speak the ſame Language; call us to the Skies:
Unripen'd *Theſe* in this inclement Clime,
Scarce riſe above Conjecture, and Miſtake;
And for this Land of Trifles *Thoſe* too ſtrong
Tumultuous riſe, and tempeſt human Life:
What Prize on Earth can pay us for the Storm?
Meet Objects for our *Paſſions* Heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their Fire, and leave
No Fault, but in Defect: Bleſt Heav'n! avert
A bounded Ardor for unbounded Bliſs;
O for a Bliſs *unbounded!* Far beneath
A Soul immortal, is a mortal Joy.
Nor are our *Pow'rs* to periſh immature;
But, after feeble Effort *here*, beneath
A brighter Sun, and in a nobler Soil,
Tranſplanted from this ſublunary Bed,
Shall flouriſh fair, and put forth all their Bloom.
Reaſon progreſſive, *Inſtinct* is complete;
Swift *Inſtinct* leaps; ſlow *Reaſon* feebly climbs.
Brutes ſoon their Zenith reach; their little All
Flows in at once; in Ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *Man* to live coëval with the Sun,
The Patriarch Pupil would be learning ſtill;
Yet, dying, leave his Leſſon half-unlearnt.
Men periſh in Advance, as if the Sun
Should ſet ere Noon, in *Eaſtern* Oceans drown'd;
If fit, with *Dim*, *Illuſtrious* to compare,
The Sun's *Meridian*, with the *Soul* of Man.
To Man, why, Stepdame *Nature!* ſo ſevere?
Why thrown aſide thy Maſter-piece half-wrought,
While meaner Efforts thy laſt Hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor Man muſt die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *Dread?*

Why

Why curſt with Foreſight? Wiſe to Miſery?
Why of his proud Prerogative the Prey?
Why leſs pre-eminent in Rank, than Pain?
His *Immortality* alone can tell;
Full ample Fund to balance all amiſs,
And turn the Scale in Favour of the Juſt!
His *Immortality* alone can ſolve
That darkeſt of *Ænigmas*, human *Hope*;
Of all the darkeſt, if at Death we die.
Hope, eager Hope, th' Aſſaſſin of our Joy,
All *preſent* Bleſſings treading under-foot,
Is ſcarce a milder Tyrant than *Deſpair*.
With no paſt Toils content, ſtill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to Death alone for Eaſe.
Poſſeſſion, why, more taſteleſs than *Purſuit*?
Why is a Wiſh far dearer than a Crown?
That Wiſh accompliſh'd, why, the Grave of Bliſs?
Becauſe, in the *great Future* bury'd deep,
Beyond our Plans of Empire, and Renown,
Lies *all* that Man with Ardor ſhould purſue;
And HE who made him, bent him to the Right.
Man's Heart th' ALMIGHTY to the *Future* ſets,
By ſecret and inviolable Springs;
And makes his Hope his ſublunary Joy.
Man's Heart eats all Things, and is hungry ſtill;
"More, more!" the Glutton cries: For ſomething *New*
So rages Appetite, if Man can't Mount,
He *will* Deſcend. He ſtarves on the *Poſſeſt*.
Hence, the World's Maſter, from Ambition's Spire,
In *Caprea* plung'd; and div'd beneath the Brute.
In that rank Sty why wallow'd Empire's Son
Supreme? Becauſe he could no higher fly;
His *Riot* was *Ambition* in Deſpair.
Old *Rome* conſulted Birds; LORENZO! thou,
With more Succeſs, the Flight of *Hope* ſurvey;

Of

Of reſtleſs Hope, for ever on the Wing.
High-perch'd o'er ev'ry Thought that Falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her Sight;
And, never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next Moment, ſhe betrays her Aim's Miſtake,
And owns her Quarry lodg'd beyond the Grave.
There ſhould it fail us (It muſt fail us there,
If *Being* fails), more mournful Riddles riſe,
And *Virtue* vies with *Hope* in Myſtery.
Why *Virtue?* Where its Praiſe, its Being, fled?
Virtue is true Self-intereſt purſu'd:
What true Self-intereſt of *quite*-mortal Man?
To cloſe with all that makes him happy *here.*
If Vice (as ſometimes) is our Friend on Earth,
Then Vice is Virtue; 'tis our *ſov'reign* Good.
In *Self-applauſe* is Virtue's golden Prize;
No Self-applauſe attends it on *thy* Scheme:
Whence Self-applauſe? From Conſcience of the Right.
And what is Right, but Means of Happineſs?
No Means of Happineſs when *Virtue* yields;
That Baſis failing, falls the Building too,
And lays in Ruin ev'ry *virtuous Joy.*
The rigid Guardian of a blameleſs Heart,
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed wiſe,
Is weak; with rank Knight-errantries o'er-run.
Why beats thy Boſom with illuſtrious Dreams
Of Self-expoſure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant Enterprize, and glorious Death?
Die for thy Country?—Thou Romantic Fool!
Seize, ſeize the Plank thyſelf, and let her ſink:
Thy *Country!* what to Thee?—The *Godhead*; what?
(I ſpeak with Awe!) tho' He ſhould bid thee bleed?
If, with thy Blood, thy *final* Hope is ſpilt,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the Blow,
Be deaf; preſerve thy Being; diſobey.

Nor is it Diſobedience: Know, LORENZO!
Whate'er th' ALMIGHTY's ſubſequent Command,
His firſt Command is *this*:—"Man, love thyſelf."
In this alone, Free-agents are *not* free.
Exiſtence is the Baſis, Bliſs the Prize;
If *Virtue* coſts Exiſtence, 'tis a Crime;
Bold Violation of our Law *ſupreme*,
Black Suicide; tho' Nations, which conſult
Their Gain, at thy Expence, reſound Applauſe.
Since *Virtue*'s Recompence is doubtful, *Here*,
If Man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is Man *ſuffer'd* to be Good in vain?
Why to be Good in vain, is Man *injoin'd*?
Why to be Good in vain, is Man *betray'd*?
Betray'd by Traitors lodg'd in his own Breaſt,
By ſweet Complacencies from Virtue felt?
Why whiſpers *Nature* Lyes on Virtue's Part?
Or if blind *Inſtinct* (which aſſumes the Name
Of ſacred Conſcience) plays the Fool in Man,
Why *Reaſon* made Accomplice in the Cheat?
Why are the *Wiſeſt* loudeſt in her Praiſe?
Can Man by *Reaſon*'s Beam be led aſtray?
Or, at his Peril, *imitate his God*?
Since Virtue *ſometimes* ruins us on Earth,
Or *Both* are true; or, Man ſurvives the Grave.
Or Man ſurvives the Grave, or own, LORENZO,
Thy Boaſt ſupreme, a wild Abſurdity.
Dauntleſs thy Spirit; Cowards are thy Scorn.
Grant Man *immortal*, and thy Scorn is juſt.
The Man *immortal*, rationally brave,
Dares ruſh on Death—becauſe he cannot die.
But if Man loſes All, when Life is loſt,
He lives a Coward, or a Fool expires.
A *daring* Infidel (and ſuch there are,
From Pride, Example, Lucre, Rage, Revenge,

Or pure *heroical* Defect of Thought),
Of all Earth's Madmen, moſt deſerves a Chain.
When to the Grave we follow the Renown'd
For Valour, Virtue, Science, all we love,
And all we praiſe; for *Worth*, whoſe Noon-tide Beam,
Enabling us to think in higher Style,
Mends our Ideas of Ethereal Powers;
Dream we, that Luſtre of the *moral* World
Goes out in Stench, and Rottenneſs the Cloſe?
Why was he wiſe to *know*, and warm to *praiſe*,
And ſtrenuous to *tranſcribe*, in human Life,
The Mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that Fate,
Juſt when the Lineaments began to ſhine,
And dawn the DEITY, ſhould ſnatch the Draught,
With Night eternal blot it out, and give
The Skies alarm, leſt *Angels* too might die?
If Human Souls, why not Angelic too
Extinguiſh'd? and a *ſolitary* GOD,
O'er ghaſtly Ruin, frowning from his Throne?
Shall we this Moment gaze on GOD in Man?
The next, loſe Man for ever in the Duſt?
From Duſt we diſengage, or Man *miſtakes*;
And There, where leaſt his Judgment fears a Flaw,
Wiſdom and *Worth*, how boldly he commends!
Wiſdom and *Worth*, are ſacred Names; Rever'd,
Where not Embrac'd; Applauded! Deify'd!
Why not *Compaſſion'd* too? If Spirits die,
Both are Calamities, *inflicted* both,
To make us but more wretched: *Wiſdom*'s Eye
Acute, for what? To ſpy more Miſeries;
And *Worth*, *ſo* recompens'd, new-points their Stings.
Or Man ſurmounts the Grave, or Gain is Loſs,
And Worth exalted *humbles* us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a Scheme that makes
Weakneſs, and *Vice*, the Refuge of Mankind.

"Has Virtue, then, no Joys?"—Yes, Joys *dear-bought.*
Talk ne'er ſo long, in this imperfect State,
Virtue, and Vice, are at eternal War.
Virtue's a Combat; and who fights for Nought?
Or for precarious, or for ſmall Reward?
Who Virtue's *Self-reward* ſo loud reſound,
Would take Degrees *Angelic* here below,
And *Virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble Motives, and unfaithful Guards.
The Crown, th' *unfading* Crown, her Soul inſpires:
'Tis That, and That alone, can countervail
The Body's Treach'ries, and the *World*'s Aſſaults:
On Earth's poor Pay our famiſh'd Virtue dies.
Truth inconteſtable! In ſpite of all
A BAYLE has Preach'd, or a V——E Believ'd.

In Man the more we dive, the more we ſee
Heav'n's Signet ſtamping an *immortal* Make.
Dive to the Bottom of his Soul, the Baſe
Suſtaining all; what find we? *Knowledge*, *Love*.
As Light, and Heat, eſſential to the Sun,
Theſe to the Soul. And *why*, if Souls expire?
How little Lovely *here?* How little Known?
Small *Knowledge* we dig up with endleſs Toil;
And *Love* unfeign'd may purchaſe perfect Hate.
Why ſtarv'd, on Earth, our *Angel*-Appetites;
While *Brutal* are indulg'd their fulſome Fill?
Were then Capacities *divine* conferr'd,
As a Mock-Diadem, in ſavage Sport,
Rank Inſult of our pompous *Poverty*,
Which reaps but Pain, from ſeeming Claims ſo fair?
In future Age lies no Redreſs? And ſhuts
Eternity the Door on our Complaint?
If ſo, for what ſtrange Ends were Mortals made!
The Worſt to *wallow*, and the Beſt to *weep*;
The Man who merits moſt, muſt moſt Complain:

Can we conceive a Diſregard in Heav'n,
What the Worſt *perpetrate*, or Beſt *endure?*
This cannot be. To *Love*, and *Know*, in Man
Is boundleſs Appetite, and boundleſs Pow'r;
And theſe demonſtrate boundleſs Objects too.
Objects, Pow'rs, Appetites, Heav'n ſuits in All;
Nor, *Nature* thro', e'er violates this ſweet,
Eternal Concord, on her tuneful String.
Is *Man* the Sole Exception from her Laws?
Eternity ſtruck off from human Hope,
(I ſpeak with Truth, but Veneration too)
Man is a Monſter, the Reproach of Heav'n,
A Stain, a dark impenetrable Cloud
On Nature's beauteous Aſpect; and deforms,
(Amazing Blot!) deforms her with her *Lord.*
If ſuch is Man's Allotment, *what* is Heav'n?
Or own the Soul *Immortal*, or Blaſpheme.
Or own the Soul immortal, or invert
All *Order*. Go, Mock-Majeſty! go, Man!
And bow to thy Superiors of the Stall;
Thro' ev'ry Scene of *Senſe* ſuperior far:
They graze the Turf untill'd; they drink the Stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
With Doubts, Fears, fruitleſs Hopes, Regrets, Deſpairs;
Mankind's Peculiar! *Reaſon*'s precious Dower!
No foreign Clime *They* ranſack for their Robes;
Nor Brothers cite to the litigious Bar;
Their Good is Good intire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a Paradiſe in ev'ry Field,
On Boughs *forbidden* where no Curſes hang:
Their *Ill*, no more than ſtrikes the Senſe; unſtretcht
By previous Dread, or Murmur in the Rear;
When the *worſt* comes, it comes unfear'd; one Stroke
Begins, and ends, their Woe: They die but *once*;
Bleſt, incommunicable Privilege! for which

Proud Man, who rules the Globe, and reads the Stars,
Philoſopher, or *Hero*, ſighs in vain.
Account for this Prerogative in Brutes.
No Day, no Glimpſe of Day, to ſolve the Knot,
But what beams on it from *Eternity*.
O ſole and ſweet Solution! That unties
The Difficult, and ſoftens the Severe;
The Cloud on *Nature*'s beauteous Face diſpels;
Reſtores bright *Order*; caſts the Brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in Supremacy
Of Joy, ev'n *Here*: Admit immortal Life,
And Virtue is *Knight-errantry* no more;
Each *Virtue* brings in Hand a golden Dower,
Far richer in Reverſion: *Hope* exults;
And tho' much Bitter in our Cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the Taſte of Heaven.
O wherefore is the DEITY ſo kind?
Aſtoniſhing beyond Aſtoniſhment!
Heav'n our Reward—for Heav'n enjoy'd *below*.
Still unſubdu'd thy ſtubborn *Heart?*—For *there*
The Traitor lurks, who doubts the Truth I ſing.
Reaſon is guiltleſs; *Will* alone rebels.
What, in that ſtubborn Heart, if I ſhould find
New, unexpected Witneſſes againſt thee?
Ambition, *Pleaſure*, and the *Love of Gain!*
Canſt thou ſuſpect, that *Theſe*, which make the Soul
The *Slave* of Earth, ſhould own her *Heir* of Heav'n?
Canſt thou ſuſpect what makes us *diſbelieve*
Our Immortality, ſhould prove it *ſure?*
First, then, *Ambition* ſummon to the Bar.
Ambition's *Shame*, *Extravagance*, *Diſguſt*,
And *inextinguiſhable Nature*, ſpeak.
Each much *depoſes*; hear them in their Turn.
Thy Soul, how paſſionately fond of *Fame!*
How anxious, that fond Paſſion to conceal!

We

We bluſh, detected in Deſigns on Praiſe,
Tho' for beſt Deeds, and from the beſt of Men;
And why? Becauſe *Immortal.* Art divine
Has made the Body Tutor to the Soul;
Heav'n kindly gives our Blood a *moral* Flow;
Bids it aſcend the glowing Cheek, and there
Upbraid that little Heart's inglorious Aim,
Which ſtoops to court a Character from Man;
While o'er us, in tremendous Judgment ſit
Far more than Man, with *endleſs* Praiſe, and Blame.
Ambition's *boundleſs Appetite* out-ſpeaks
The Verdict of its *Shame.* When Souls take Fire
At high Preſumptions of their own Deſert,
One Age is poor Applauſe; the mighty Shout,
The Thunder by the living *Few* begun,
Late Time muſt echo; Worlds unborn, reſound.
We wiſh our Names *eternally* to live:
Wild Dream! which ne'er had haunted human Thought,
Had not our Natures been *eternal* too.
Inſtinct points out an Int'reſt in Hereafter;
But our blind *Reaſon* ſees not *where* it lies;
Or, ſeeing, gives the Subſtance for the Shade.
Fame is the Shade of Immortality,
And in itſelf a Shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it ſhrinks to nothing in the Graſp.
Conſult th' Ambitious, 'tis Ambition's Cure.
"And is This all?" cry'd CÆSAR at his Height,
Diſguſted. This *Third* Proof Ambition brings
Of Immortality. The firſt in Fame,
Obſerve him near, your Envy will abate:
Sham'd at the Diſproportion vaſt, between
The Paſſion, and the Purchaſe, he will ſigh
At *ſuch* Succeſs, and bluſh at his Renown.
And why? Becauſe far richer Prize invites

His Heart; far more illuſtrious Glory calls;
It calls in Whiſpers, yet the Deafeſt hear.
And can Ambition a *Fourth* Proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former Three;
Yet quite o'erlook'd by ſome *reputed* Wiſe.
Tho' Diſappointments in Ambition *pain*,
And tho' Succeſs *diſguſts*; yet ſtill, LORENZO!
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our Hearts;
By Nature planted for the nobleſt Ends.
Abſurd the fam'd Advice to PYRRHUS giv'n,
More prais'd, than ponder'd; ſpecious, but unſound:
Sooner that Hero's *Sword* the World had quell'd,
Than *Reaſon*, his Ambition. Man *muſt* ſoar.
An obſtinate Activity within,
An inſuppreſſive Spring, will toſs him up
In ſpite of *Fortune*'s Load. Not Kings alone,
Each Villager has his Ambition too;
No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd Slave:
Slaves build their little *Babylons* of Straw,
Echo the proud *Aſſyrian*, in their Hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the Wonders of my Might!"
And why? Becauſe *immortal* as their Lord;
And Souls immortal muſt for ever heave
At ſomething Great; the Glitter, or the Gold;
The Praiſe of Mortals, or the Praiſe of Heaven.
Nor abſolutely vain is *Human* Praiſe,
When Human is ſupported by *Divine*.
I'll introduce LORENZO to Himſelf:
Pleaſure and *Pride* (bad Maſters!) ſhare our Hearts.
As Love of *Pleaſure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our Bodies, and extend our Race;
The Love of *Praiſe* is planted to protect,
And propagate the Glories of the Mind.
What is it, but the *Love of Praiſe*, inſpires,
Matures, refines, embelliſhes, exalts,

Earth's

Earth's Happineſs? From *that*, the Delicate,
The Grand, the Marvellous, of *Civil* Life,
Want and *Convenience*, Under-workers, lay
The Baſis, on which *Love of Glory* builds.
Nor is *thy* Life, O *Virtue!* leſs in Debt
To Praiſe, thy ſecret ſtimulating Friend.
Were Men not *proud*, what Merit ſhould we miſs!
Pride made the Virtues of the Pagan World.
Praiſe is the Salt that ſeaſons Right to Man,
And whets his Appetite for *moral* Good.
Thirſt of Applauſe is Virtue's *Second* Guard;
Reaſon, her Firſt; but Reaſon wants an Aid;
Our *private* Reaſon is a Flatterer;
Thirſt of Applauſe calls *public* Judgment in,
To poiſe our own, to keep an even Scale,
And give endanger'd Virtue fairer Play.
Here a *Fifth* Proof ariſes, ſtronger ſtill:
Why this ſo nice Conſtruction of our Hearts?
Theſe delicate Moralities of *Senſe*;
This *conſtitutional* Reſerve of Aid
To ſuccour Virtue, when our *Reaſon* fails;
If Virtue, kept alive by Care and Toil,
And, oft, the Mark of Injuries on Earth,
When labour'd to Maturity (its Bill
Of Diſciplines, and Pains, unpaid) muſt die?
Why freighted rich, to daſh againſt a Rock?
Were Man to periſh when moſt fit to live,
O how miſ-ſpent were all theſe Stratagems,
By Skill Divine inwoven in our Frame?
Where are Heav'n's Holineſs and Mercy fled?
Laughs Heav'n, at once, at *Virtue*, and at *Man?*
If not, why *That* diſcourag'd, *This* deſtroy'd?
Thus far *Ambition*. What ſays *Avarice?*
This *Her* chief Maxim, which has long been *Thine:*
"The Wiſe and Wealthy are the ſame."—I grant it.

To ſtore up Treaſure, with inceſſant Toil,
This is Man's Province, *This* his higheſt Praiſe.
To this great End keen *Inſtinct* ſtings him on.
To guide that Inſtinct, *Reaſon!* is thy Charge;
'Tis Thine to tell us where *true* Treaſure lies:
But, Reaſon failing to diſcharge her Truſt,
Or to the Deaf diſcharging it in vain,
A Blunder follows; and blind *Induſtry*,
Gall'd by the Spur, but Stranger to the Courſe,
(The Courſe where Stakes of more than Gold are won)
O'erloading, with the Cares of diſtant Age,
The jaded Spirits of the *preſent* Hour,
Provides for an *Eternity* below.
"*Thou ſhalt not covet*," is a wiſe Command;
But bounded to the Wealth the Sun ſurveys:
Look farther, the Command ſtands quite revers'd,
And *Av'rice* is a Virtue moſt divine.
Is *Faith* a Refuge for our *Happineſs?*
Moſt ſure: And is it not for *Reaſon* too?
Nothing *this* World unriddles, but the *next*.
Whence inextinguiſhable Thirſt of Gain?
From inextinguiſhable Life in Man:
Man, if not meant, by *Worth*, to reach the *Skies*,
Had wanted Wing to fly ſo far in *Guilt*.
Sour Grapes, I grant, *Ambition*, *Avarice*:
Yet ſtill their Root is *Immortality*.
Theſe its wild Growths ſo bitter, and ſo baſe,
(Pain and Reproach!) *Religion* can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous Lee,
And make them ſparkle in the Bowl of *Bliſs*.
See, the *Third Witneſs* laughs at Bliſs remote,
And falſly promiſes an *Eden* here:
Truth ſhe ſhall ſpeak for once, tho' prone to lye,
A common Cheat, and *Pleaſure* is her Name.

To

To Pleaſure never was LORENZO deaf;
Then hear her now, now *firſt* thy *real* Friend.
Since Nature made us not more fond than *proud*
Of Happineſs (whence Hypocrites in Joy!
Makers of Mirth! Artificers of Smiles!)
Why ſhould the Joy moſt poignant *Senſe* affords,
Burn us with Bluſhes, and rebuke our Pride?
Thoſe Heav'n-born Bluſhes tell us Man *deſcends*,
Ev'n in the Zenith of his *earthly* Bliſs:
Should *Reaſon* take her Infidel Repoſe,
This honeſt *Inſtinct* ſpeaks our Lineage high;
This Inſtinct calls on Darkneſs to conceal
Our rapturous Relation to the Stalls.
Our *Glory* covers us with noble *Shame*,
And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.
The Man that bluſhes, is not quite a *Brute*.
Thus far with Thee, LORENZO! will I cloſe;
Pleaſure is good, and Man for Pleaſure made;
But Pleaſure full of Glory, as of Joy;
Pleaſure, which neither *bluſhes*, nor *expires*.
The Witneſſes are heard; the Cauſe is o'er;
Let *Conſcience* file the Sentence in her Court,
Dearer than *Deeds* that half a Realm convey:
Thus, ſeal'd by *Truth*, th' authentic Record runs.
" Know, All; Know, Infidels,—unapt to Know!
" 'Tis *Immortality* your Nature ſolves;
" 'Tis *Immortality* decyphers Man,
" And opens all the Myſt'ries of his Make.
" Without it, half his *Inſtincts* are a Riddle;
" Without it, all his *Virtues* are a Dream.
" His very *Crimes* atteſt his Dignity;
" His fateleſs Thirſt of *Pleaſure*, *Gold*, and *Fame*,
" Declares him born for Bleſſings *infinite*:
" What leſs than Infinite, makes un-abſurd
" *Paſſions*, which *all* on Earth but more inflames?

" Fierce Paſſions, ſo miſ-meaſur'd to *this* Scene,
" Stretch'd out, like Eagles Wings, beyond our Neſt;
" Far, far beyond the Worth of all below,
" For *Earth* too large, preſage a nobler Flight,
" And evidence our Title to the *Skies*."
Ye gentle Theologues, of calmer Kind!
Whoſe Conſtitution dictates to your Pen,
Who, cold yourſelves, think Ardor comes from Hell!
Think not our Paſſions from *Corruption* ſprung,
Tho' to Corruption now they lend their Wings;
That is their *Miſtreſs*, not their *Mother*. All
(And juſtly) *Reaſon* deem Divine: I ſee,
I feel a Grandeur in the *Paſſions* too,
Which ſpeaks their high Deſcent, and glorious End;
Which ſpeaks them Rays of an Eternal Fire.
In Paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong,
Ere ADAM fell; tho' wiſer in their Aim.
Like the proud *Eaſtern*, ſtruck by Providence,
What tho' our *Paſſions* are run mad, and ſtoop
With low, terreſtrial Appetite, to graze
On Traſh, on Toys, dethron'd from high Deſire?
Yet ſtill, thro' their Diſgrace, a feeble Ray
Of Greatneſs ſhines, and tells us whence they fell:
But *Theſe* (like that fall'n Monarch when reclaim'd),
When *Reaſon* moderates the Rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former Sphere,
Where once they ſoar'd Illuſtrious; ere ſeduc'd
By wanton EVE's Debauch, to ſtroll on Earth,
And ſet the ſublunary World on Fire.
But grant their Phrenſy laſts; their Phrenſy fails
To diſappoint *one* providential End,
For which Heav'n blew up Ardor in our Hearts:
Were *Reaſon* ſilent, boundleſs *Paſſion* ſpeaks
A future Scene of boundleſs *Objects* too,
And brings glad Tidings of *eternal* Day.

Eternal

Eternal Day! 'Tis that enlightens All;
And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *ſure*.
Conſider Man as an *immortal* Being,
Intelligible All; and All is Great;
A cryſtalline Tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full Luſtre thro' the Human Sphere:
Conſider Man as *mortal*, all is dark,
And wretched; *Reaſon* weeps at the Survey.
The learn'd LORENZO cries, "And let her weep,
"Weak, *modern* Reaſon: *Antient* Times were wiſe.
"*Authority*, that venerable Guide,
"Stands on my Part; the fam'd *Athenian* Porch
"(And who for Wiſdom ſo renown'd as They?)
"Deny'd this Immortality to Man."
I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A Riddle This!—Have Patience; I'll explain.
What noble Vanities, what moral Flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantic Wiſdom's Page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire?
Fable is flat to Theſe high-ſeaſon'd Sires;
They leave th' Extravagance of Song below.
"Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
"The Dagger, or the Rack; to them, alike
"A Bed of Roſes, or the burning Bull."
In Men exploding all beyond the Grave,
Strange Doctrine, This! As *Doctrine*, it was ſtrange;
But not, as *Prophecy*; for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own Amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a Firmneſs Chriſtians need not feign.
The *Chriſtian* truly triumph'd in the Flame:
The *Stoic* ſaw, in double Wonder loſt,
Wonder at Them, and Wonder at Himſelf,
To find the bold Adventures of his Thought
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lye in vain.

Whence,

Whence, then, thoſe Thoughts? Thoſe tow'ring Thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous Heights?—From *Inſtinct*, and from *Pride*.
The glorious *Inſtinct* of a deathleſs Soul,
Confus'dly conſcious of her Dignity,
Suggeſted Truths they could not underſtand.
In *Luſt*'s Dominion, and in *Paſſion*'s Storm,
Truth's Syſtem broken, ſcatter'd Fragments lay,
As Light in Chaos, glimm'ring thro' the Gloom:
Smit with the Pomp of lofty Sentiments,
Pleas'd *Pride* proclaim'd, what *Reaſon* diſbeliev'd.
Pride, like the *Delphic* Prieſteſs, with a Swell,
Rav'd Nonſenſe, deſtin'd to be *Future* Senſe,
When Life *Immortal*, in full Day, ſhould ſhine;
And *Death's dark Shadows* fly the Goſpel Sun.
They ſpoke, what nothing but *Immortal* Souls
Could ſpeak; and thus the Truth they queſtion'd, prov'd.
Can then *Abſurdities*, as well as *Crimes*,
Speak Man *Immortal?* All Things ſpeak him ſo.
Much has been urg'd; and doſt thou call for more?
Call; and with endleſs Queſtions be diſtreſt,
All unreſolveable, if *Earth* is All.
" Why Life, a Moment; Infinite, Deſire?
" Our Wiſh, Eternity? Our Home, the Grave?
" Heav'n's *Promiſe* dormant lies in human *Hope*;
" Who *wiſhes* Life Immortal, *proves* it too.
" Why Happineſs purſu'd, tho' never found?
" Man's Thirſt of Happineſs declares *It is*,
" (For Nature never gravitates to nought);
" That Thirſt unquencht declares *It is not Here*.
" *My* LUCIA, *Thy* CLARISSA, call to Thought;
" Why *cordial Friendſhip* riveted ſo deep,
" As Hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting, rend,
" If Friend, and Friendſhip, vaniſh in an Hour?
" Is not This Torment in the Maſk of Joy?

" Why

" Why by *Reflection* marr'd the Joys of *Senſe?*
" Why *Paſt*, and *Future*, preying on our Hearts?
" And putting all our *preſent* Joys to Death?
" Why labours *Reaſon? Inſtinct* were as well;
" Inſtinct, far better; what can *chuſe*, can *err*:
" O how *infallible* the thoughtleſs Brute!
" 'Twere well his *Holineſs* were half as ſure.
" *Reaſon* with *Inclination*, why at War?
" Why Senſe of *Guilt?* Why *Conſcience* up in Arms?"
Conſcience of Guilt, is Prophecy of Pain,
And Boſom-counſel to decline the Blow.
Reaſon with Inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing Future paid Forbearance Here.
Thus on—Theſe, and a thouſand Pleas uncall'd,
All *promiſe*, ſome *enſure*, a ſecond Scene;
Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
Than all Things elſe moſt *certain*; were it *falſe*,
What *Truth* on Earth ſo precious as the Lye?
This World it gives us, let what will enſue;
This World it gives, in that high Cordial, *Hope*:
The Future of the preſent is the Soul:
How *this* Life groans, when ſever'd from the *next!*
Poor, mutilated Wretch, that Diſbelieves!
By dark Diſtruſt his Being cut in two,
In *both* Parts periſhes; *Life* void of Joy,
Sad Prelude of *Eternity* in Pain!
Couldſt Thou perſuade me, the next Life could fail
Our ardent Wiſhes; how ſhould I pour out
My bleeding Heart in Anguiſh, *new*, as deep!
Oh! with what Thoughts, thy *Hope*, and my *Deſpair*,
Abhorr'd ANNIHILATION! blaſts the Soul,
And wide-extends the Bounds of human Woe!
Could I believe LORENZO's Syſtem true,
In *this* black Channel would my Ravings run.

" *Grief*

" *Grief* from the *Future* borrow'd Peace, ere-while.
" The Future *vaniſh'd!* and the Preſent *pain'd!*
" Strange Import of unprecedented Ill!
" Fall, how profound! like LUCIFER's, the Fall!
" Unequal Fate! His Fall, without his Guilt!
" From where fond *Hope* built her Pavilion high,
" The Gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
" To Night! To *Nothing!* Darker ſtill than Night.
" If 'twas a *Dream*, why wake me, my worſt Foe,
" LORENZO! boaſtful of the Name of Friend!
" O for Deluſion! O for Error ſtill!
" Could Vengeance ſtrike much ſtronger than to plant
" A *Thinking* Being in a World like This,
" Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
" More curſt than at the *Fall?*—The Sun goes out!
" The Thorns ſhoot up! What Thorns in ev'ry Thought!
" Why Senſe of Better? It imbitters Worſe.
" Why Senſe? Why Life? If but to ſigh, then ſink
" To what I was! *Twice* Nothing! and much Woe!
" Woe, from Heav'n's Bounties! Woe, from what was
" To flatter moſt, high *Intellectual Powers.* [wont
" *Thought, Virtue, Knowledge!* Bleſſings, by *thy* Scheme,
" All poiſon'd into Pains. Firſt, *Knowledge*, once
" My Soul's Ambition, *now* her greateſt Dread.
" To *know myſelf*, true Wiſdom?—No, to ſhun
" That ſhocking Science, Parent of Deſpair!
" Avert thy Mirror: If I ſee, I die.
" *Know my Creator?* Climb His bleſt Abode
" By painful Speculation, pierce the Veil,
" Dive in His Nature, read his Attributes,
" And gaze in Admiration—on a *Foe*,
" Obtruding Life, with-holding Happineſs!
" From the full Rivers that ſurround his Throne,
" Not letting fall one Drop of Joy on Man;
" Man gaſping for one Drop, that he might ceaſe

" To

" To curſe his Birth, nor envy *Reptiles* more!
" Ye ſable Clouds! Ye darkeſt Shades of Night!
" Hide *Him*, for ever hide Him, from my Thought,
" Once all my Comfort; Source, and Soul of Joy!
" Now leagu'd with Furies, and with * *Thee*, againſt me.
" *Know His Atchievements?* Study His Renown?
" Contemplate this amazing Univerſe,
" Dropt from His Hand, with Miracles replete!
" For what? 'Mid Miracles of nobler Name,
" To find one Miracle of *Miſery?*
" To find the Being, which alone can *know*
" And *praiſe* His Works, a Blemiſh on His Praiſe?
" Thro' Nature's ample Range, in Thought, to ſtroll,
" And ſtart at *Man*, the *ſingle* Mourner There, [Death?
" Breathing high Hope! chain'd down to Pangs and
" Knowing is Suff'ring: And ſhall *Virtue* ſhare
" The Sigh of *Knowledge?*—Virtue ſhares the Sigh.
" By ſtraining up the Steep of *Excellent*,
" By Battles fought, and, from Temptation, won,
" What gains ſhe, but the Pang of ſeeing Worth,
" *Angelic* Worth, ſoon ſhuffled in the Dark
" With ev'ry Vice, and ſwept to *brutal* Duſt?
" Merit is Madneſs; Virtue is a Crime;
" A Crime to *Reaſon*, if it coſts us Pain
" *Unpaid:* What Pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
" To think the moſt *Abandon'd*, after Days
" Of Triumph o'er their Betters, find in Death
" As *ſoft* a Pillow, nor make *fouler* Clay!
" *Duty! Religion!*——Theſe, our Duty done,
" Imply Reward. *Religion* is Miſtake.
" *Duty!*——There's none, but to repel the Cheat.
" Ye Cheats! away! ye Daughters of my Pride!
" Who feign yourſelves the Fav'rites of the Skies:
" Ye tow'ring Hopes! abortive Energies!

* *Lorenzo.*

" That

" That toſs, and ſtruggle, in my *lying* Breaſt,
" To ſcale the Skies, and build Preſumptions There,
" As I were Heir of an *Eternity*.
" Vain, vain Ambitions! trouble me no more.
" Why travel far in Queſt of ſure Defeat?
" As bounded as my Being, be my Wiſh.
" All is inverted, *Wiſdom* is a Fool.
" *Senſe!* take the Rein; blind *Paſſion!* drive us on;
" And, *Ignorance!* befriend us on our Way;
" Ye *new*, but *trueſt* Patrons of our Peace!
" Yes; give the *Pulſe* full Empire; live the *Brute*,
" Since, as the Brute, we die. The *Sum* of Man,
" Of Godlike Man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
" But not on equal Terms with *other* Brutes:
" *Their* Revels a more poignant Reliſh yield,
" And ſafer too; *They* never Poiſons chuſe.
" *Inſtinct*, than *Reaſon*, makes more wholeſome Meals,
" And ſends all-marring Murmur far away.
" For *ſenſual* Life *They* beſt philoſophize;
" *Theirs*, that *Serene*, the *Sages* fought in vain:
" 'Tis *Man* alone expoſtulates with Heav'n;
" *His*, all the *Pow'r*, and all the *Cauſe*, to mourn.
" Shall *human* Eyes *alone* diſſolve in Tears?
" And bleed, in Anguiſh, none but *human* Hearts?
" The wide-ſtretcht Realm of *Intellectual* Woe,
" Surpaſſing *Senſual* far, is All our Own.
" In *Life* ſo fatally diſtinguiſht, why
" Caſt in one Lot, confounded, lumpt, in *Death*?
" Ere yet in Being, was Mankind in Guilt?
" Why thunder'd this peculiar *Clauſe* againſt us,
" *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*—Have the Skies
" Reaſons of State, their Subjects may not ſcan,
" Nor *humbly* reaſon, when they *ſorely* ſigh?
" *All-mortal, and All-wretched!*—'Tis too much;
" Unparallel'd in Nature: 'Tis too much

" On

" On Being *unrequeſted* at Thy Hands,
" OMNIPOTENT! for I ſee nought but *Power.*
" And why ſee That? Why *Thought?* To toil, and eat,
" Then make our Bed in Darkneſs, needs no Thought.
" What Superfluities are *reas'ning* Souls!
" Oh give Eternity! or Thought deſtroy.
" But without Thought our Curſe were half-unfelt;
" Its blunted Edge would ſpare the throbbing Heart;
" And, *therefore*, 'tis beſtow'd. I thank thee, *Reaſon!*
" For aiding *Life*'s too ſmall Calamities,
" And giving Being to the Dread of *Death.*
" Such are thy Bounties!—Was it then too much
" For *me*, to treſpaſs on the Brutal Rights?
" Too much for *Heav'n* to make one Emmet more?
" Too much for *Chaos* to permit my Maſs
" A longer Stay with Eſſences unwrought,
" Unfaſhion'd, *untormented* into *Man?*
" Wretched *Preferment* to this Round of Pains!
" Wretched Capacity of Phrenſy, *Thought!*
" Wretched Capacity of Dying, *Life!*
" *Life*, *Thought*, *Worth*, *Wiſdom*, All (O foul Revolt!)
" *Once* Friends to Peace, gone over to the Foe.
" *Death*, then, has chang'd its Nature too: O Death!
" Come to my Boſom, Thou *beſt* Gift of Heav'n!
" Beſt Friend of Man! ſince Man is Man no more.
" Why in this thorny *Wilderneſs* ſo long,
" Since there's no *Promis'd Land*'s ambroſial Bower,
" To pay me with its Honey for my Stings?
" If needful to the ſelfiſh Schemes of Heaven
" To ſting us ſore, why *mockt* our Miſery?
" Why this ſo ſumptuous Inſult o'er our Heads?
" Why this illuſtrious Canopy diſplay'd?
" Why ſo magnificently lodg'd *Deſpair?*
" At ſtated Periods, ſure-returning, roll
" Theſe *glorious Orbs*, that Mortals may compute

" Their

" Their Length of Labours, and of Pains; nor loſe
" Their Miſery's full Meaſure?—Smiles with Flowers,
" And Fruits, promiſcuous, ever-teeming *Earth*,
" That Man may languiſh in *luxurious* Scenes,
" And in an *Eden* mourn his wither'd Joys?
" Claim Earth and Skies Man's Admiration, due
" For *ſuch* Delights! Bleſt *Animals!* too Wiſe
" To *wonder*; and too Happy to *complain!*
" Our *Doom decreed* demands a mournful Scene:
" Why not a Dungeon dark, for the *Condemn'd?*
" Why not the Dragon's ſubterraneous Den,
" For Man to howl in? Why not his Abode
" Of the ſame diſmal Colour with his Fate?
" A *Thebes*, a *Babylon*, at vaſt Expence
" Of Time, Toil, Treaſure, Art, for Owls and Adders,
" As congruous, as, for Man, this lofty Dome,
" Which prompts proud Thought, and kindles high De-
" If, from her humble Chamber in the Duſt, [ſire;
" While proud Thought ſwells, and high Deſire inflames,
" The poor *Worm* calls us for her Inmates *there*;
" And, round us, *Death*'s inexorable Hand
" Draws the dark Curtain cloſe; undrawn no more.
" *Undrawn no more!*—Behind the Cloud of *Death*,
" Once, I beheld a Sun; a Sun which gilt
" That ſable Cloud, and turn'd it all to Gold:
" How the *Grave*'s alter'd! Fathomleſs, as Hell!
" A *real* Hell to Thoſe who dreamt of Heaven.
" ANNIHILATION! How it yawns before me!
" Next Moment I may drop from *Thought*, from *Senſe*,
" The Privilege of *Angels*, and of *Worms*,
" An Outcaſt from Exiſtence! And this Spirit,
" This all-pervading, this all-conſcious Soul,
" This Particle of Energy divine,
" Which travels Nature, flies from Star to Star,
" And viſits Gods, and emulates their Powers,

" For

" For ever is extinguiſh'd. Horror! Death!
" Death of *that* Death I *fearleſs* once ſurvey'd!—
" When Horror *Univerſal* ſhall deſcend,
" And Heav'n's dark Concave urn all Human Race,
" On that enormous, unrefunding Tomb,
" How juſt this Verſe! this monumental Sigh!

Beneath the Lumber of demoliſh'd Worlds,
Deep in the Rubbiſh of the gen'ral Wreck,
Swept Ignominious to the common Maſs
Of Matter, never dignify'd with Life,
Here lie proud Rationals; *The Sons of Heaven!*
The Lords of Earth! The Property of Worms!
Beings of Yeſterday, and no To-morrow!
Who liv'd in Terror, and in Pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in Chaos; *or, to make*
Their happy Tranſit into Blocks *or* Brutes,
Nor longer ſully their CREATOR'*s Name.*

LORENZO! hear, pauſe, ponder, and pronounce.
Juſt is this Hiſtory? If *ſuch* is Man,
Mankind's Hiſtorian, tho' Divine, might weep.
And dares LORENZO ſmile!—I know thee Proud:
For once let *Pride* befriend thee; Pride looks pale
At ſuch a Scene, and ſighs for ſomething more.
Amid thy Boaſts, Preſumptions, and Diſplays,
And art Thou then a Shadow? Leſs than Shade?
A Nothing? *Leſs* than Nothing? To *have* been,
And *not to be*, is lower than Unborn.
Art thou *ambitious?* Why then make the Worm
Thine Equal? Runs thy Taſte of *Pleaſure* high?
Why patronize ſure Death of ev'ry Joy?
Charm *Riches?* Why chuſe Begg'ry in the Grave,
Of ev'ry Hope a Bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, Pleaſure, Avarice, perſuade Thee
To make that World of Glory, Rapture, Wealth,

They

They * lately *prov'd*, thy Soul's ſupreme Deſire.
What art thou made of? Rather, how Unmade?
Great *Nature*'s Maſter-appetite deſtroy'd!
Is endleſs Life, and Happineſs, deſpis'd?
Or both wiſh'd, *Here*, where Neither can be found?
Such Man's perverſe, eternal War with Heav'n!
Dar'ſt Thou perſiſt? And is there nought on Earth,
But a long Train of tranſitory Forms,
Riſing, and breaking, Millions in an Hour?
Bubbles of a fantaſtic Deity, blown up
In Sport, and then in Cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what Crime, unmerciful LORENZO!
Deſtroys thy Scheme the *Whole* of human Race?
Kind is fell LUCIFER, compar'd to Thee:
Oh! ſpare this *Waſte* of Being half-divine;
And vindicate th' *Oeconomy* of Heaven.
Heav'n is all Love; all Joy in giving Joy:
It never had created, but to *bleſs*:
And ſhall It, then, ſtrike off the Liſt of Life,
A Being bleſt, or Worthy *ſo* to be?
Hea'vn ſtarts at an *annihilating* GOD.
Is That, all *Nature* ſtarts at, thy Deſire?
Art ſuch a Clod to wiſh thyſelf *all* Clay?
What is that dreadful Wiſh?—The dying Groan
Of *Nature*, murder'd by the blackeſt Guilt.
What deadly Poiſon has thy Nature drank?
To Nature undebauch'd no Shock ſo great;
Nature's *Firſt* Wiſh is *endleſs Happineſs*;
Annihilation is an After-thought,
A monſtrous Wiſh, unborn till Virtue dies.
And, oh! what Depth of Horror lies inclos'd!
For Non-exiſtence no Man ever wiſh'd,
But, firſt, he wiſh'd the DEITY deſtroy'd.

* In the Sixth Night.

If ſo; what Words are dark enough to draw
Thy Picture true? The darkeſt are too fair.
Beneath what baleful Planet, in what Hour
Of Deſperation, by what Fury's Aid,
In what infernal Poſture of the Soul,
All Hell invited, and all Hell in Joy
At ſuch a Birth, a Birth ſo near of Kin,
Did thy foul *Fancy* whelp ſo black a Scheme
Of *Hopes* abortive, *Faculties* half-blown,
And *Deities begun*, reduc'd to Duſt?
There's nought (thou ſay'ſt) but one eternal Flux
Of feeble Eſſences, tumultuous driven
Thro' *Time*'s rough Billows into *Night*'s Abyſs.
Say, in this rapid *Tide* of human Ruin,
Is there no *Rock*, on which Man's toſſing Thought
Can reſt from Terror, dare his Fate ſurvey,
And boldly think it *Something* to be Born?
Amid ſuch hourly Wrecks of Being fair,
Is there no central, all-ſuſtaining *Baſe*,
All-realizing, all-connecting *Power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all Things, can *recall*,
And force *Deſtruction* to refund her Spoil?
Command the Grave reſtore her taken Prey?
Bid Death's dark Vale its Human Harveſt yield,
And *Earth*, and *Ocean*, pay their Debt of Man,
True to the grand Depoſit truſted *There?*
Is there no *Potentate*, whoſe out-ſtretcht Arm,
When rip'ning Time calls forth th' appointed Hour,
Pluckt from foul *Devaſtation*'s famiſh'd Maw,
Binds *Preſent*, *Paſt*, and *Future*, to his Throne?
His Throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating Beings cluſt'ring round!
A Garland worthy the Divinity!
A Throne, by Heav'n's Omnipotence in *Smiles*,
Built (like a *Pharos* tow'ring in the Waves)

Amidſt

Amidſt immenſe Effuſions of his Love!
An Ocean of *communicated* Bliſs!
An all-prolific, all-preſerving GOD!
This were a GOD indeed.—And ſuch *is* Man,
As here preſum'd: He riſes from his Fall.
Thinkſt Thou Omnipotence a naked Root,
Each Bloſſom fair of DEITY deſtroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, Nothing ſleeps; each Soul,
That ever animated human Clay,
Now wakes; is on the Wing: And where, O where,
Will the Swarm ſettle?—When the *Trumpet*'s Call,
As ſounding Braſs, collects us, round Heav'n's Throne
Conglob'd, we baſk in everlaſting Day,
(Paternal Splendor!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the Soul this *Outlet* to the Skies,
In this vaſt Veſſel of the Univerſe,
How ſhould we gaſp, as in an empty Void!
How in the Pangs of famiſh'd *Hope* expire!
How bright *My* Proſpect ſhines! How gloomy *Thine!*
A trembling World! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the Shambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's Face all ſtain'd with cauſeleſs Maſſacres
Of countleſs Millions, born to feel the Pang
Of Being *loſt*. LORENZO! can it be?
This bids us ſhudder at the Thoughts of *Life*.
Who would be born to ſuch a Phantom World,
Where nought Subſtantial, but our Miſery?
Where Joy (if Joy) but heightens our Diſtreſs,
So ſoon to periſh, and revive no more?
The greater *ſuch* a Joy, the *more* It pains.
A World, ſo far from *Great* (and yet how Great
It ſhines to Thee!) there's nothing *Real* in it;
Being, a Shadow! *Conſciouſneſs*, a Dream!
A Dream, how dreadful! Univerſal Blank
Before it, and Behind! Poor Man, a Spark

From

From Non-exiſtence ſtruck by Wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a Moment, nor that Moment ſure,
'Midſt Upper, Nether, and Surrounding *Night*,
His Sad, Sure, Sudden, and Eternal Tomb!
LORENZO! doſt Thou *feel* theſe Arguments?
Or is there nought but *Vengeance* can be felt?
How haſt Thou dar'd the DEITY dethrone?
How dar'd *indict* Him of a World like This?
If *ſuch* the World, Creation was a Crime;
For what is Crime, but Cauſe of Miſery?
Retract, Blaſphemer! and unriddle *This*,
Of endleſs Arguments *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the ſhort Reſult——
"*If Man's Immortal, there's a* GOD *in Heaven.*"
But wherefore ſuch Redundancy? Such Waſte
Of Argument? One ſets *my* Soul at Reſt;
One obvious, and at Hand, and, Oh!—at *Heart.*
So juſt the Skies, PHILANDER'S Life ſo pain'd,
His Heart ſo pure; *that*, or *ſucceeding* Scenes
Have Palms to give, or ne'er had He been born.
"*What an old Tale is This!*" LORENZO cries.—
I grant this Argument is old; but Truth
No Years impair; and had not This been True,
Thou never hadſt deſpis'd it for its Age.
Truth is Immortal as thy Soul; and *Fable*
As fleeting as thy Joys: Be wiſe, nor make
Heav'n's higheſt Bleſſing, Vengeance; O be wiſe!
Nor make a Curſe of *Immortality.*
Say, know'ſt Thou what *It* is? Or what *Thou* art?
Know'ſt Thou th' *Importance* of a Soul Immortal?
Behold this Midnight Glory: Worlds on Worlds!
Amazing Pomp! Redouble this Amaze;
Ten thouſand add; add twice Ten thouſand more;
Then weigh the Whole; *One* Soul outweighs them All;

And calls th' aſtoniſhing Magnificence
Of *unintelligent* Creation *poor*.
For This, believe not *me*; no Man believe;
Truſt not in Words, but Deeds; and Deeds no leſs
Than thoſe of the SUPREME; nor His, a Few;
Conſult them *All*; conſulted, All proclaim
Thy Soul's Importance: Tremble at Thyſelf;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd ſo long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for Ages; from the Birth
Of Nature to this *Unbelieving* Hour.
In this ſmall Province of His vaſt Domain
(All *Nature* bow, while I pronounce his Name!)
What has GOD done, and not for *this* ſole End,
To reſcue Souls from Death? The *Soul's high Price*
Is writ in all the Conduct of the Skies.
The *Soul's high Price* is the *Creation's Key*,
Unlocks its Myſteries, and naked lays
The genuine Cauſe of ev'ry Deed divine:
That, is the *Chain of Ages*, which maintains
Their obvious Correſpondence, and unites
Moſt diſtant Periods in One bleſt Deſign:
That, is the *mighty Hinge*, on which have turn'd
All Revolutions, whether we regard
The *Nat'ral*, *Civil*, or *Religious*, World;
The former Two, but Servants to the Third:
To That their Duty done, they Both expire,
Their *Maſs* new-caſt, forgot their *Deeds renown'd*;
And Angels aſk, "*Where once they ſhone ſo fair?*"
To lift us from *this* Abject, to Sublime;
This Flux, to Permanent; this Dark, to Day;
This Foul, to Pure; this Turbid, to Serene;
This Mean, to Mighty!—for *this* glorious End
Th' ALMIGHTY, riſing, his long Sabbath broke:
The World was Made; was Ruin'd; was Reſtor'd;
Laws from the Skies were Publiſh'd; were Repeal'd;

On

On *Earth* Kings, Kingdoms, roſe; Kings, Kingdoms, [fell;
Fam'd Sages lighted up the *Pagan* World;
Prophets from *Sion* darted a keen Glance
Thro' diſtant Age; Saints travell'd; Martyrs bled;
By Wonders ſacred Nature ſtood controul'd;
The Living were tranſlated; Dead were rais'd;
Angels, and *more* than Angels, came from Heaven;
And, oh! for *This*, deſcended lower ſtill;
Gilt was Hell's Gloom; aſtoniſh'd at his Gueſt,
For one ſhort Moment LUCIFER ador'd:
LORENZO! and wilt Thou do leſs?—For *This*,
That *Hallow'd Page*, Fools ſcoff at, was inſpir'd,
Of all theſe Truths thrice-venerable Code!
Deiſts! perform your Quarentine; and then
Fall proſtrate, ere you touch it, leſt you die.
Nor leſs intenſely bant *Infernal* Powers
To mar, than thoſe of *Light*, *this* End to gain.
O what a Scene is Here!—LORENZO! wake;
Riſe to the Thought; exert, expand thy Soul
To take the vaſt Idea: It denies
All *elſe* the Name of Great. Two warring Worlds!
Not *Europe* againſt *Afric*; Warring Worlds,
Of *more* than Mortal! mounted on the Wing!
On ardent Wings of Energy, and Zeal,
High-hov'ring o'er this little Brand of Strife!
This ſublunary Ball—But Strife, for what?
In their own Cauſe conflicting? No; In *Thine*,
In *Man*'s. His *ſingle* Int'reſt blows the Flame;
His the ſole Stake; His Fate the Trumpet ſounds,
Which kindles War Immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous Swarms of Deities in Arms!
Force, Force oppoſing, till the Waves run high,
And tempeſt Nature's univerſal Sphere.
Such Oppoſites Eternal, Stedfaſt, Stern,

Such Foes Implacable, are *Good*, and *Ill*;
Yet Man, vain Man, would mediate Peace between them.
Think not this Fiction. "*There was War in Heaven.*"
From Heav'n's high cryſtal Mountain, where it hung,
Th' ALMIGHTY's out-ſtretcht Arm took down his Bow,
And ſhot his Indignation at the *Deep:*
Re-thunder'd *Hell*, and darted all her Fires.—
And ſeems the Stake of little Moment ſtill?
And ſlumbers *Man*, who ſingly caus'd the Storm?
He ſleeps.—And art Thou ſhockt at *Myſteries?*
The Greateſt, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What Ardor, Care, and Counſel, *Mortals* cauſe
In Breaſts Divine! How little in their own!
Where-e'er I turn, how new *Proofs* pour upon me!
How happily This wond'rous View ſupports
My former Argument! How ſtrongly *ſtrikes*
Immortal Life's full Demonſtration, *Here!*
Why this Exertion? Why this ſtrange Regard
From Heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to Man?—
Becauſe, in Man, the glorious, dreadful Power,
Extremely to be Pain'd, or Bleſt, for *Ever.*
Duration gives Importance; ſwells the Price.
An Angel, if a Creature of a Day,
What would He be? A Trifle of no Weight;
Or Stand, or Fall; no Matter which; He's gone.
Becauſe IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd
This ſtrange Regard of Deities to Duſt.
Hence, Heav'n looks down on Earth with all her Eyes:
Hence, the Soul's mighty Moment in her Sight:
Hence, ev'ry Soul has Partiſans Above,
And ev'ry Thought a Critic in the Skies:
Hence, Clay, vile Clay! has Angels for its Guard,
And ev'ry Guard a Paſſion for his Charge:
Hence, from all Age, the Cabinet divine
Has held high Counſel o'er the Fate of Man.

Nor

Nor have the Clouds thoſe gracious Counſels hid.
Angels undrew the Curtain of the Throne,
And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet Mankind;
In various Modes of Emphaſis and Awe,
He ſpoke his Will, and trembling *Nature* heard;
He ſpoke it loud, in Thunder, and in Storm.
Witneſs, Thou *Sinai!* whoſe Cloud-cover'd Height,
And ſhaken Baſis, own'd the preſent GOD:
Witneſs, ye *Billows!* whoſe returning Tide,
Breaking the Chain that faſten'd it in Air,
Swept *Egypt*, and her Menaces, to Hell:
Witneſs, ye *Flames!* th' *Aſſyrian* Tyrant blew
To ſev'nfold Rage, as Impotent, as Strong:
And Thou, *Earth!* witneſs, whoſe expanding Jaws
Clos'd o'er * *Preſumption*'s ſacrilegious Sons:
Has not each Element, in Turn, ſubſcrib'd
The *Soul's high Price*, and ſworn it to the Wiſe?
Has not Flame, Ocean, Æther, Earthquake, ſtrove
To ſtrike *this Truth*, thro' adamantine Man?
If not All-adamant, LORENZO! hear;
All is Deluſion? *Nature* is wrapt up,
In tenfold Night, from *Reaſon*'s keeneſt Eye;
There's no Conſiſtence, Meaning, Plan, or End,
In all beneath the Sun, in All above,
(As far as Man can penetrate) or Heaven
Is an Immenſe, Ineſtimable Prize;
Or All is Nothing, or that Prize is All.—
And ſhall each *Toy* be ſtill a Match for Heaven?
And full Equivalent for Groans Below?
Who would not give a Trifle to *prevent*
What he would give a Thouſand Worlds to *cure?*
LORENZO! Thou haſt ſeen (if Thine, to ſee)
All *Nature*, and her GOD (by Nature's *Courſe*,
And Nature's Courſe *controul'd*) declare for me:

* *Korah*, &c.

The Skies Above proclaim "*Immortal* Man!"
And, "Man *Immortal!*" all Below reſounds.
The World's a Syſtem of Theology,
Read, by the greateſt Strangers to the Schools;
If *Honeſt*, Learn'd; and *Sages* o'er a Plough.
Is not, LORENZO! then, impos'd on Thee
This hard Alternative; or, to renounce
Thy *Reaſon*, and thy *Senſe*; or, to *Believe?*
What then is *Unbelief?* 'Tis an Exploit;
A ſtrenuous Enterprize: To gain it, Man
Muſt burſt thro' ev'ry Bar of common Senſe,
Of common Shame, magnanimouſly wrong;
And what rewards the ſturdy Combatant?
His Prize, *Repentance*; *Infamy*, his Crown.
But wherefore, *Infamy?*—For want of *Faith*,
Down the ſteep Precipice of *Wrong* He ſlides;
There's nothing to ſupport him in the *Right*.
Faith in the Future wanting, is, at leaſt
In *Embryo*, ev'ry Weakneſs, ev'ry Guilt;
And ſtrong Temptation ripens it to *Birth*.
If *this* Life's Gain invites him to the Deed,
Why not his Country ſold, his Father ſlain?
'Tis Virtue to purſue our Good Supreme;
And his Supreme, his *Only* Good is *Here*.
Ambition, *Av'rice*, by the Wiſe diſdain'd,
Is perfect *Wiſdom*, while Mankind are *Fools*,
And think a Turf, or Tombſtone, covers All:
Theſe find Employment, and provide for *Senſe*
A richer Paſture, and a larger Range;
And *Senſe* by Right divine aſcends the Throne,
When *Virtue*'s Prize and Proſpect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the Will of Heaven.
Would Heav'n quite *beggar* Virtue, if belov'd?
"Has *Virtue* Charms?"—I grant her heav'nly Fair;
But if unportion'd, all will *Int'reſt* wed;

Tho'

Tho' *That* our Admiration, *This* our Choice.
The Virtues grow on *Immortality*;
That Root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire.
A DEITY believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *Puniſhments* make GOD ador'd;
And *Hopes* and *Fears* give *Conſcience* all her Power.
As in the dying Parent dies the Child,
Virtue, with *Immortality*, expires.
Who tells me He denies his Soul Immortal,
Whate'er his Boaſt, has told me, *He's a Knave.*
His *Duty* 'tis, to love Himſelf *alone*;
Nor care tho' Mankind periſh, if He ſmiles.
Who thinks ere-long the Man ſhall *wholly* die,
Is dead already; nought but *Brute* ſurvives.
And are there ſuch?—Such Candidates there are
For *more* than Death; for utter Loſs of Being,
Being, the Baſis of the DEITY!
Aſk you the *Cauſe?*—The Cauſe they will not tell;
Nor *need* they: Oh the Sorceries of *Senſe!*
They work this Transformation on the Soul,
Diſmount her like the Serpent at the Fall,
Diſmount her from her native Wing (which ſoar'd
Ere-while ethereal Heights), and throw her down,
To lick the Duſt, and *crawl*, in ſuch a Thought.
Is it in Words to paint you? O ye Fall'n!
Fall'n from the Wings of *Reaſon*, and of *Hope!*
Erect in Stature, Prone in Appetite!
Patrons of Pleaſure, poſting into Pain!
Lovers of Argument, averſe to Senſe!
Boaſters of Liberty, faſt-bound in Chains!
Lords of the wide Creation, and the Shame!
More *Senſeleſs* than th' *Irrationals* you ſcorn!
More *Baſe* than thoſe you rule! Than thoſe you ſway,
Far more *Undone!* O ye moſt infamous
Of Beings, from Superior Dignity!

Deepeſt in Woe from Means of boundleſs Bliſs!
Ye curſt by Bleſſings infinite! Becauſe
Moſt highly favour'd, moſt profoundly loſt!
Ye motly Maſs of *Contradiction* ſtrong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your Souls fly off
In Exhalation ſoft, and die in Air,
From the full Flood of Evidence *againſt* you?
In the coarſe Drudgeries, and Sinks of *Senſe*,
Your Souls have quite worn out the Make of Heaven,
By Vice new-caſt, and Creatures of your own:
But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *deſtroy*;
To *curſe*, not *uncreate*, is all your Power.
LORENZO! this black Brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. *Evremont*, and read St. *Paul*.
Ere rapt by Miracle, by *Reaſon* wing'd,
His mounting Mind made long Abode in Heaven.
This is *Freethinking*, unconfin'd to *Parts*,
To ſend the Soul, on curious Travel bent,
Thro' all the Provinces of Human Thought;
To dart her Flight, thro' the whole Sphere of Man;
Of this vaſt Univerſe to make the Tour;
In each Receſs of *Space* and *Time*, at Home;
Familiar with their Wonders; diving deep;
And, like a Prince of boundleſs Int'reſts *There*,
Still moſt ambitious of the moſt Remote;
To look on *Truth* unbroken, and intire;
Truth in the *Syſtem*, the full Orb; where Truths
By Truths enlighten'd, and ſuſtain'd, afford
An arch-like, ſtrong Foundation, to ſupport
Th' incumbent Weight of abſolute, complete
Conviction; Here, the more we preſs, we ſtand
More Firm; Who moſt *Examine* moſt *Believe*.
Parts, like Half-ſentences, confound; the *Whole*
Conveys the Senſe, and GOD is underſtood;

Who

Who not in *Fragments* writes to Human Race:
Read his *whole* Volume, Sceptic! then Reply.
This, This, is *Thinking-free,* a Thought that graſps
Beyond a Grain, and looks beyond an Hour.
Turn up thine Eye, ſurvey this Midnight Scene;
What are Earth's Kingdoms, to yon boundleſs Orbs,
Of human Souls, one Day, the deſtin'd Range?
And what yon boundleſs Orbs, to Godlike *Man?*
Thoſe num'rous Worlds that throng the Firmanent,
And aſk more Space in Heav'n, can roll at large
In *Man*'s capacious Thought, and ſtill leave Room
For ampler Orbs; for *new* Creations, There.
Can *ſuch* a Soul contract itſelf, to gripe
A Point of no Dimenſion, of no Weight?
It can; it does: The World is ſuch a Point:
And, of *that* Point, how *ſmall* a Part enſlaves!
How ſmall a Part—of *Nothing,* ſhall I ſay?
Why not?—*Friends,* our *chief* Treaſure! How they drop!
LUCIA, NARCISSA fair, PHILANDER, gone!
The *Grave,* like fabl'd *Cerberus,* has op'd
A triple Mouth; and, in an aweful Voice,
Loud calls my Soul, and utters All I ſing.
How the World falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a Ruin of our Joy!
What ſays this *Tranſportation* of my Friends?
It bids me love the Place where *now* they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched Spot, they leave ſo Poor.
Eternity's vaſt *Ocean* lies before thee;
There, There, LORENZO! thy CLARISSA ſails.
Give thy Mind Sea-room; keep it wide of *Earth,*
That Rock of Souls *immortal*; cut thy Cord;
Weigh Anchor; ſpread thy Sails; call ev'ry Wind;
Eye thy *Great Pole-ſtar*; make the Land of Life.
Two Kinds of Life has *double-natur'd* Man,
And Two of Death; the *Laſt* far more ſevere.

Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the Sun;
Thrives on his Bounties, triumphs in his Beams.
Life *rational* ſubſiſts on higher Food,
Triumphant in *His* Beams, who made the Day.
When we leave *that* Sun, and are left by *this*,
(The Fate of all who die in ſtubborn Guilt)
'Tis *utter* Darkneſs; ſtrictly *Double* Death.
We ſink by no *Judicial* Stroke of Heaven,
But Nature's *Courſe*; as ſure as Plumbets fall.
Since GOD, or Man, muſt alter, ere they meet,
(Since Light and Darkneſs blend not in one Sphere)
'Tis manifeſt, LORENZO! *who* muſt change.
If, then, that *Double Death* ſhould prove thy Lot,
Blame not the Bowels of the DEITY;
Man ſhall be bleſt, as far as Man *permits*.
Not Man alone, all *Rationals*, Heav'n arms
With an Illuſtrious, but Tremendous, Power
To counter-act Its own moſt gracious Ends;
And this, of ſtrict Neceſſity, not Choice:
That Pow'r deny'd, *Men*, *Angels*, were no more,
But paſſive Engines, void of Praiſe, or Blame.
A Nature *Rational* implies the Power
Of being bleſt, or wretched, as we pleaſe;
Elſe idle *Reaſon* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd Capacity
Of Pain, courts Incapacity of Bliſs.
Heav'n *wills* our Happineſs, *allows* our Doom;
Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;
Heav'n but *perſuades*, Almighty Man *decrees*;
Man is the Maker of Immortal Fates.
Man falls by Man, if finally He falls;
And fall He *muſt*, who learns from *Death* alone,
The dreadful Secret,—That he *lives* for Ever.
Why *This* to thee? Thee yet, perhaps, in Doubt
Of Second Life? But wherefore doubtful ſtill?

Eternal

Eternal Life is Nature's ardent Wiſh:
What ardently we wiſh, we *ſoon* believe;
Thy *tardy* Faith declares that Wiſh deſtroy'd:
What has deſtroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee, What?
When *fear'd the Future*, 'tis no longer wiſht;
And, when Unwiſht, we *ſtrive* to Diſbelieve.
"*Thus Infidelity our Guilt betrays.*"
Nor that the *ſole* Detection! Bluſh, LORENZO!
Bluſh for Hypocriſy, if not for Guilt.
The *Future fear'd?*—an *Infidel*, and fear?
Fear what? a *Dream?* a *Fable?*—How thy Dread,
Unwilling Evidence, and therefore *Strong*,
Affords my Cauſe an undeſign'd Support?
How *Diſbelief* affirms, what It denies?
"*It, unawares, aſſerts Immortal Life.*"—
Surpriſing! *Infidelity* turns out
A *Creed*, and a *Confeſſion of our Sins:*
Apoſtates, *thus*, are Orthodox Divines.
LORENZO! with LORENZO claſh no more:
Nor longer a *Tranſparent* Vizor wear.
Think'ſt Thou, RELIGION *only* has her Maſk?
Our Infidels are *Satan*'s Hypocrites,
Pretend the Worſt, and, at the Bottom, *fail.*
When viſited by Thought (Thought *will* intrude),
Like Him they ſerve, They *tremble*, and *believe.*
Is there Hypocriſy ſo foul as This?
So fatal to the Welfare of the World?
What *Deteſtation*, what *Contempt*, their Due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their Eſcape
That Chriſtian Candor they *ſtrive* hard to ſcorn.
If not for that Aſylum, they might find
A Hell on *Earth*; nor 'ſcape a worſe *Below.*
With Inſolence, and Impotence of Thought,
Inſtead of racking Fancy, to *refute*,
Reform thy Manners, and the Truth *enjoy.*—

But ſhall I dare confeſs the dire Reſult?
Can thy proud *Reaſon* brook ſo black a Brand?
From *purer Manners*, to *ſublimer Faith*,
Is Nature's unavoidable Aſcent;
An *honeſt* Deiſt, where the Goſpel ſhines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the *Chriſtian* ends.
When that bleſt Change arrives, e'en caſt aſide
This Song ſuperfluous; *Life immortal* ſtrikes
Conviction, in a Flood of Light *Divine*.
A *Chriſtian* dwells, like * URIEL, in the Sun.
Meridian Evidence puts *Doubt* to Flight;
And ardent *Hope* anticipates the Skies.
Of *that* bright Sun, LORENZO! ſcale the Sphere;
'Tis eaſy; It invites thee; It deſcends
From Heav'n to woce, and waft thee whence It came:
Read and revere the *Sacred Page*; a Page
Where triumphs *Immortality*; a Page
Which not the whole *Creation* could produce;
Which not the *Conflagration* ſhall deſtroy;
In Nature's Ruins not one Letter loſt:
'Tis printed in the Mind of Gods for ever.
In proud Diſdain of what e'en Gods adore,
Doſt ſmile?—Poor Wretch! thy Guardian Angel weeps.
Angels, and *Men*, aſſent to what I ſing;
Wits ſmile, and thank me for my *Midnight Dream*.
How vicious Hearts fume Phrenſy to the Brain!
Parts puſh us on to Pride, and Pride to Shame;
Pert *Infidelity* is *Wit*'s Cockade,
To grace the brazen Brow that braves the Skies,
By *Loſs of Being*, dreadfully ſecure.
LORENZO! if *thy* Doctrine wins the Day,
And drives my Dreams, defeated, from the Field;
If *This* is All, if Earth a *final* Scene,
Take heed; ſtand faſt; be ſure to be a *Knave*;

* *Milton.*

A Knave

A Knave in Grain! ne'er deviate to the *Right:*
Shouldſt thou be *Good*—How infinite thy Loſs!
Guilt only makes *Annihilation* Gain.
Bleſt Scheme! which Life deprives of *Comfort*, Death
Of *Hope*; and which VICE *only*, recommends.
If ſo; *where*, Infidels! your Bait thrown out
To catch weak Converts? *Where* your lofty Boaſt
Of *Zeal for Virtue*, and of *Love to Man?*
ANNIHILATION! I confeſs, in *Theſe.*
What can *Reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philoſophers the Converts of a *Song?*
Yet know, *Its* * *Title* flatters *you*, not *me*;
Yours be the Praiſe to make *my* Title good;
Mine, to bleſs Heav'n, and triumph in *your* Praiſe.
But ſince ſo Peſtilential your Diſeaſe,
Tho' ſov'reign is the Med'cine I preſcribe,
As yet, I'll neither Triumph, nor Deſpair:
But hope, ere long, my *Midnight Dream* will wake
Your Hearts, and teach your *Wiſdom*—to be wiſe:
For why ſhould Souls Immortal, made for Bliſs,
E'er wiſh (and wiſh in vain!) that Souls could die?
What ne'er *can* die, Oh! grant to *live*; and crown
The Wiſh, and Aim, and Labour of the Skies;
Increaſe, and *enter* on the Joys of Heaven:
Thus ſhall my Title paſs a *ſacred* Seal,
Receive an *Imprimatur* from Above,
While Angels ſhout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd!*
To cloſe, LORENZO! Spite of all my Pains,
Still ſeems it ſtrange, that Thou ſhouldſt live *for ever?*
Is it *leſs* ſtrange, that Thou ſhouldſt live *at all?*
This is a Miracle; and *That* no more.
Who gave Beginning, can exclude an End.
Deny Thou *art:* Then, doubt if Thou *ſhalt be.*
A Miracle with Miracles inclos'd,

* The Infidel Reclaimed.

Is Man: And ſtarts his Faith at what is *Strange?*
What leſs than Wonders, from the *Wonderful*;
What leſs than Miracles, from GOD, can flow?
Admit a GOD—that Myſtery Supreme!
That Cauſe uncaus'd! All other Wonders ceaſe;
Nothing is Marvellous for *Him* to do:
Deny Him—all is Myſtery beſides;
Millions of Myſteries! *Each* Darker far,
Than *That* thy Wiſdom would, unwiſely, ſhun.
If *weak* thy Faith, why chuſe the Harder Side?
We nothing *know*, but what is Marvellous;
Yet what is Marvellous, we can't *believe*.
So weak our *Reaſon*, and ſo Great our GOD,
What moſt ſurpriſes in the *Sacred Page*,
Or full as Strange, or Stranger, *muſt* be True.
Faith is not *Reaſon*'s Labour, but Repoſe.

To *Faith*, and *Virtue*, why ſo backward, Man?
From Hence:—The *Preſent* ſtrongly ſtrikes us All;
The *Future*, faintly: Can we, then, be *Men?*
If Men, LORENZO! the *Reverſe* is Right.
Reaſon is Man's Peculiar: *Senſe*, the Brute's.
The *Preſent* is the Scanty Realm of *Senſe*;
The *Future*, *Reaſon*'s Empire unconfin'd:
On *That* expending all her Godlike Power,
She Plans, Provides, Expatiates, Triumphs, *there*;
There, builds her *Bleſſings!* There, expects her *Praiſe*;
And nothing aſks of *Fortune*, or of *Men*.
And what is *Reaſon?* Be ſhe, thus, defin'd;
Reaſon is *Upright Stature* in the *Soul*.
Oh! be a *Man*;—and ſtrive to be a *God*.

"For what? (Thou ſayſt): To damp the Joys of Life?"
No; to give *Heart* and *Subſtance* to thy Joys.
That Tyrant, *Hope*, mark, how ſhe domineers;
She bids us quit Realities, for Dreams;
Safety, and Peace, for Hazard, and Alarm;

That

That Tyrant o'er the Tyrants of the Soul,
She bids *Ambition* quit its taken Prize,
Spurn the luxuriant Branch on which *It* ſits,
Tho' bearing Crowns, to ſpring at *diſtant* Game;
And plunge in Toils and Dangers—for Repoſe.
If *Hope* precarious, and of Things, when gain'd,
Of Little Moment, and as Little Stay,
Can ſweeten Toils and Dangers into Joys;
What then, *That* Hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our Leave unaſk'd? Rich Hope of boundleſs Bliſs!
Bliſs, paſt *Man*'s Pow'r to paint it; *Time*'s, to cloſe!
This Hope is Earth's moſt eſtimable Prize:
This is Man's Portion, while no more than Man:
Hope, of all Paſſions, moſt befriends us *Here*;
Paſſions of Prouder Name befriend us leſs.
Joy has her *Tears*; and *Tranſport* has her *Death*;
Hope, like a Cordial, innocent, tho' ſtrong,
Man's Heart, at once, *inſpirits*, and *ſerenes*;
Nor makes him pay his Wiſdom for his Joys:
'Tis All, our preſent State can *ſafely* bear,
Health to the Frame! and Vigour to the Mind!
A Joy attemper'd! a *chaſtis'd* Delight!
Like the fair Summer-Ev'ning, mild, and ſweet!
'Tis Man's full Cup; his Paradiſe Below!
A bleſt Hereafter, *then*, or Hop'd, or Gain'd,
Is All;—our *Whole* of Happineſs: Full Proof,
I choſe no trivial or inglorious *Theme*.
And know, ye Foes to Song! (well-meaning Men,
Tho' quite forgotten * Half your *Bible*'s Praiſe!)
Important Truths, in ſpite of *Verſe*, may pleaſe:
Grave Minds you praiſe; nor can you praiſe too much:
If there is Weight in an ETERNITY,
Let the *Grave* liſten;—and be *graver* ſtill.

* The poetical Parts of it.

NIGHT

NIGHT the EIGHTH.

VIRTUE's APOLOGY;

OR,

The MAN *of the* WORLD *Answered.*

In which are Considered,

The LOVE *of* This LIFE;

The AMBITION *and* PLEASURE, *with the* WIT *and* WISDOM, *of the* WORLD.

AND has all Nature, then, espous'd my Part?
Have I brib'd Heav'n, and Earth, to plead against
And is thy Soul *Immortal?*—What remains? [thee?
All, All, LORENZO; Make Immortal, Blest.
Unblest Immortals! What can shock us more?
And yet LORENZO still affects *the World*;
There, stows his Treasure; Thence, his Title draws,
Man of the World! (for such wouldst thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious Style?
Proud of Reproach? For a Reproach it *was*,
In antient Days; and CHRISTIAN,—in an Age,
When Men were Men, and not asham'd of Heaven,
Fir'd their Ambition, as it crown'd their Joy.
Sprinkled with Dews from the *Castalian* Font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer Spirit, and a nobler Name.

Thy

Thy fond Attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my Path, and dictate to my Song:
To Thee, *the World how Fair!* How ſtrongly ſtrikes
Ambition! and gay *Pleaſure* ſtronger ſtill!
Thy Triple Bane! the Triple Bolt, that lays
Thy Virtue dead! Be *Theſe* my Triple Theme;
Nor ſhall thy *Wit* or *Wiſdom*, be forgot.
Common the Theme; not ſo the Song; if She
My Song invokes, URANIA, deigns to ſmile.
The Charm that chains us to the World, her Foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the *Man of Earth*, at once,
Starts from his Trance, and ſighs for other Scenes;
Scenes, where theſe Sparks of Night, theſe *Stars*, ſhall
Unnumber'd Suns (for all Things, as they *are*, [ſhine
The Bleſt behold); and, in one Glory, pour
Their blended Blaze on Man's aſtoniſht Sight;
A Blaze,—the leaſt illuſtrious Object *There*.
LORENZO! ſince *Eternal* is at Hand,
To ſwallow *Time*'s Ambitions; as the vaſt
Leviathan, the Bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming Billow; what avail
High Titles, high Deſcent, Attainments high,
If unattain'd our *Higheſt*? O LORENZO!
What lofty Thoughts, theſe Elements above,
What tow'ring Hopes, what Sallies from the Sun,
What grand Surveys of Deſtiny divine,
And pompous Preſage of unfathom'd Fate,
Should roll in Boſoms, where a Spirit burns,
Bound for Eternity! In Boſoms read
By *Him*, who Foibles in Archangels ſees!
On human Hearts *He* bends a jealous Eye,
And marks, and in Heav'n's Regiſter inrolls,
The Riſe, and Progreſs, of each Option there;
Sacred to Doomſday! *That* the Page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the Gaze of Gods and Men.

And what an Option, O LORENZO! thine?
This World! and This, unrivall'd by the Skies!
A World, where Luſt of *Pleaſure*, *Grandeur*, *Gold*,
Three *Dæmons* that divide its Realms between them,
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's reſtleſs Heart, their Sport, their flying Ball;
Till, with the giddy Circle, ſick, and tir'd,
It pants for Peace, and drops into Deſpair.
Such is the World LORENZO ſets above
That glorious *Promiſe* Angels were eſteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a Promiſe, their *Ador'd*
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By Counſel, Miracle, Life, Death, on Man.
Such is the World LORENZO's Wiſdom wooes,
And on its thorny Pillow ſeeks Repoſe;
A Pillow, which, like Opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary Mind with gay Chimæras,
All the wild Traſh of Sleep, without the Reſt;
What *unfeign'd* Travel, and what Dreams of Joy!
How frail, Men, Things! How momentary, Both!
Fantaſtic Chace, of Shadows hunting Shades!
The *Gay*, the *Buſy*, equal, tho' unlike;
Equal in Wiſdom, differently wiſe!
Thro' flow'ry Meadows, and thro' dreary Waſtes,
One Buſtling, and One Dancing, into Death.
There's not a Day, but, to the Man of Thought,
Betrays ſome Secret, that throws new Reproach
On Life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The Scenes of *Buſ'neſs* tell us—"What are Men;"
The Scenes of *Pleaſure*—"What is all beſide:"
There, Others we deſpiſe; and *Here*, Ourſelves.
Amid *Diſguſt* eternal, dwells Delight?
'Tis *Approbation* ſtrikes the String of Joy.

What

What wondrous Prize has kindled this Career,
Stuns with the Din, and choaks us with the Duſt,
On Life's gay Stage, one Inch above the Grave?
The *Proud* run up and down in queſt of Eyes;
The *Senſual*, in purſuit of ſomething worſe:
The *Grave*, of Gold, the *Politic*, of Power;
And All, of other Butterflies, as vain!
As Eddies draw Things frivolous, and light,
How is Man's Heart by *Vanity* drawn in;
On the ſwift Circle of returning Toys,
Whirl'd, Straw-like, round and round, and then in-
Where gay Deluſion darkens to Deſpair! [gulph'd,
"*This is a beaten Track.*"—Is This a Track
Should *not* be beaten? Never beat enough,
Till enough learnt the Truths it would inſpire.
Shall Truth be ſilent, becauſe Folly *frowns?*
Turn the World's Hiſtory; what find we there,
But *Fortune*'s Sports, or *Nature*'s cruel Claims,
Or *Woman*'s Artifice, or *Man*'s Revenge,
And endleſs Inhumanities on Man?
Fame's Trumpet ſeldom ſounds, but, like the Knell,
It brings bad Tidings: How it hourly blows
Man's Miſadventures round the liſt'ning World!
Man is the Tale of narrative old *Time*;
Sad Tale; which high as *Paradiſe* begins;
As if, the Toil of Travel to delude,
From Stage to Stage, in his eternal Round,
The *Days*, his Daughters, as they ſpin our Hours
On *Fortune*'s Wheel, where Accident unthought
Oft, in a Moment, ſnaps Life's ſtrongeſt Thread,
Each, in her Turn, ſome Tragic Story tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched Farce between;
And fills his Chronicle with human Woes.
Time's Daughters, True as thoſe of Men; deceive us;
Not One, but puts ſome Cheat on all Mankind:

While

While in their *Father*'s Boſom, not yet *Ours*,
They flatter our fond Hopes; and promiſe much
Of Amiable; but hold *him* not o'er-wiſe,
Who dares to truſt them; and laugh round the Year,
At ſtill-confiding, ſtill-confounded, Man;
Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by Trial, unconvinc'd by Proof,
And Ever-looking for the Never-ſeen.
Life to the laſt, like harden'd Felons, lyes;
Nor owns itſelf a Cheat, till it expires.
Its little Joys go out by One and One,
And leave poor Man, at length, in perfect Night;
Night darker, than what, *now*, involves the Pole.
O THOU, who doſt permit theſe Ills to fall,
For gracious Ends, and wouldſt that Man ſhould mourn!
O THOU, whoſe Hands this goodly Fabric fram'd,
Who know'ſt it beſt, and wouldſt that Man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary World? A Vapour;
A Vapour all it holds; itſelf, a Vapour,
From the damp Bed of Chaos, by thy Beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd Hour
In ambient Air, then melt, and diſappear.
Earth's Days are number'd, nor remote her Doom;
As Mortal, tho' leſs Tranſient, than her Sons;
Yet they doat on her, as the World and They
Were both Eternal, Solid; THOU, a Dream.
They doat, on What? *Immortal Views* apart,
A Region of Outſides! a Land of Shadows!
A fruitful Field of flow'ry Promiſes!
A Wilderneſs of Joys! perplext with Doubts,
And ſharp with Thorns! A troubled *Ocean*, ſpread
With bold Adventurers, their *All* on Board;
No ſecond Hope, if here their Fortune frowns;
Frown ſoon it *muſt*. Of various Rates they ſail,
Of Enſigns various; All alike in This,

All

All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt with Hopes and Fears,
In calmeſt Skies; obnoxious All to Storm!
And ſtormy the moſt gen'ral Blaſt of Life:
All bound for Happineſs; yet Few provide
The Chart of *Knowlege*, pointing where it lies;
Or *Virtue*'s Helm, to ſhape the Courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious Fate lament,
Now lifted by the Tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their Wiſhes, than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual Hurt, by Guſts of Paſſion driven,
And ſuff'ring more from Folly, than from Fate.

Ocean! Thou dreadful and tumultuous Home
Of Dangers, at eternal War with Man!
Death's Capital, where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen *Terrors* frowning round,
(Tho' lately feaſted high at * *Albion*'s Coſt)
Wide op'ning, and loud-roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful Mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy Face of human Life!
The ſtrong Reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, *Britain* may be deeper ſtruck
By *moral Truth*, in ſuch a Mirror ſeen,
Which Nature holds for ever at her Eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in Hope,
When *Young*, with ſanguine Chear, and Streamers gay,
We cut our Cable, launch into the World,
And fondly dream each Wind and Star our Friend;
All, in ſome darling Enterprize embarkt:
But where is he can fathom its Event?
Amid a Multitude of artleſs Hands,
Ruin's ſure Perquiſite! her lawful Prize!
Some ſteer aright; but the black Blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of Hope: With Hearts of Proof

* Admiral *Balchen*, &c.

Full

Full againſt Wind and Tide, *ſome* win their Way;
And when ſtrong Effort has deſerv'd the Port,
And tugg'd it into View, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
Tho' ſtrong their Oar, ſtill ſtronger is their Fate:
They ſtrike; and, while they Triumph, they Expire.
In Streſs of Weather, *Moſt*; *Some* ſink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their Names, the Billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were ever Born.
Others a ſhort Memorial leave behind,
Like a Flag floating, when the Bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a Moment, and is ſeen no more:
One CÆSAR lives; a Thouſand are forgot.
How Few, beneath auſpicious Planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's Elect!)
With ſwelling Sails make good the promis'd Port,
With all their Wiſhes freighted! Yet ev'n Theſe,
Freighted with all their Wiſhes, ſoon complain;
Free from Misfortune, not from Nature free,
They ſtill are Men; and when is Man ſecure?
As fatal *Time*, as *Storm!* the Ruſh of Years
Beats down their Strength; their numberleſs Eſcapes
In Ruin end: And, now, their proud Succeſs
But plants *new* Terrors on the Victor's Brow:
What Pain to quit the World, juſt made their own,
Their Neſt ſo deeply down'd, and built ſo high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the Stars.
Woe then apart (if Woe apart can be
From mortal Man), and Fortune at our Nod,
The Gay! Rich! Great! Triumphant! and Auguſt!
What are they?—The *moſt* happy (ſtrange to ſay!)
Convince *me* moſt of human Miſery:
What are they? Smiling Wretches of *To-morrow!*
More wretched, *then*, than e'er their Slave *can* be;
Their treach'rous Bleſſings, at the Day of Need,
Like other faithleſs Friends, unmaſk, and ſting:

Then

Then, what provoking Indigence in Wealth!
What aggravated Impotence in Power!
High Titles, *then*, what Inſult of their Pain!
If that ſole Anchor, equal to the Waves,
Immortal Hope! defies not the rude Storm,
Takes Comfort from the foaming Billow's Rage,
And makes a welcome Harbour of the Tomb.
Is this a *Sketch* of what thy Soul admires?
"But here (thou ſayſt) the Miſeries of Life
"Are huddled in a Group. A more diſtinct
"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better News."
Look on Life's Stages: They ſpeak plainer ſtill;
The plainer They, the deeper wilt Thou ſigh.
Look on thy lovely Boy; in him behold
The Beſt that can befal the beſt on Earth;
The Boy has Virtue by his *Mother*'s Side:
Yes, on FLORELLO look: A *Father*'s Heart
Is tender, tho' the *Man*'s is made of Stone;
The Truth, thro' ſuch a Medium ſeen, may make
Impreſſion deep, and Fondneſs prove thy Friend.
FLORELLO lately caſt on this rude Coaſt
A helpleſs Infant; now a heedleſs Child;
To poor CLARISSA's Throes, thy Care ſucceeds;
Care full of Love, and yet ſevere as Hate!
O'er thy Soul's Joy how oft thy Fondneſs frowns!
Needful Auſterities his Will reſtrain;
As Thorns fence in the tender Plant from Harm.
As yet, his *Reaſon* cannot go alone;
But aſks a ſterner Nurſe to lead it on.
His little Heart is often terrify'd;
The Bluſh of Morning, in his Cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly Dew-drop trembles in his Eye;
His harmleſs Eye! and drowns an Angel there.
Ah! what avails his Innocence? The Taſk
Injoin'd muſt diſcipline his early Powers;

He

He learns to ſigh, ere he is known to ſin;
Guiltleſs, and ſad! A Wretch before the Fall!
How cruel this! More cruel to forbear.
Our *Nature* ſuch, with *neceſſary* Pains,
We purchaſe Proſpects of *precarious* Peace:
Tho' not a *Father*, This might ſteal a Sigh.
Suppoſe him diſciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor Account to poorer ſtill);
Ripe from the Tutor, proud of Liberty,
He leaps Incloſure, bounds into the World;
The World is taken, after Ten Years Toil,
Like antient *Troy*; and all its Joys his own.
Alas! the World's a Tutor more ſevere;
Its Leſſons hard, and ill deſerve his Pains;
Unteaching All his virtuous Nature taught,
Or Books (fair Virtue's Advocates!) inſpir'd.
For who receives him into public Life?
Men of the World, the Terræ-filial Breed,
Welcome the modeſt Stranger to their Sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at Diſtance, in his Sight)
And, in their hoſpitable Arms, incloſe:
Men, who think nought ſo ſtrong of the Romance,
So rank Knight-errant, as a Real Friend:
Men, that act up to *Reaſon*'s Golden Rule,
All Weakneſs of *Affection* quite ſubdu'd:
Men, that would bluſh at being *thought* ſincere,
And feign, for Glory, the *few* Faults they want;
That love a Lye, where Truth would pay as well;
As if, to Them, *Vice* ſhone her own Reward.
LORENZO! canſt thou bear a ſhocking Sight?
Such, for FLORELLO's Sake, 'twill now appear:
See, the ſteel'd Files of ſeaſon'd Veterans,
Train'd to the World, in burniſh'd Falſhood bright;
Deep in the fatal Stratagems of Peace;
All ſoft Senſation, in the Throng, rubb'd off;

All their keen Purpoſe, in Politeneſs, ſheath'd;
His Friends eternal—during Intereſt;
His Foes implacable—when worth their while;
At War with ev'ry Welfare, but their own;
As wiſe as LUCIFER; and half as good;
And by whom none, but LUCIFER, can gain—
Naked, thro' Theſe (ſo common Fate ordains),
Naked of Heart, his cruel Courſe he runs,
Stung out of All, moſt amiable in Life,
Prompt Truth, and open Thought, and Smiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his Species, wide diffus'd;
Noble Preſumptions to Mankind's Renown;
Ingenuous Truſt, and Confidence of Love.

Theſe Claims to Joy (if Mortals Joy might claim)
Will coſt him many a Sigh; till Time, and Pains,
From the ſlow Miſtreſs of this School, *Experience*,
And her Aſſiſtant, pauſing, pale, *Diſtruſt*,
Purchaſe a dear-bought Clue to lead his Youth
Thro' ſerpentine Obliquities of Life,
And the dark Labyrinth of human Hearts.
And happy! if the Clue ſhall come ſo cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with Public Guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul Contagion too,
If leſs than heav'nly Virtue is our Guard.
Thus, a ſtrange Kind of curſt Neceſſity
Brings down the ſterling Temper of his Soul,
By baſe Alloy, to bear the Current Stamp,
Below call'd Wiſdom; ſinks him into Safety;
And brands him into Credit with the *World*;
Where ſpecious Titles dignify Diſgrace;
And Nature's Injuries are Arts of Life;
Where brighter Reaſon prompts to bolder Crimes;
And Heav'nly Talents make Infernal Hearts;
That unſurmountable Extreme of Guilt!

Poor MACHIAVEL! who labour'd hard his Plan,
Forgot, that Genius need not go to School;
Forgot, that Man, without a Tutor wiſe,
His Plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ.
The World's all *Title-page*, there's no *Contents*;
The World's all *Face*; the Man who ſhews his *Heart*,
Is whooted for his Nudities, and ſcorn'd.
A Man I knew, who liv'd upon a Smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankeſt Venom foam'd thro' every Vein.
LORENZO! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry *Fool* alive;
And, Dying, curs'd the *Friend* on whom he liv'd.
To ſuch Proficients thou art half a Saint.
In foreign Realms (for thou haſt travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two State-Rooks,
Studious their Neſts to feather in a Trice,
With all the *Necromantics* of their Art,
Playing the Game of *Faces* on each other,
Making Court Sweet-meats of their latent Gall,
In fooliſh Hope, to ſteal each other's Truſt;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, ſometimes, both (let Earth rejoice) undone!
Their Parts we doubt not; but be That their Shame;
Shall Men of Talents, fit to rule Mankind,
Stoop to mean Wiles, that would diſgrace a Fool?
And loſe the Thanks of thoſe few Friends they ſerve?
For who can thank the Man, he cannot *ſee*?
Why ſo much Cover? It defeats itſelf.
Ye, that know all Things! know ye not, Mens Hearts
Are therefore known, *becauſe* they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The Cauſe they need not tell.
I give him Joy, that's aukward at a Lye;
Whoſe feeble Nature *Truth* keeps ſtill in Awe;
His Incapacity is his Renown.

'Tis Great, 'tis Manly, to diſdain *Diſguiſe*;
It ſhews our Spirit, or it proves our Strength.
Thou ſay'ſt, 'Tis *needful*: Is it therefore *right*?
Howe'er, I grant it ſome ſmall Sign of Grace,
To ſtrain at an Excuſe: And wouldſt thou then
Eſcape that cruel *Need*? Thou may'ſt, with Eaſe;
Think no Poſt *needful* that demands a Knave.
When late our Civil Helm was ſhifting Hands,
So P—— thought: Think better, if you can.
But This, how rare! the public Path of Life
Is dirty:—Yet, allow that Dirt its Due,
It makes the Noble Mind more noble ſtill:
The World's no Neuter; it will wound, or ſave;
Our Virtue quench, or Indignation fire.
You ſay; the World, well-known, will make a *Man*:
The World, well-known, will give our Hearts to Heaven,
Or make us *Dæmons*, long before we Die.
To ſhew how fair the World, *thy* Miſtreſs, ſhines,
Take *either* Part, ſure Ills attend the Choice;
Sure, tho' not equal, Detriment enſues.
Not *Virtue*'s Self is Deify'd on Earth;
Virtue has her Relapſes, Conflicts, Foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their Hate.
Virtue has her peculiar Set of Pains.
True; Friends to Virtue, *laſt*, and *leaſt*, complain;
But if They Sigh, can Others hope to Smile?
If *Wiſdom* has her Miſeries to mourn,
How can poor *Folly* lead a happy Life?
And if *Both* ſuffer, what has Earth to boaſt,
Where he *moſt* Happy, who the *leaſt* Laments?
Where *much*, *much* Patience, the moſt envy'd State,
And *ſome* Forgiveneſs, needs, the beſt of Friends?
For Friend, or happy Life, who looks not higher,
Of neither ſhall he find the Shadow *here*.

The World's ſworn Advocate, without a Fee,
LORENZO ſmartly, with a Smile, replies;
" Thus far thy Song is right; and All muſt own,
" Virtue *has her peculiar Set of Pains.*—
" And Joys peculiar who to *Vice* denies?
" If Vice it is, with Nature to comply:
" If *Pride*, and *Senſe*, are ſo predominant,
" To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a Saint,
" Can Nature in a plainer Voice proclaim
" *Pleaſure*, and *Glory*, the Chief Good of Man?"
Can *Pride*, and *Senſuality*, rejoice?
From Purity of Thought, all *Pleaſure* ſprings;
And, from an humble Spirit, all our *Peace*.
Ambition, *Pleaſure*! let us talk of Theſe:
Of Theſe, the PORCH, and ACADEMY, talk'd;
Of Theſe, each following Age had much to ſay;
Yet unexhauſted, ſtill, the needful Theme.
Who talks of *Theſe*, to Mankind all at once
He talks; for where the Saint from either free?
Are theſe thy Refuge?—No; Theſe ruſh upon thee;
Thy Vitals ſeize, and, *Vultur*-like, devour:
I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy Rock,
PROMETHEUS! from this barren Ball of Earth;
If *Reaſon* can unchain thee, thou art free.
And, firſt, thy *Caucaſus*, Ambition calls;
Mountain of Torments! Eminence of Woes!
Of courted Woes! and courted thro' Miſtake!
Tis not Ambition charms thee; 'tis a Cheat
Will make thee ſtart, as *H*—— at his *Moor*.
Doſt graſp at Greatneſs? Firſt, know what it is:
Think'ſt thou thy Greatneſs in *Diſtinction* lies?
Not in the Feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
By Fortune *ſtuck*, to mark us from the Throng,
Is Glory lodg'd: 'Tis lodg'd in the Reverſe;
In that which joins, in that which equals, All,

The Monarch, and his Slave;—" A Deathleſs Soul,
" Unbounded Proſpect, and Immortal Kin,
" A Father God, and Brothers in the Skies;"
Elder, indeed, in Time; but leſs remote
In Excellence, perhaps, than thought by Man;
Why greater What can Fall, than What can Riſe?
If ſtill delirious, now, LORENZO! go;
And with thy full-blown Brothers of the *World*,
Throw Scorn around thee; caſt it on thy Slaves;
Thy Slaves, and Equals: How Scorn caſt on Them
Rebounds on Thee! If Man is mean, as Man,
Art thou a God? If *Fortune* makes him ſo,
Beware the Conſequence: A Maxim That,
Which draws a monſtrous Picture of Mankind,
Where, in the Drapery, the *Man* is loſt;
Externals flutt'ring, and the Soul forgot.
Thy greateſt Glory, when diſpos'd to boaſt,
Boaſt *That* aloud, in which thy Servants ſhare.
We wiſely ſtrip the Steed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their Capariſons, of *Men?*
It nought avails thee, *Where*, but *What*, thou art;
All the Diſtinctions of this little Life
Are quite Cutaneous, foreign to the Man. [creep,
When, thro' Death's Streights, *Earth*'s ſubtle Serpents
Which wriggle into Wealth, or climb Renown,
As crooked *Satan* the Forbidden Tree,
They leave their party-colour'd Robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen Creſts, and hiſs at us below.
Of Fortune's *Fucus* ſtrip them, yet alive;
Strip them of Body, too; nay, cloſer ſtill,
Away with all, but *Moral*, in their Minds;
And let, what then remains, impoſe their Name,
Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy; Great, or Mean.
How mean that Snuff of Glory *Fortune* lights,

And

And *Death* puts out! Doſt Thou demand a Teſt,
A Teſt, at once, infallible, and ſhort,
Of *real* Greatneſs? That Man Greatly lives,
Whate'er his Fate, or Fame, who Greatly dies;
High-fluſh'd with Hope, where Heroes ſhall deſpair.
If *This* a true Criterion, Many Courts,
Illuſtrious, might afford but few Grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his Throne, on Earth ſurveys
Nought Greater, than an Honeſt, Humble Heart;
An Humble Heart, *His* Reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond Seat; and Rival to the Skies.
The private Path, the ſecret Acts of Men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our Lives!
How far above LORENZO's Glory ſits
Th' illuſtrious Maſter of a Name *unknown*;
Whoſe Worth unrivall'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
Life's ſacred Shades, where Gods converſe with Men;
And *Peace*, beyond the World's Conception, ſmiles!
As Thou! (now dark), before we part, ſhalt ſee.
But thy Great Soul this *ſkulking* Glory ſcorns.
LORENZO's ſick, but when LORENZO's ſeen;
And, when he ſhrugs at public Bus'neſs, lyes.
Deny'd the public Eye, the public Voice,
As if he liv'd on others Breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the World his Pedeſtal;
Mankind the Gazers, the ſole Figure, He.
Knows he, that Mankind praiſe againſt their Will,
And mix as much Detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithleſs *Fame* her Whiſper has,
As well as Trumpet? That his Vanity
Is ſo much tickled from not hearing *All?*
Knows this All Knower, that from Itch of Praiſe,
Or, from an Itch more ſordid, when he ſhines,
Taking his Country by Five-hundred Ears,
Senates at once admire him, and deſpiſe,

With modeſt Laughter lining loud Applauſe,
Which makes the Smile more mortal to his Fame?
His *Fame*, which (like the mighty CÆSAR), crown'd
With Laurels, in full Senate, greatly falls,
By *ſeeming* Friends, that honour, and deſtroy.
We riſe in Glory, as we ſink in Pride:
Where boaſting ends, there Dignity begins:
And yet, Miſtaken beyond all Miſtake,
The blind LORENZO's proud—of being Proud;
And dreams himſelf Aſcending in his Fall.

An Eminence, tho' fanſy'd, turns the Brain;
All Vice wants *Hellebore*; but of all Vice,
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt Bowl;
Becauſe, all other Vice unlike, it flies,
In *Fact*, the Point, in *Fancy* moſt purſu'd.
Who court Applauſe, oblige the World in *this*;
They gratify Man's Paſſion to *refuſe*.
Superior Honour, when *aſſum'd*, is *loſt*;
Ev'n Good Men turn *Banditti*, and rejoice,
Like KOULI-KAN, in Plunder of the Proud.

Tho' ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the *World*'s Cauſe, with half a Face of Joy,
LORENZO cries—"Be, then, *Ambition* caſt;
"Ambition's Dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
"Gay *Pleaſure!* Proud *Ambition* is her Slave;
"For Her, he ſoars at *Great*, and hazards *Ill*;
"For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
"And paves his Way, with Crowns, to reach Her Smile:
"Who can reſiſt her Charms?"—Or, *ſhould?* LORENZO!
What Mortal ſhall reſiſt, where Angels yield?
Pleaſure's the Miſtreſs of Ethereal Powers;
For her contend the rival Gods above;
Pleaſure's the Miſtreſs of the World below;
And well it is for Man, that *Pleaſure* charms;
How would All ſtagnate, but for *Pleaſure*'s Ray!

How

How would the frozen Stream of Action ceaſe!
What is the Pulſe of this ſo buſy World?
The Love of *Pleaſure*: That, thro' ev'ry Vein,
Throws Motion, Warmth; and ſhuts out Death from Life.
Tho' various are the Tempers of Mankind,
Pleaſure's gay Family holds All in Chains:
Some moſt affect the Black; and ſome, the Fair;
Some honeſt *Pleaſure* court; and ſome, obſcene.
Pleaſures *obſcene* are various, as the Throng
Of Paſſions, that can *err* in human Hearts;
Miſtake their Objects, or tranſgreſs their Bounds.
Think you there's but one Whoredom? Whoredom, All,
But when our *Reaſon* licenſes Delight.
Doſt doubt, LORENZO? Thou ſhalt doubt no more.
Thy Father chides thy Gallantries! yet hugs
An ugly, common Harlot, in the Dark;
A rank Adulterer with others *Gold*;
And that Hag, *Vengeance*, in a Corner, charms.
Hatred her Brothel has, as well as Love,
Where horrid *Epicures* debauch in Blood.
Whate'er the Motive, *Pleaſure* is the Mark:
For Her, the black Aſſaſſin draws his Sword;
For Her, dark Stateſmen trim their Midnight Lamp,
To which no *ſingle* Sacrifice may fall;
For Her, the Saint abſtains; the Miſer ſtarves;
The *Stoic* proud, for Pleaſure, Pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For Her, *Affliction*'s Daughters Grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a Luxury in Tears;
For Her, Guilt, Shame, Toil, Danger, we defy;
And, with an Aim *voluptuous*, ruſh on Death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic Power.
And as her Empire wide, her Praiſe is juſt.
Patron of Pleaſure! Doater on Delight!
I am thy Rival; Pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure the Purpoſe of my gloomy Song.

Pleaſure is nought but Virtue's gayer Name;
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her Worth too low;
Virtue the Root, and Pleaſure is the Flower;
And honeſt EPICURUS' Foes were Fools.

But this ſounds harſh, and gives the *Wiſe* Offence;
If o'erſtrain'd Wiſdom ſtill retains the *Name*.
How knits *Auſterity* her cloudy Brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *Praiſe*
Of *Pleaſure*, to Mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
Ye modern *Stoics!* hear my ſoft Reply;
Their Senſes Men *will* truſt: We can't impoſe;
Or, if we could, is Impoſition right?
Own *Honey Sweet*; but, owning, add this *Sting*;
"When mixt with Poiſon, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a Lye.
Is nought but *Virtue* to be prais'd, as Good?
Why then is Health preferr'd before Diſeaſe?
What Nature loves *is* Good, without *our* Leave.
And where no future Drawback cries, "*Beware*;"
Pleaſure, tho' not from Virtue, *ſhould* prevail.
'Tis Balm to Life, and Gratitude to Heaven;
How cold our Thanks for Bounties unenjoy'd!
The *Love of Pleaſure* is Man's Eldeſt-born,
Born in his Cradle, living to his Tomb;
Wiſdom, her *younger* Siſter, tho' more *grave*,
Was meant to *miniſter*, and not to mar,
Imperial *Pleaſure*, Queen of human Hearts.

LORENZO! Thou her Majeſty's renown'd,
Tho' uncoiſt, Counſel, learned in *the World!*
Who think'ſt thyſelf a MURRAY, with Diſdain
May'ſt look on me. Yet, my DEMOSTHENES!
Canſt thou plead *Pleaſure*'s Cauſe as well as I?
Know'ſt thou her *Nature*, *Purpoſe*, *Parentage?*
Attend my Song, and thou ſhalt know them all;
And know Thyſelf; and know thyſelf to be

(Strange

(Strange Truth!) the moſt abſtemious Man alive.
Tell not CALISTA; ſhe will laugh thee dead;
Or ſend thee to her Hermitage with L———:
Abſurd Preſumption! Thou, who never knew'ſt
A ſerious Thought! ſhalt thou dare dream of Joy?
No Man e'er found a *happy Life* by Chance;
Or yawn'd it into Being, with a Wiſh;
Or, with the Snout of grov'ling *Appetite*,
E'er ſmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the Dirt.
An *Art* it is, and muſt be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting Effort, or be loſt;
And leaves us perfect Blockheads, in our Bliſs.
The Clouds may drop down Titles and Eſtates;
Wealth may ſeek Us; but *Wiſdom* muſt be Sought;
Sought before All; but (how unlike All elſe
We ſeek on Earth!) 'tis never ſought in vain.
  Firſt, *Pleaſure*'s Birth, Riſe, Strength, and Grandeur,
Brought forth by *Wiſdom*, nurſt by *Diſcipline*, [ſee:
By *Patience* taught, by *Perſeverance* crown'd,
She rears her Head majeſtic; round her Throne,
Erected in the Boſom of the Juſt,
Each Virtue, liſted, forms her manly Guard.
For what are *Virtues?* (Formidable Name!)
What, but the Fountain, or Defence, of Joy?
Why, then, commanded? Need Mankind Commands,
At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their Bliſs?—
Great Legiſlator! Scarce ſo Great, as Kind!
If Men are rational, and love Delight,
Thy gracious Law but flatters human Choice;
In the Tranſgreſſion lies the Penalty;
And they the moſt indulge, who moſt obey.
  Of *Pleaſure*, next, the final Cauſe explore;
Its mighty *Purpoſe*, its important *End*.
Not to turn *Human* Brutal, but to build
Divine on Human, *Pleaſure* came from Heaven.

In Aid to *Reaſon* was the Goddeſs ſent;
To call up all its Strength by ſuch a Charm.
Pleaſure, firſt, ſuccours *Virtue*; in Return,
Virtue gives *Pleaſure* an eternal Reign.
What, but the Pleaſure of Food, Friendſhip, Faith,
Supports Life *Nat'ral*, *Civil*, and *Divine?*
'Tis from the Pleaſure of Repaſt, we live;
'Tis from the Pleaſure of Applauſe, we pleaſe;
'Tis from the Pleaſure of Belief, we pray
(All Pray'r would ceaſe, if unbeliev'd the Prize):
It ſerves ourſelves, our Species, and our God;
And to ſerve more, is paſt the Sphere of Man.
Glide, then, for ever, Pleaſure's ſacred Stream!
Through *Eden*, as *Euphrates* ran, It runs,
And foſters ev'ry Growth of Happy Life;
Makes a new *Eden* where it flows—but ſuch
As *muſt* be loſt, LORENZO! by thy Fall.
"*What mean I by thy Fall?*"—Thou'lt ſhortly ſee,
While Pleaſure's *Nature* is at large diſplay'd;
Already ſung her *Origin*, and *Ends*.
Thoſe glorious Ends, by Kind, or by Degree,
When *Pleaſure* violates, 'tis then a Vice,
And Vengeance too; it haſtens into Pain.
From due Refreſhment, Life, Health, Reaſon, Joy;
From wild Exceſs, Pain, Grief, Diſtraction, Death;
Heav'n's Juſtice *this* proclaims, and *that* her Love.
What greater Evil can I wiſh my Foe,
Than his full Draught of Pleaſure, from a Caſk
Unbroach'd by *juſt Authority*, ungaug'd
By *Temperance*, by *Reaſon* unrefin'd?
A thouſand Dæmons lurk within the Lee.
Heav'n, Others, and Ourſelves! Uninjur'd *Theſe*,
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more Divine;
Angels are Angels from Indulgence *there*;
'Tis unrepenting Pleaſure makes a God.

Doſt

Doſt think thyſelf a God from other Joys?
A Victim rather! ſhortly ſure to bleed.
The Wrong *muſt* mourn: Can Heav'n's Appointments fail?
Can Man outwit Omnipotence? ſtrike out
A Self-wrought Happineſs unmeant by *Him*
Who made Us, and the World we would enjoy?
Who forms an Inſtrument, ordains from whence
Its Diſſonance, or Harmony, ſhall riſe.
Heav'n bid the Soul this mortal Frame inſpire;
Bid Virtue's Ray divine inſpire the Soul
With unprecarious Flows of vital Joy;
And, without Breathing, Man as well might hope
For Life, as, without Piety, for Peace.
"Is *Virtue*, then, and *Piety* the ſame?"—
No; Piety is more; 'tis Virtue's Source;
Mother of ev'ry Worth, as That of Joy.
Men of the World this Doctrine ill digeſt;
They ſmile at Piety; yet boaſt aloud
Good-will to Men; nor know they ſtrive to part
What *Nature* joins; and thus confute Themſelves.
With *Piety* begins all Good on Earth;
'Tis the firſt-born of Rationality.
Conſcience, her firſt Law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, Lifeleſs, Impotent to Good;
A feign'd Affection bounds her utmoſt Power.
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's Sake;
A Foe to GOD was ne'er true Friend to Man:
Some ſiniſter Intent taints all he does;
And, in his Kindeſt Actions, he's Unkind.
On Piety, Humanity is built;
And, on Humanity, much Happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on Piety itſelf.
A Soul in Commerce with her GOD, is Heaven;
Feels not the Tumults and the Shocks of Life;
The Whirls of Paſſions, and the Strokes of Heart.

A Deity

A Deity believ'd, is Joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is Joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is Joy matur'd.
Each Branch of *Piety* Delight inſpires;
Faith builds a Bridge from this World to the Next,
O'er Death's dark Gulph, and all its Horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet Exhalation of our Joy,
That Joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Pray'r ardent opens Heav'n, lets down a Stream
Of Glory on the conſecrated Hour
Of Man, in Audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the *Great God*, that Inſtant joins
The Firſt in Heav'n, and ſets his Foot on Hell.
LORENZO! when waſt Thou at Church *before?*
Thou think'ſt the Service Long: But is it Juſt?
Tho' Juſt, Unwelcome: Thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd Ground; the Muſe, to win thine Ear,
Muſt take an Air leſs Solemn. She complies.
Good Conſcience! at the Sound *the World* retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and LORENZO ſmiles;
Yet has ſhe her *Seraglio* full of Charms;
And ſuch as Age ſhall Heighten, not Impair.
Art thou dejected? Is thy Mind o'ercaſt?
Amid her Fair Ones, thou the Faireſt chuſe,
To chaſe thy Gloom.—"Go, fix ſome weighty *Truth*;
"Chain down ſome *Paſſion*; do ſome *gen'rous Good*;
"Teach *Ignorance* to ſee, or *Grief* to ſmile;
"Correct thy *Friend*; befriend thy greateſt *Foe*;
"Or, with warm Heart, and Confidence divine,
"Spring up, and lay ſtrong Hold on *Him* who made
Thy Gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightly Spirits flow; [Thee."--
Tho' wither'd is thy Vine, and Harp unſtrung.
Doſt call the Bowl, the Viol, and the Dance,
Loud Mirth, mad Laughter? Wretched Comforters!
Phyſicians! more than Half of thy Diſeaſe.

Laughter,

Laughter, tho' never cenſur'd yet as Sin,
(Pardon a Thought that only *ſeems* ſevere)
Is half-immortal: Is it much indulg'd?
By venting Spleen, or diſſipating Thought,
It ſhews a *Scorner*, or it makes a *Fool*;
And ſins, as hurting Others, or Ourſelves.
'Tis *Pride*, or *Emptineſs*, applies the Straw,
That tickles Little Minds to Mirth effuſe;
Of Grief approaching, the portentous Sign!
The Houſe of Laughter makes a Houſe of Woe.
A Man *triumphant* is a Monſtrous Sight;
A Man *dejected* is a Sight as Mean.
What Cauſe for *Triumph*, where ſuch Ills abound?
What for *Dejection*, where preſides a Power,
Who call'd us into Being to be Bleſt?
So grieve, as conſcious, Grief may riſe to Joy;
So joy, as conſcious Joy, to Grief may fall.
Moſt true, a wiſe Man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling Mirth,
A ſhallow Stream of Happineſs betray:
Too happy to be Sportive, He's Serene.
Yet wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own Expence),
This Counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
"Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be Gay."
There Truths abound of ſov'reign Aid to Peace;
Ah! do not prize them leſs, becauſe Inſpir'd,
As Thou, and Thine, are apt and proud to do.
If *not* inſpir'd, that pregnant Page had ſtood,
Time's Treaſure! and the Wonder of the Wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, Thy *Soul* alone at Stake;
Alas!—Should Men miſtake thee for a *Fool*;——
What Man of Taſte for Genius, Wiſdom, Truth,
Tho' tender of thy Fame, could interpoſe?
Believe me, Senſe, *here*, acts a double Part,
And the true *Critic* is a *Chriſtian* too.

But *Theſe*, thou think'ſt, are gloomy Paths to Joy.—
True Joy in Sunſhine ne'er was found at firſt;
They, firſt, Themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe;
And Travel only gives us ſound Repoſe.
Heav'n *ſells* all Pleaſure; Effort is the Price;
The Joys of Conqueſt, are the Joys of Man;
And *Glory* the victorious *Laurel* ſpreads
O'er *Pleaſure*'s pure, perpetual, placid Stream.

There is a Time, when Toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or Joy, by miſ-tim'd Fondneſs, is undone.
A Man of *Pleaſure* is a Man of *Pains*.
Thou wilt not take the Trouble to be Bleſt.
Falſe Joys, indeed, are born from Want of Thought;
From Thought's full Bent, and Energy, the *True*;
And that demands a Mind in equal Poize,
Remote from gloomy Grief, and glaring Joy.
Much Joy not only ſpeaks ſmall Happineſs,
But Happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can Joy, unbottom'd in Reflection, ſtand?
And, in a Tempeſt, can Reflection live?
Can Joy, like Thine, ſecure itſelf an Hour?
Can Joy, like Thine, meet Accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the Door to honeſt Poverty?
Or talk with threat'ning Death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a World, and ſuch a Nature, *Theſe*
Are needful Fundamentals of Delight:
Theſe Fundamentals give Delight *indeed*;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant, and a ſound, but *ſerious* Joy.

Is Joy the Daughter of Severity?
It is:—Yet far my Doctrine from Severe.
"Rejoice for ever:" It becomes a Man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the Gods.
"Rejoice for ever," *Nature* cries, "Rejoice;"

And

And drinks to Man, in her nectareous Cup,
Mixt up of Delicates for ev'ry Senſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous Feaſt,
Drinks Glory, Gratitude, eternal Praiſe;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a Churl.
Ill firmly to ſupport, *Good* fully taſte,
Is the whole Science of Felicity:
Yet *ſparing pledge: Her* Bowl is not the Beſt
Mankind can boaſt.—" A rational Repaſt;
" Exertion, Vigilance, a Mind in Arms,
" A military Diſcipline of Thought,
" To foil *Temptation* in the doubtful Field;
" And ever-waking Ardor for *the Right*;"
'Tis *Theſe*, firſt, give, then guard, a chearful Heart.
Nought that is *Right*, think Little; well aware,
What Reaſon bids, GOD bids; by *His* Command
How aggrandiz'd, the Smalleſt Thing we do!
Thus, *Nothing* is Inſipid to the Wiſe;
To Thee, Inſipid All, but what is *Mad*;
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of Guilt.
" *Mad!* (thou reply'ſt, with Indignation fir'd)
" Of antient Sages proud to tread the Steps,
" I follow *Nature*."—Follow *Nature* ſtill,
But look it be thine *own*: Is *Conſcience*, then,
No Part of Nature? Is ſhe not *Supreme?*
Thou Regicide! O raiſe her from the Dead!
Then, follow Nature; and reſemble GOD.
When, ſpite of *Conſcience*, Pleaſure is purſu'd,
Man's Nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd:
And what's Unnatural, is Painful too
At Intervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n Thee!
The *Fact* thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the *Cauſe*.
Virtue's Foundations with the World's were laid;
Heav'n mixt her with our Make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred Int'reſts with the Strings of Life.

Who breaks her aweful Mandate, ſhocks Himſelf,
His Better Self: And is it greater Pain,
Our *Soul* ſhould murmur, or our *Duſt* repine?
And One, in their eternal War, *muſt* bleed.
If One *muſt* ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?
The Pains of Mind ſurpaſs the Pains of Senſe:
Aſk, then, the Gout, what Torment is in Guilt.
The Joys of *Senſe* to *Mental* Joys are mean:
Senſe on the Preſent only feeds; the Soul
On Paſt, and Future, forages for Joy.
'Tis Hers, by Retroſpect, thro' *Time* to range;
And forward *Time*'s great Sequel to ſurvey.
Could human Courts take Vengeance on the *Mind*,
Axes might ruſt, and Racks, and Gibbets, fall:
Guard, then, thy Mind, and leave the reſt to Fate.
LORENZO! wilt thou never be a Man?
The Man is dead, who for the Body lives,
Lur'd, by the Beating of his Pulſe, to liſt
With ev'ry Luſt, that wars againſt his Peace;
And ſets him quite at Variance with Himſelf.
Thyſelf, firſt, Know; then Love: A *Self* there is
Of Virtue fond, that kindles at her Charms.
A *Self* there is, as fond of ev'ry Vice,
While ev'ry Virtue wounds it to the Heart;
Humility degrades it, *Juſtice* robs,
Bleſt *Bounty* beggars it, fair *Truth* betrays,
And godlike *Magnanimity* deſtroys.
This Self, when Rival to the Former, ſcorn;
When not in Competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it:—But when Virtue bids,
Toſs it, or to the Fowls, or to the Flames.
And why? 'Tis Love of *Pleaſure* bids thee bleed;
Comply, or own Self-Love *extinct*, or *blind*.
For what is *Vice*? Self-Love in a Miſtake:
A poor blind Merchant buying Joys too dear.

And *Virtue*, what? 'Tis Self-Love in her Wits,
Quite ſkilful in the Market of Delight.
Self-Love's good Senſe is Love of that dread Power,
From whom Herſelf, and all ſhe can enjoy.
Other Self-Love is but diſguis'd Self-Hate;
More mortal than the Malice of our Foes;
A Self-Hate, *now*, ſcarce felt; *then* felt full-ſore,
When Being, curſt; Extinction, loud-implor'd;
And ev'ry Thing preferr'd to what we *are*.
Yet *this* Self-Love LORENZO makes his Choice;
And, in this Choice triumphant, boaſts of Joy.
How is his Want of Happineſs betray'd,
By Diſaffection to the preſent Hour!
Imagination wanders far a-field:
The Future pleaſes: Why? the Preſent pains.—
"But that's a *Secret*."—Yes, which all Men know;
And know from Thee, diſcover'd unawares.
Thy ceaſeleſs Agitation, reſtleſs Roll
From Cheat to Cheat, impatient of a Pauſe;
What is it?—'Tis the Cradle of the Soul,
From *Inſtinct* ſent, to rock her in Diſeaſe,
Which her Phyſician, *Reaſon*, will not cure.
A poor Expedient! yet thy Beſt; and while
It mitigates thy Pain, it *owns* it too.
Such are LORENZO's wretched Remedies!
The Weak have Remedies; the Wiſe have Joys.
Superior Wiſdom is ſuperior Bliſs.
And what ſure Mark diſtinguiſhes the Wiſe?
Conſiſtent Wiſdom ever wills the Same;
Thy fickle Wiſh is ever on the Wing.
Sick of Herſelf, is *Folly*'s Character;
As *Wiſdom*'s is, a modeſt Self-Applauſe.
A Change of Evils is thy Good ſupreme;
Nor, but in Motion, canſt thou find thy Reſt.
Man's greateſt Strength is ſhewn in ſtanding ſtill.

The

The first sure Symptom of a Mind in Health,
Is Rest of Heart, and Pleasure felt at Home.
False Pleasure from Abroad her Joys imports;
Rich from within, and Self-sustain'd, the *True*.
The *True* is fixt, and solid as a Rock;
Slipp'ry the *False*, and tossing, as the Wave.
This, a wild Wanderer on Earth, like CAIN;
That, like the fabled, Self-enamour'd Boy,
Home-Contemplation her supreme Delight;
She dreads an Interruption from without,
Smit with her own Condition; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No Man is happy, till he thinks, on Earth
There breathes not a more happy than Himself:
Then Envy dies, and Love o'erflows on All;
And Love o'erflowing makes an Angel Here.
Such Angels All, intitled to repose
On *Him* who governs Fate: Tho' Tempest frowns,
Tho' Nature shakes, how Soft to lean on Heaven!
To lean on *Him*, on whom Archangels lean!
With inward Eyes, and silent as the Grave,
They stand collecting ev'ry Beam of Thought,
Till their Hearts kindle with Divine Delight;
For all their Thoughts, like Angels, seen of old
In ISRAEL's Dream, come from, and go to, Heaven:
Hence, are *they* studious of sequestred Scenes;
While Noise, and Dissipation, comfort *Thee*.

Were all Men happy, Revellings would cease,
That Opiate for Inquietude within.
LORENZO! never Man was truly Blest,
But it compos'd, and gave him such a Cast,
As *Folly* might mistake for Want of Joy.
A Cast, unlike the Triumph of the Proud;
A modest Aspect, and a Smile at Heart.
O for a Joy from thy PHILANDER's Spring!

A Spring

A Spring perennial, riſing in the Breaſt,
And Permanent, as Pure! no turbid Stream
Of rapt'rous Exultation, ſwelling high;
Which, like Land-floods, impetuous pour awhile,
Then ſink at once, and leave us in the Mire.
What does the Man, who tranſient Joy prefers?
What, but prefer the Bubbles to the Stream?
Vain are all ſudden Sallies of Delight;
Convulſions of a weak diſtemper'd Joy.
Joy's a fix'd State; a Tenure, not a Start.
Bliſs there is none, but *unprecarious* Bliſs:
That is the Gem: Sell All, and purchaſe That.
Why go a begging to Contingencies,
Not gain'd with Eaſe, nor ſafely lov'd, if gain'd?
At Good Fortuitous, draw back, and pauſe;
Suſpect it; what thou canſt enſure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'ſt thyſelf, is Sure.
Reaſon perpetuates Joy that Reaſon gives,
And makes it as Immortal as herſelf:
To Mortals, nought Immortal, but their Worth.
Worth, conſcious Worth! ſhould *abſolutely* reign;
And other Joys aſk Leave for their Approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever Leave obtain.
Thou art all Anarchy; a Mob of Joys
Wage War, and periſh in inteſtine Broils;
Not the leaſt Promiſe of internal Peace!
No Boſom-Comfort! or unborrow'd Bliſs!
Thy Thoughts are Vagabonds: All Outward-bound,
Mid Sands, and Rocks, and Storms, to cruiſe for Pleaſure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miſs'd than gain'd.
Much Pain muſt expiate, what much Pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *Senſe*, from an infected Shore,
Thy Cargo bring; and Peſtilence the Prize.
Then, Such thy Thirſt (inſatiable Thirſt!

By

By fond Indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy ſtill cruiſes, when poor *Senſe* is tir'd.
Imagination is the *Paphian* Shop,
Where feeble Happineſs, like VULCAN, Lame,
Bids foul *Ideas*, in their dark Receſs,
And hot as Hell (which kindled the black Fires),
With wanton Art, thoſe fatal Arrows form,
Which murder all thy Time, Health, Wealth, and Fame.
Wouldſt thou receive them, Other Thoughts there are,
On Angel-Wing, deſcending from Above,
Which Theſe, with Art divine, would counterwork,
And form Celeſtial Armour for thy Peace.
In *This* is ſeen Imagination's *Guilt*;
But who can count her *Follies?* She betrays thee,
To think in Grandeur there is ſomething Great.
For Works of curious Art, and antient Fame,
Thy Genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign Climes muſt cater for thy Taſte.
Hence, What Diſaſter!—Tho' the Price was paid,
That perſecuting Prieſt, the *Turk* of *Rome*,
Whoſe Foot (ye Gods!), tho' cloven, muſt be kiſs'd,
Detain'd thy Dinner on the *Latian* Shore;
(Such is the Fate of honeſt Proteſtants!)
And poor *Magnificence* is ſtarv'd to Death.
Hence juſt Reſentment, Indignation, Ire!—
Be pacify'd; if *outward* Things are Great,
'Tis Magnanimity Great Things to ſcorn;
Pompous Expences, and Parades auguſt,
And Courts; that inſalubrious Soil to Peace.
True Happineſs ne'er enter'd at an Eye;
True Happineſs reſides in Things unſeen.
No Smiles of *Fortune* ever bleſt the Bad,
Nor can her Frowns rob *Innocence* of Joys;
That Jewel wanting, Triple Crowns are poor:
So tell his *Holineſs*, and be Reveng'd.

Pleaſure,

Pleaſure, we both agree, is Man's chief Good;
Our only Conteſt, What deſerves the Name.
Give *Pleaſure*'s Name to nought, but what has paſs'd
Th' authentic Seal of *Reaſon* (which, like YORKE,
Demurs on what it paſſes), and defies
The Tooth of Time; when paſt, a Pleaſure ſtill;
Dearer on Trial, Lovelier for its Age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our Future, while it forms our Preſent, Joy.
Some Joys the Future overcaſt; and ſome
Throw all their Beams that Way, and gild the Tomb.
Some Joys endear Eternity; ſome give
Abhorr'd Annihilation dreadful Charms.
Are rival Joys contending for thy Choice?
Conſult thy *whole Exiſtence*, and be ſafe;
That Oracle will put all Doubt to Flight.
Short is the Leſſon, tho' my Lecture long,
Be Good——and let Heav'n anſwer for the reſt.
Yet, with a Sigh o'er all Mankind, I grant
In this our Day of Proof, our Land of Hope,
The *Good Man* has his Clouds that intervene;
Clouds, that *obſcure* his ſublunary Day,
But never *conquer*: Ev'n the *Beſt* muſt own,
Patience, and *Reſignation*, are the Pillars
Of human Peace on Earth. The Pillars, Theſe:
But thoſe of SETH not more remote from Thee,
Till *this* Heroic Leſſon thou haſt learnt;
To frown at *Pleaſure*, and to ſmile in *Pain*.
Fir'd at the Proſpect of unclouded Bliſs,
Heav'n in Reverſion, like the Sun, as yet
Beneath th' Horizon, chears us in this World;
It ſheds, on Souls ſuſceptible of Light,
The glorious Dawn of our Eternal Day.
" This (ſays LORENZO) is a fair Harangue:
" But can Harangues blow back ſtrong Natures Stream;

" Or

" Or ſtem the Tide Heav'n puſhes thro' our Veins,
" Which ſweeps away Man's impotent Reſolves,
" And lays his Labour level with the *World?*"

Themſelves Men make their Comment on Mankind;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at Home:
Thus, Weakneſs to Chimæra turns the Truth.
Nothing romantic has the Muſe preſcrib'd.
* Above, LORENZO ſaw the Man of Earth,
The *Mortal Man*; and wretched was the Sight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now ſee the *Man Immortal:* Him, I mean,
Who lives as Such: whoſe Heart, full-bent on Heaven,
Leans all *that* Way, his Bias to the Stars.
The World's dark Shades, in Contraſt ſet, ſhall raiſe
His Luſtre more; tho' bright, without a Foil:
Obſerve his aweful Portrait, and admire;
Nor ſtop at Wonder; Imitate, and live.

Some Angel guide my Pencil, while I draw,
What nothing leſs than Angel can exceed,
A Man on Earth devoted to the Skies;
Like Ships in Seas, while *in*, *above* the World.

With Aſpect mild, and elevated Eye,
Behold him ſeated on a Mount ſerene,
Above the Fogs of *Senſe*, and *Paſſion*'s Storm;
All the black Cares, and Tumults, of This Life,
Like harmleſs Thunders, breaking at his Feet,
Excite his Pity, not impair his Peace.
Earth's genuine Sons, the Sceptred, and the Slave,
A mingled Mob! a wand'ring Herd! he ſees,
Bewilder'd in the Vale; in All unlike!
His full Reverſe in All! What higher Praiſe?
What ſtronger Demonſtration of the Right?

The Preſent all *Their* Care; the Future, *His*.
When Public Welfare calls, or Private Want,

* In a former Night.

They

They give to Fame; His Bounty *He* conceals.
Their Virtues varniſh Nature; *His* exalt.
Mankind's Eſteem *They* court; and *He*, his Own.
Theirs, the wild Chace of *falſe* Felicities;
His, the compos'd Poſſeſſion of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *His* conſiſtent Peace,
All of one Colour, and an even Thread;
While party-colour'd Shreds of Happineſs,
With hideous Gaps between, patch up for *Them*
A Madman's Robe; each Puff of *Fortune* blows
The Tatters by, and ſhews their Nakedneſs.
He ſees with other Eyes than *Theirs*: Where *They*
Behold a *Sun*, *He* ſpies a *Deity*;
What makes *Them* only Smile, makes *Him* Adore.
Where *They* ſee *Mountains*, *He* but *Atoms* ſees;
An *Empire*, in *His* Balance, weighs a *Grain*.
They Things Terreſtrial worſhip, as Divine;
His Hopes Immortal blow them by, as Duſt,
That dims his Sight, and ſhortens his Survey,
Which longs, in Infinite, to loſe all Bound.
Titles and Honours (if they prove his Fate)
He lays aſide to find his Dignity;
No Dignity *They* find in aught beſides.
They triumph in Externals (which conceal
Man's real Glory), proud of an Eclipſe.
Himſelf too much *He* prizes to be Proud,
And nothing thinks ſo great in Man, as *Man*.
Too dear *He* holds his Int'reſt, to neglect
Another's Welfare, or his Right invade;
Their Int'reſt, like a Lion, lives on Prey.
They kindle at the Shadow of a Wrong;
Wrong *He* ſuſtains with Temper, looks on Heaven,
Nor ſtoops to think his Injurer his Foe;
Nought, but what wounds his Virtue, wounds his Peace.
A cover'd Heart *Their* Character defends;

A cover'd Heart denies *Him* half his Praiſe.
With Nakedneſs *His* Innocence agrees;
While *Their* broad Foliage teſtifies their Fall.
Their No-Joys end, where *His* full Feaſt begins;
His Joys *create*, *Theirs* murder, future Bliſs.
To triumph in Exiſtence, *His* alone;
And *His* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* Exiſtence is not yet begun.
His glorious Courſe was, Yeſterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet Life ſtill is Sweet.
But nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm,
Undaunted Breaſt—And whoſe is that high Praiſe?
They yield to Pleaſure, tho' they Danger brave,
And ſhew no Fortitude, but in the Field;
If there they ſhew it, 'tis for Glory ſhewn;
Nor will that Cordial always Man *Their* Hearts.
A Cordial *His* ſuſtains, that cannot fail;
By Pleaſure unſubdu'd, unbroke by Pain,
He ſhares in that Omnipotence he truſts.
All-bearing, All-attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his Shield.
From Magnanimity, all *Fear* above;
From nobler Recompence, above *Applauſe*;
Which owes to Man's *ſhort* Out-look all its Charms.
Backward to credit what he never felt,
LORENZO cries,—"Where ſhines this Miracle?
"From what Root riſes this *Immortal Man?*"
A Root that grows not in LORENZO's Ground;
The *Root* diſſect, nor wonder at the *Flower*.
He follows Nature (not like * Thee); and ſhews us
An uninverted Syſtem of a Man.
His *Appetite* wears *Reaſon*'s golden Chain,
And finds, in due Reſtraint, its Luxury.
His *Paſſion*, like an Eagle well-reclaim'd,

* See Page 209. Line 23.

Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite.
Patient his *Hope*, un-anxious is his *Care*,
His *Caution* fearleſs, and his *Grief* (if Grief
The Gods ordain) a Stranger to Deſpair.
And why?—Becauſe Affection, more than meet,
His Wiſdom leaves not diſengag'd from Heaven.
Thoſe ſecondary Goods that ſmile on Earth,
He, loving in *Proportion*, loves in *Peace*.
They moſt the World enjoy, who leaſt admire.
His *Underſtanding* 'ſcapes the common Cloud
Of Fumes, ariſing from a boiling Breaſt.
His Head is clear, becauſe his Heart is cool,
By worldly Competitions uninflam'd.
The mod'rate Movements of his Soul admit
Diſtinct Ideas, and matur'd Debate,
An Eye impartial, and an even Scale;
Whence Judgment ſound, and unrepenting Choice.
Thus, in a double Senſe, the *Good* are wiſe;
On its own Dunghill, wiſer than the World.
What, then, the World? It *muſt* be doubly weak;
Strange Truth! as ſoon would they believe their *Creed*.
Yet thus it is; nor otherwiſe *can* be;
So far from aught Romantic, what I ſing.
Bliſs has no Being, Virtue has no Strength,
But from the Proſpect of Immortal Life.
Who thinks Earth all, or (what weighs juſt the ſame)
Who care no farther, *muſt* prize what it yields;
Fond of its Fancies; proud of its Parades.
Who thinks Earth nothing; *can't* its Charms admire;
He can't a Foe; tho' moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that Hate would prove his greater Foe.
'Tis hard for *Them* (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to Men?) to love their deareſt Friend;
For may not he invade their *Good Supreme*,
Where the leaſt Jealouſy turns Love to Gall?

All ſhines to *Them*, that for a Seaſon ſhines.
Each Act, each Thought, *He* queſtions, "What its Weight,
"Its Colour what, a Thouſand Ages hence?"——
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the Receſſes of his Soul.
The God-like Man has nothing to conceal.
His Virtue, conſtitutionally deep,
Has *Habit*'s Firmneſs, and *Affection*'s Flame;
Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the Fire;
And *Death*, which Others ſlays, makes him a God.

And now, LORENZO! Bigot of this World!
Wont to diſdain poor Bigots caught by Heaven!
Stand by thy *Scorn*, and be reduc'd to *Nought*:
For what art Thou?——Thou Boaſter! While *thy* Glare,
Thy gaudy Grandeur, and mere worldly Worth,
Like a broad Miſt, at Diſtance ſtrikes us moſt;
And, like a Miſt, is Nothing when at Hand;
His Merit, like a Mountain, on Approach,
Swells more, and riſes nearer to the Skies,
By Promiſe, *now*, and, by Poſſeſſion, *ſoon*,
(Too *ſoon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his Own.

From this thy juſt *Annihilation* riſe,
LORENZO! riſe to *Something*, by Reply.
The World, thy Client, liſtens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal Praiſe.
Canſt thou be ſilent? No; for *Wit* is Thine;
And Wit talks *moſt*, when *leaſt* ſhe has to ſay,
And *Reaſon* interrupts not her Career.
She'll ſay,——*That Miſts above the Mountains riſe*;
And, with a thouſand Pleaſantries, amuſe;
She'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe a Duſt,
And fly Conviction, in the Duſt ſhe rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to Man's dainty Taſte!
'Tis precious, as the Vehicle of *Senſe*;
But, as its Subſtitute, a dire Diſeaſe.

Pernicious Talent! Flatter'd by the World,
By the blind World, which thinks the Talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, LORENZO! Wit abounds;
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes *Wine* inſpires
The lucky Flaſh; and *Madneſs* rarely fails.
Whatever Cauſe the Spirit ſtrongly ſtirs,
Confers the Bays, and rivals thy Renown.
For thy Renown, 'twere well, was This the worſt;
Chance often hits it, and, to pique thee more,
See *Dulneſs*, blund'ring on Vivacities,
Shakes her Sage Head at the Calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to Thee.
But *Wiſdom*, aweful Wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the Right, and holds it to the laſt;
How rare! In Senates, Synods, ſought in vain;
Or if *there* found, 'tis ſacred to the *Few*;
While a lewd Proſtitute to Multitudes,
Frequent, as Fatal, *Wit*: In Civil Life,
Wit makes an Enterpriſer; *Senſe*, a Man.
Wit hates Authority; Commotion loves,
And thinks herſelf the Lightning of the Storm.
In *States*, 'tis dangerous; in *Religion*, Death:
Shall *Wit* turn Chriſtian, when the Dull believe?
Senſe is our *Helmet*, *Wit* is but the Plume;
The *Plume* expoſes, 'tis our *Helmet* ſaves.
Senſe is the Di'mond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by *Wit*, it caſts a brighter Beam;
Yet, *Wit* apart, it is a Di'mond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of *Good Senſe*, is worſe than Nought;
It hoiſts more Sail to run againſt a Rock.
Thus, a *Half*-CHESTERFIELD is quite a Fool;
Whom *dull* Fools ſcorn, and bleſs their Want of Wit.
How ruinous the Rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where *Sirens* ſit, to ſing thee to thy Fate!

A *Joy*, in which our *Reaſon* bears no Part,
Is but a *Sorrow* tickling, ere it ſtings.
Let not the Cocings of the *World* allure thee;
Which of her Lovers ever found her True?
Happy! of this bad World who little know!—
And yet, we much muſt know her, to be *Safe*.
To *know* the World, not *love* her, is thy Point;
She gives but Little, nor that Little, long.
There is, I grant, a Triumph of the Pulſe;
A Dance of Spirits, a mere Froth of Joy,
Our *thoughtleſs Agitation*'s idle Child,
That mantles high, that ſparkles, and expires,
Leaving the Soul more vapid than before.
An *animal* Ovation! ſuch as holds
No Commerce with our *Reaſon*, but ſubſiſts
On Juices, thro' the well-ton'd Tubes, well-ſtrain'd;
A nice Machine! ſcarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy *Sirens* ſing no more;
Thy Dance is done; the *Demi-god* is thrown
(Short Apotheoſis!) beneath the *Man*,
In coward Gloom immers'd, or fell Deſpair.
Art thou yet *Dull enough* Deſpair to dread,
And ſtartle at Deſtruction? If thou art,
Accept a Buckler, take it to the Field;
(A Field of Battle is this mortal Life!)
When Danger threatens, lay it on thy Heart;
A ſingle Sentence Proof againſt the *World*.
"*Soul*, *Body*, *Fortune!* Ev'ry Good pertains
"To One of theſe; but prize not All alike;
"The Goods of Fortune to thy Body's Health,
"Body to Soul, and Soul ſubmit to God."
Wouldſt thou build laſting Happineſs? Do This;
Th' inverted *Pyramid* can never ſtand.
Is this Truth doubtful? It outſhines the Sun;
Nay, the Sun ſhines not, but to ſhew us This,

The ſingle Leſſon of Mankind on Earth.
And yet—Yet, What? No News! Mankind is mad;
Such mighty Numbers liſt againſt the Right,
(And what can't Numbers, when bewitch'd, atchieve!)
They talk themſelves to Something like Belief,
That all Earth's Joys are Theirs: As *Athens'* Fool
Grinn'd from the Port, on ev'ry Sail his Own.
They grin; but wherefore? And how long the Laugh?
Half Ignorance, their Mirth; and Half, a Lye;
To cheat the World, and cheat Themſelves, they ſmile.
Hard either Taſk! The moſt Abandon'd own,
That *Others*, if Abandon'd, are undone:
Then, for Themſelves, the Moment *Reaſon* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long Repoſe)
O how laborious is their Gaiety!
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient Spleen,
Scarce muſter Patience to ſupport the Farce,
And pump ſad Laughter, till the Curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? Some cannot ſit it out;
Oft their own daring Hands the Curtain draw,
And ſhew us *what* their Joy, by their Deſpair.
The clotted Hair! gor'd Breaſt! blaſpheming Eye!
Its impious Fury ſtill alive in Death!—
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking Scene.—But Heav'n denies
A Cover to ſuch Guilt; and ſo ſhould Man.
Look round, LORENZO! ſee the reeking Blade,
Th' invenom'd Phial, and the fatal Ball;
The ſtrangling Cord, and ſuffocating Stream;
The loathſome Rottenneſs, and foul Decays
From raging Riot (ſlower Suicides!);
And *Pride* in theſe, more execrable ſtill!—
How horrid All to Thought!—But Horrors, theſe,
That vouch the Truth; and aid my feeble Song.
From *Vice*, *Senſe*, *Fancy*, no Man can be bleſt:
Bliſs is too great, to lodge within an Hour:

When an Immortal Being aims at Bliſs,
Duration is eſſential to the Name.
O for a Joy from *Reaſon!* Joy from That,
Which makes Man *Man*; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more:* A *Bounteous* Joy! that gives,
And promiſes; that weaves, with Art divine,
The richeſt Proſpect into preſent Peace:
A Joy *Ambitious!* Joy in common held
With Thrones ethereal, and their Greater far:
A Joy high-privileg'd from Chance, Time, Death!
A Joy, which *Death* ſhall double! *Judgment* crown!
Crown'd higher, and ſtill higher, at each Stage,
Thro' bleſt Eternity's long Day; yet ſtill,
Not more remote from *Sorrow*, than from *Him*,
Whoſe laviſh Hand, whoſe Love ſtupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty Duſt.
There, O my LUCIA! may I meet thee There,
Where not Thy Preſence can improve my Bliſs!
Affects not This the *Sages of the World?*
Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too?
Eternity, depending on an Hour,
Makes *ſerious Thought* Man's Wiſdom, Joy, and Praiſe.
Nor need you bluſh (though ſometimes your Deſigns
May ſhun the Light) at your Deſigns on Heaven:
Sole Point! where *over-baſhful* is your Blame.
Are you not *Wiſe?*—You know you are: Yet hear
One Truth, amid your num'rous Schemes, miſlaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aſide, if Seen;
"Our Schemes to plan by *This* World, or the *Next*,
"Is the ſole Difference between Wiſe, and Fool."
All *worthy Men* will weigh you in *this* Scale;
What Wonder, then, if *They* pronounce you *light?*
Is *their* Eſteem alone not worth your Care?
Accept my ſimple Scheme of *Common Senſe:*
Thus, ſave your Fame, and make *Two* Worlds your Own.

The

The World *replies* not;—but the World *perſiſts*;
And puts the *Cauſe* off to the longeſt Day,
Planning Evaſions for the Day of Doom.
So far, at that *Re-hearing*, from Redreſs,
They then turn *Witneſſes* againſt Themſelves.
Hear That, LORENZO! Nor be wiſe To-morrow.
Haſte, Haſte! A Man, by Nature, is in Haſte;
For who ſhall anſwer for another Hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make *One* ſure Friend;
And That thou canſt not do, this Side the Skies.
Ye Sons of Earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)
Since *Verſe* you think from Prieſtcraft ſomewhat free,
Thus, in an Age ſo gay, the Muſe plain Truths
(Truths, which, at Church, you *might* have heard in Proſe)
Has ventur'd into Light; well-pleas'd the Verſe
Should be forgot, if you the Truths retain;
And crown her with your Welfare, not your Praiſe.
But *Praiſe* ſhe need not fear: I ſee my Fate;
And headlong leap, like CURTIUS, down the Gulph.
Since many an ample *Volume*, mighty *Tome*,
Muſt die; and die Unwept; O Thou minute,
Devoted *Page!* go forth among thy Foes;
Go, nobly proud of Martyrdom for Truth,
And die a double Death: Mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: Nor ſhalt thou reſt,
When thou art dead; in *Stygian* Shades arraign'd
By LUCIFER, as Traitor to his Throne;
And bold Blaſphemer of his Friend,—THE WORLD;
The WORLD, whoſe Legions coſt him ſlender Pay,
And *Volunteers*, around his Banner ſwarm;
Prudent, as PRUSSIA, in her Zeal for GAUL.
"Are all, then, Fools?" LORENZO cries.—Yes, All,
But ſuch as hold *this* Doctrine (new to Thee);
"The Mother of true Wiſdom is the *Will*;"
The nobleſt *Intellect*, a Fool without it.

World-Wiſdom much has done, and more may do,
In Arts and Sciences, in Wars, and Peace;
But Art and Science, like thy Wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a Beggar at thy Death.
This is the *moſt* Indulgence can afford;—
"*Thy Wiſdom All can do, but—make thee Wiſe.*"
Nor think this Cenſure is ſevere on Thee;
Satan, thy Maſter, I dare call a Dunce.

NIGHT the NINTH and LAST.

THE

CONSOLATION.

Containing, among other Things,

I. A *Moral* Survey of the *Nocturnal* Heavens.

II. A *Night*-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

Humbly Inſcribed to his GRACE

The DUKE of NEWCASTLE,

One of His Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State.

—— *Fatis Contraria Fata rependens.* VIRG.

AS when a Traveller, a long Day paſt
In painful Search of what he cannot find,
At Night's Approach, content with the next Cot,
There ruminates, awhile, his Labour loſt;
Then chears his Heart with what his Fate affords,
And chants his Sonnet to deceive the Time,
Till the due Seaſon calls him to Repoſe:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the Ways of Men,
And dancing, with the reſt, the giddy Maze,
Where *Diſappointment* ſmiles at *Hope*'s Career;
Warn'd by the Languor of Life's Evening Ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble Shed;
Where, future Wand'ring baniſh'd from my Thought,

And waiting, patient, the ſweet Hour of Reſt;
I chaſe the Moments with a ſerious Song.
Song ſooths our Pains; and Age has Pains to ſooth.
When Age, Care, Crime, and Friends embrac'd at Heart,
Torn from my bleeding Breaſt, and *Death*'s dark Shade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal Fire;
Canſt thou, O *Night!* indulge One Labour more?
One Labour more indulge! Then ſleep, my Strain!
Till, haply, wak'd by RAPHAEL's golden Lyre,
Where Night, Death, Age, Care, Crime, and Sorrow, [ceaſe;
To bear a Part in everlaſting Lays;
Tho' far, far higher ſet, in Aim, I truſt,
Symphonious to this humble Prelude *here*.
Has not the Muſe aſſerted *Pleaſures pure*,
Like thoſe Above; exploding other Joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, LORENZO! Fairly weigh;
And tell me, haſt thou Cauſe to triumph ſtill?
I think, thou wilt forbear a Boaſt ſo bold.
But if, beneath the Favour of Miſtake,
Thy Smile's ſincere; not more ſincere can be
LORENZO's Smile, than my Compaſſion for him.
The Sick in *Body* call for Aid; the Sick
In *Mind* are covetous of more Diſeaſe;
And when at *worſt*, they dream themſelves quite *well*.
To *know* ourſelves diſeas'd, is Half our Cure.
When *Nature*'s Bluſh by *Cuſtom* is wip'd off,
And Conſcience, deaden'd by repeated Strokes,
Has into *Manners* naturaliz'd our *Crimes*;
The Curſe of Curſes is, our Curſe to love;
To triumph in the Blackneſs of our Guilt
(As *Indians* glory in the deepeſt Jet);
And throw aſide our *Senſes* with our *Peace*.
But, grant no Guilt, no Shame, no leaſt Alloy;
Grant Joy and Glory, quite unſully'd, ſhone;

Yet,

Yet, ſtill, it ill deſerves LORENZO's Heart.
No *Joy*, no *Glory*, glitters in thy Sight,
But, thro' the thin Partition of an Hour,
I ſee its Sables wove by *Deſtiny*;
And *that* in Sorrow bury'd; *this*, in Shame;
While howling *Furies* ring the doleful Knell;
And *Conſcience*, now ſo ſoft thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her Whiſper, echoes her eternal Peal.
Where, the prime Actors of the *laſt Year*'s Scene;
Their Port ſo proud, their Buſkin, and their Plume?
How many *ſleep*, who kept the World *awake*
With Luſtre, and with Noiſe! Has *Death* proclaim'd
A Truce, and hung his fated Lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the *preſent Year*
Be more tenacious of her human Leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble Life a thinner Fall.
But needleſs *Monuments* to wake the Thought;
Life's *gayeſt* Scenes ſpeak Man's Mortality;
Tho' in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain,
As *Mauſoleums*, *Pyramids*, and *Tombs*.
What are our nobleſt Ornaments, but *Deaths*
Turn'd Flatterers of Life, in Paint, or Marble,
The well-ſtain'd Canvas, or the featur'd Stone?
Our Fathers grace, or rather haunt, the Scene.
Joy peoples her Pavilion from the Dead.
"*Profeſt Diverſions!* cannot Theſe eſcape?"—
Far from it: Theſe preſent us with a Shroud;
And talk of *Death*, like Garlands o'er a Grave.
As ſome bold Plunderers, for bury'd *Wealth*,
We ranſack Tombs for *Paſtime*; from the Duſt
Call up the ſleeping Hero; bid him tread
The Scene for our Amuſement: How like Gods
We ſit; and, wrapt in Immortality,
Shed gen'rous Tears on Wretches born to die;
Their Fate deploring, to forget *our Own!*

What,

What, all the Pomps and Triumphs of our Lives,
But Legacies in Bloſſom? Our lean Soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in Vanities,
From Friends interr'd beneath; a rich Manure!
Like other Worms, we banquet on the Dead;
Like other Worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent Frailties, or approaching Fate?

LORENZO! ſuch the Glories of the World!
What is the World itſelf? *Thy* World?—A Grave.
Where is the Duſt that has not been alive?
The Spade, the Plough, diſturb our Anceſtors;
From human Mould we reap our daily Bread.
The Globe around Earth's hollow Surface ſhakes,
And is the Cieling of her ſleeping Sons.
O'er Devaſtation we blind Revels keep;
Whole bury'd Towns ſupport the Dancer's Heel.
The *Moiſt* of human Frame the Sun exhales;
Winds ſcatter, thro' the mighty Void, the *Dry*;
Earth repoſſeſſes Part of what ſhe gave,
And the freed Spirit mounts on Wings of Fire;
Each Element partakes our ſcatter'd Spoils;
As Nature, wide, our Ruins ſpread; Man's *Death*
Inhabits all Things, but the Thought of Man.

Nor Man alone; his breathing Buſt expires,
His Tomb is mortal; Empires die: Where, now,
The *Roman? Greek?* They ſtalk, an empty Name!
Yet few regard them in this uſeful Light;
Tho' half our Learning is *their* Epitaph.
When down thy Vale, unlock'd by Midnight Thought,
That loves to wander in thy Sunleſs Realms,
O *Death!* I ſtretch my View; what Viſions riſe!
What Triumphs! Toils imperial! Arts divine!
In wither'd Laurels glide before my Sight!
What Lengths of far-fam'd Ages, billow'd high
With human Agitation, roll along

In

In unſubſtantial Images of Air!
The melancholy Ghoſts of dead Renown,
Whiſp'ring faint Echoes of the World's Applauſe:
With penitential Aſpect, as they paſs,
All point at Earth, and hiſs at human Pride,
The Wiſdom of the *Wiſe*, and Prancings of the *Great*.
But, O LORENZO! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly Nature, and enormous Size,
One Form aſſaults my Sight, and chills my Blood,
And ſhakes my Frame. Of *One* departed World
I ſee the mighty Shadow: oozy Wreath
And diſmal Sea-weed crown her; o'er her Urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated Realms,
And bloated Sons; and, weeping, propheſies
Another's Diſſolution, ſoon, in Flames.
But, like CASSANDRA, propheſies in vain;
In vain, to Many; not, I truſt, to Thee.
For, know'ſt thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great Decree, the Counſel of the Skies?
Deluge and *Conflagration*, dreadful Powers!
Prime Miniſters of Vengeance! Chain'd in Caves
Diſtinct, apart the Giant Furies roar;
Apart; or, ſuch their horrid Rage for Ruin,
In mutual Conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal War, till One was quite devour'd.
But not for *This*, ordain'd their boundleſs Rage:
When Heav'n's inferior Inſtruments of Wrath,
War, *Famine*, *Peſtilence*, are found too weak
To ſcourge a World for her enormous Crimes,
Theſe are let looſe, alternate: Down they ruſh,
Swift and Tempeſtuous, from th' eternal Throne,
With irreſiſtible Commiſſion arm'd,
The World, in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe Creation of the ſhocking Scene.

Seeſt thou, LORENZO! what depends *on* Man?
The *Fate* of Nature; as *for* Man, her *Birth*.
Earth's Actors change Earth's tranſitory Scenes,
And make Creation groan with human Guilt.
How muſt it groan, in a new Deluge whelm'd,
But not of Waters! At the deſtin'd Hour,
By the loud Trumpet ſummon'd to the Charge,
See, all the formidable Sons of Fire,
Eruptions, Earthquakes, Comets, Lightnings, play
Their various Engines; All at once diſgorge
Their blazing Magazines; and take, by Storm,
This poor terreſtrial Citadel of Man.
Amazing Period! when each Mountain-Height
Out-burns *Veſuvius*; Rocks eternal pour
Their melted Maſs, as Rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final *Ruin* fiercely drives
Her Plougſhare o'er Creation!—While aloft,
More than Aſtoniſhment! if more *can* be!
Far other *Firmament* than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by Man! Far other *Stars!*
Stars animate, that govern theſe of Fire;
Far other *Sun!*—A Sun, O how unlike
The Babe at *Bethle'm!* How unlike the Man
That groan'd on *Calvary!*—Yet *He* it is;
That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd! What Pomp!
In Grandeur terrible, All Heav'n deſcends!
And Gods, ambitious, triumph in His Train.
A ſwift Archangel, with his golden Wing,
As Blots and Clouds, that darken and diſgrace
The Scene divine, ſweeps Stars and Suns aſide.
And now, all Droſs remov'd, Heav'n's own pure Day,
Full on the Confines of our Æther, flames.
While, (dreadful Contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell burſting, belches forth her blazing Seas;

And

And Storms ſulphureous; her voracious Jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her Prey.
LORENZO! welcome to this Scene; the Laſt
In Nature's Courſe; the Firſt in Wiſdom's Thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; *This* awakes
The moſt Supine; *This* ſnatches Man from Death.
Rouſe, rouſe, LORENZO, then, and follow me,
Where Truth, the moſt momentous Man can hear,
Loud calls my Soul, and Ardor wings her Flight.
I find my Inſpiration in my Theme;
The Grandeur of my Subject is my Muſe.
At *Midnight*, when Mankind is wrapt in *Peace*,
And worldly *Fancy* feeds on golden Dreams;
To give more Dread to Man's moſt dreadful Hour,
At Midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this Pomp will burſt
From tenfold Darkneſs; ſudden, as the Spark
From ſmitten Steel; from nitrous Grain, the Blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his Couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The Day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, Amazement All!
Terror and Glory join'd in their Extremes!
Our GOD in Grandeur, and our *World* on Fire!
All Nature ſtruggling in the Pangs of Death!
Doſt thou not hear her? Doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong Convulſions, and her final Groan?
Where are *we now?* Ah me! The Ground is gone,
On which we ſtood, LORENZO! While thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm Support, or ſink for Ever!
Where? How? From whence? Vain Hope! It is too late!
Where, where, for Shelter, ſhall the Guilty fly,
When Conſternation turns the *Good Man* pale?
Great Day! for which all other Days were made;
For which *Earth* roſe from *Chaos*, *Man* from *Earth*;
And an Eternity, the Date of Gods,
Deſcended on poor Earth-created Man!

Great

Great Day of Dread, Deciſion, and Deſpair!
At Thought of Thee each ſublunary Wiſh
Lets go its eager Graſp, and drops the World;
And catches at each Reed of Hope in Heaven.
At *Thought* of Thee!—And art thou *abſent* then?
LORENZO! No; 'tis Here;—it is begun;—
Already is begun the Grand Aſſize,
In Thee, in All: Deputed Conſcience ſcales
The dread Tribunal, and foreſtalls our Doom;
Foreſtalls; and, by foreſtalling, proves it *Sure*.
Why on Himſelf ſhould Man *void* Judgment paſs?
Is idle *Nature* laughing at her Sons?
Who *Conſcience* ſent, her Sentence will ſupport,
And GOD Above aſſert That God in Man.

Thrice happy They! that enter *now* the Court
Heav'n opens in their Boſoms: But, how rare,
Ah me! That Magnanimity, how rare!
What Hero, like the Man who ſtands Himſelf;
Who dares to meet his naked Heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full Charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future Murmurs There?
The Coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a Coward? No): The Coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to *know*;
Aſks, "*What is Truth?*" with PILATE; and retires;
Diſſolves the Court, and mingles with the Throng;
Aſylum ſad! from Reaſon, Hope, and Heav'n!

Shall All, but Man, look out with ardent Eye,
For that great Day, which was ordain'd *for* Man?
O Day of Conſummation! Mark ſupreme
(If Men are wiſe) of human Thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the Sight of Angels, or their KING!
Angels, whoſe radiant Circles, Height o'er Height,
Order o'er Order riſing, Blaze o'er Blaze,
As in a Theatre, ſurround This Scene,

Intent

Intent on Man, and anxious for his Fate.
Angels look out for Thee; for Thee, their LORD,
To vindicate His Glory; and for Thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſ-involve the *moral* World, and give
To *Nature*'s Renovation brighter Charms.
Shall Man alone, whoſe Fate, whoſe *final* Fate,
Hangs on that Hour, exclude it from his Thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All *Nature*, like an Earthquake, trembling round!
All *Deities*, like Summer's Swarms, on Wing!
All baſking in the full Meridian Blaze!
I ſee the JUDGE inthron'd! The flaming Guard!
The Volume open'd! Open'd ev'ry Heart!
A Sun-beam pointing out each ſecret Thought!
No Patron! Interceſſor none! Now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, Mediatorial Hour!
For Guilt no Plea! To Pain! no Pauſe! no Bound!
Inexorable, All! and All, Extreme!
Nor Man alone; the Foe of GOD and Man,
From his dark Den, blaſpheming, drags his Chain,
And rears his brazen Front, with Thunder ſcarr'd;
Receives his Sentence, and *begins* his Hell.
All Vengeance *paſt*, now, ſeems abundant Grace;
Like Meteors in a ſtormy Sky, how roll
His baleful Eyes! He curſes whom he dreads;
And deems it the firſt Moment of his Fall.
'Tis *preſent* to my Thought!—And yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; Angels cannot *gueſs*
The *Period*; from *created* Beings lock'd
In Darkneſs. But the *Proceſs*, and the *Place*,
Are leſs obſcure; for Theſe may *Man* inquire.
Say, Thou great Cloſe of human Hopes and Fears!
Great Key of Hearts! Great Finiſher of Fates!
Great End! and Great Beginning! Say, Where art Thou?

Art

Art thou in *Time*, or in *Eternity?*
Nor in *Eternity*, nor *Time*, I find Thee.
Theſe, as Two Monarchs, on their Borders meet,
(Monarchs of All elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in Debate, how beſt their Pow'rs ally'd,
May ſwell the Grandeur, or diſcharge the Wrath,
Of HIM, whom both their Monarchies obey.
Time, this vaſt Fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* burſting o'er his Head;
His Lamp, the Sun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The Frown of hideous Darkneſs, calls his Sons
From their long Slumber; from Earth's heaving Womb,
To ſecond Birth; contemporary Throng!
Rous'd at One Call, upſtarting from One Bed,
Preſt in One Croud, appall'd with One Amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee*.
Then (as a King depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own Scythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greateſt Foe falls with him; *Time*, and He
Who murder'd all *Time*'s Offſpring, *Death*, expire.
TIME was! ETERNITY now reigns alone!
Aweful Eternity! offended Queen!
And her Reſentment to Mankind, how juſt!
With kind Intent, ſoliciting Acceſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human Hearts!
Rich to repay their Hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the Voice of GOD!
Yet bore Repulſe, excluded as a Cheat!
A Dream! while fouleſt Foes found Welcome *there!*
A Dream, a Cheat, *now*, all Things, but *her* Smile.
For, lo! her twice ten thouſand Gates thrown wide,
As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen Pole,
With Banners, ſtreaming as the *Comet*'s Blaze,
And Clarions, louder than the *Deep* in Storms,
Sonorous as Immortal Breath can blow,

Pour

Pour forth their Myriads, Potentates, and Powers,
Of Light, of Darkneſs; in a middle Field,
Wide, as *Creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral Region! there to mark th' Event
Of that great Drama, whoſe preceding Scenes
Detain'd them cloſe Spectators, thro' a Length
Of Ages, rip'ning to this grand Reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by GOD;
Who now, pronouncing Sentence, vindicates
The Rights of Virtue, and His own Renown.
ETERNITY, the various Sentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd Throng diſtinct Abodes,
Sulphureous, or Ambroſial: What enſues?
The Deed predominant! the Deed of Deeds!
Which makes a Hell of Hell, a Heav'n of Heav'n,
The *Goddeſs*, with determin'd Aſpect, turns
Her adamantine Key's enormous Size
Thro' Deſtiny's inextricable Wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry Bolt, on both their Fates.
Then, from the Cryſtal Battlements of Heaven,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it thro' the dark Profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand Fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her Reſolution more.
The Deep reſounds, and Hell, thro' all her Glooms,
Returns, in Groans, the melancholy Roar.
O how unlike the Chorus of the Skies!
O how unlike thoſe Shouts of Joy, that ſhake
The whole *Ethereal!* How the Concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when Deities their Voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *Creation* roſe,
To ſee *Creation*'s godlike Aim, and End,
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely cloſ'd!
To ſee the mighty *Dramatiſt*'s laſt Act
(As meet) in Glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fanſy'd GOD, a GOD, *indeed*, deſcends,

To

To ſolve all *Knots*; to ſtrike the *Moral* home;
To throw full Day on darkeſt Scenes of *Time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the Whole.
Hence, in one Peal of loud, eternal Praiſe,
The charm'd Spectators thunder their Applauſe;
And the vaſt Void beyond, Applauſe reſounds.
WHAT THEN AM I?——
Amidſt applauding Worlds,
And Worlds celeſtial, is there found on Earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious String,
Which jars in the grand Chorus, and *Complains?*
Cenſure on *Thee*, LORENZO! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on *Myſelf*; how greatly due!
All, All is *Right*; by GOD ordain'd or done;
And who, but GOD, reſum'd the Friends *He* gave?
And have I been *Complaining*, then, ſo long?
Complaining of His *Favours*; *Pain*, and *Death?*
Who, without *Pain*'s Advice, would e'er be Good?
Who, without *Death*, but would be Good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from *Pain*; All Puniſhment,
To make for *Peace*; and Death to ſave from *Death*;
And Second Death, to guard immortal Life;
To rouſe the Careleſs, the Preſumptuous awe,
And turn the Tide of Souls another Way;
By the ſame Tenderneſs Divine ordain'd,
That planted *Eden*, and high-bloom'd for Man,
A fairer *Eden*, endleſs, in the Skies.
Heav'n gives us Friends to bleſs the *preſent* Scene;
Reſumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.
All Evils *Natural* are *Moral* Goods;
All Diſcipline, *Indulgence*, on the Whole.
None are unhappy; *All* have Cauſe to ſmile,
But ſuch as to Themſelves That Cauſe deny.
Our *Faults* are at the Bottom of our *Pains*;
Error, in *Act*, or *Judgment*, is the Source

Of endleſs Sighs: We *ſin*, or we *miſtake*;
And *Nature* tax, when falſe *Opinion* ſtings.
Let impious Grief be baniſh'd, Joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then*, when Grief puts in her Claim.
Joy from the *Joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in Vanity, and dies in Woe.
Joy, *amidſt Ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis Joy, and Conqueſt; Joy, and Virtue too.
A noble Fortitude in *Ills* delights
Heav'n, Earth, Ourſelves; 'tis Duty, Glory, Peace.
Affliction is the Good Man's ſhining Scene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt Ray;
As *Night* to Stars, *Woe* Luſtre gives to Man.
Heroes in Battle, Pilots in the Storm,
And Virtue in Calamities, admire.
The Crown of Manhood is a Winter-Joy;
An Evergreen, that ſtands the *Northern* Blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the Rigour of our Fate.
'Tis a prime Part of Happineſs, to know
How much Unhappineſs *muſt* prove our Lot;
A Part which few poſſeſs! I'll pay Life's Tax,
Without one rebel Murmur, from this Hour,
Nor think it Miſery to be a *Man*;
Who thinks *it is*, ſhall never be a *God*.
Some Ills we wiſh for, when we wiſh to live.
What ſpoke *proud Paſſion?*—"* Wiſh my Being loſt!"
Preſumptuous! Blaſphemous! Abſurd! and Falſe!
The Triumph of my Soul is,—That I *am*;
And therefore that I *may* be—*What?* LORENZO!
Look Inward, and look Deep; and deeper ſtill;
Unfathomably deep our Treaſure runs
In golden Veins, thro' all Eternity!
Ages, and Ages, and ſucceeding ſtill
New Ages, *where* this Phantom of an Hour,

* Referring to the Firſt Night.

Which

Which courts, each Night, dull Slumber, for Repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praiſe,
And fly thro' Infinite, and All unlock;
And (if deſerv'd) by Heav'n's redundant Love,
Made half-adorable itſelf, adore;
And find, in Adoration, endleſs Joy!
Where Thou, not Maſter of a Moment *here*,
Frail as the Flow'r, and fleeting as the Gale,
May'ſt boaſt a *whole Eternity*, enrich'd
With All a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since ADAM fell, no Mortal, uninſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
How Kind is GOD, how Great (if Good) is MAN.
No Man too largely from Heav'n's Love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *ſecure*.
Ills?—There are none: *All-Gracious!* none from *Thee*;
From *Man* full Many! Num'rous is the Race
Of blackeſt Ills, and thoſe Immortal too,
Begot by *Madneſs* on fair *Liberty*;
Heav'n's Daughter, Hell-debauch'd! *Her* Hand alone
Unlocks Deſtruction to the Sons of Men,
Faſt barr'd by *Thine*; high-wall'd with Adamant,
Guarded with Terrors reaching to this World,
And cover'd with the Thunders of Thy Law;
Whoſe Threats are *Mercies*, whoſe Injunctions, *Guides*,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, *Reaſon*'s Choice;
Whoſe Sanctions, *unavoidable Reſults*
From Nature's Courſe, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more Dang'rous, nor leſs Sure.
Thus, an indulgent Father warns his Sons,
"Do This; Fly That"—nor always tells the Cauſe;
Pleas'd to reward, as Duty to his Will,
A Conduct needful to their own Repoſe.
Great GOD of Wonders! (if, Thy *Love* ſurvey'd,
Aught elſe the Name of Wonderful retains)

What

What *Rocks* are *Theſe*, on which to build our Truſt?
Thy Ways admit no Blemiſh; none I find;
Or This alone—"*That none is to be found.*"
Not One, to ſoften *Cenſure*'s hardy Crime;
Not One, to palliate peeviſh *Grief*'s COMPLAINT,
Who, like a *Dæmon*, múrm'ring, from the Duſt,
Dares into Judgment call her Judge.—SUPREME!
For *All* I bleſs Thee; Moſt, for the *Severe*;
**Her* Death—*my own* at hand—the fiery Gulph,
That flaming Bound of Wrath Omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preſerve;
It ſtrengthens what it ſtrikes; its wholſome Dread
Averts the dreaded Pain; its hideous Groans
Join Heav'n's ſweet Hallelujahs in thy Praiſe,
Great Source of Good *alone!* How Kind in All!
In Vengeance Kind! *Pain*, *Death*, *Gehenna*, SAVE.
Thus, in thy World material, *Mighty Mind!*
Not that alone which *ſolaces*, and *ſhines*,
The *Rough* and *Gloomy*, challenges our Praiſe.
The *Winter* is as needful as the *Spring*;
The *Thunder*, as the *Sun*; a ſtagnate Maſs
Of Vapours breeds a peſtilential Air:
Nor more propitious the *Favonian* Breeze
To Nature's Health, than purifying Storms;
The dread *Volcano* miniſters to Good.
Its ſmother'd Flames might undermine the World.
Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in Love to Man;
Comets good Omens are, when duly ſcann'd;
And, in their Uſe, *Eclipſes* learn to ſhine.
Man is reſponſible for *Ills* receiv'd;
Thoſe we call *wretched* are a choſen Band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *Right*, for Peace.
Amid my Liſt of Bleſſings infinite,
Stand This the foremoſt, "*That my heart has bled.*"

* LUCIA.

'Tis Heav'n's laſt Effort of Good-will to Man;
When *Pain* can't bleſs, Heav'n quits us in Deſpair.
Who fails to grieve, when juſt Occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or Effeminate, his Heart;
Reaſon abſolves the Grief, which *Reaſon* ends.
May Heav'n ne'er truſt my Friend with Happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous Pain; and made it *ſafe* to *ſmile!*
Such Smiles are mine, and *ſuch* may they remain;
Nor hazard their Extinction, from Exceſs.
My Change of *Heart* a Change of *Style* demands;
The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,
And makes a Convert of my guilty Song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting Traveller, ſome riſing Ground,
Some ſmall Aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his Eye the various Vale,
The Fields, Woods, Meads, and Rivers, he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his Journey, thinks of Home,
Endear'd by Diſtance, nor affects more Toil:
Thus I, tho' ſmall, indeed, is that Aſcent
The Muſe has gain'd, review the Paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by Few:
And, conſcious of her Prudence in Repoſe,
Pauſe; and with Pleaſure meditate an End,
Tho' ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my Theme.
Thro' many a Field of *Moral*, and *Divine*,
The Muſe has ſtray'd; and much of *Sorrow* ſeen
In human Ways; and much of *Falſe* and *Vain*;
Which none, who travel this bad Road, can miſs.
O'er *Friends deceas'd* full heartily ſhe wept;
Of *Love Divine* the Wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd Man *immortal*; ſhew'd the *Source of Joy*;
The *grand Tribunal* rais'd; aſſign'd the Bounds

Of *human Grief:* In *few*, to close the Whole,
The Moral Muse has shadow'd out a Sketch,
Though not in Form, nor with a RAPHAEL-Stroke,
Of *Most* our Weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,
In this our Land of Travel, and of Hope,
For Peace on *Earth*, or Prospect of the *Skies*.
What then remains?—Much! much! a mighty Debt
To be discharg'd: These Thoughts, O NIGHT! are
From thee they came, like Lovers secret Sighs, [Thine;
While Others slept. So, CYNTHIA (Poets feign)
In Shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her Sphere,
Her Shepherd chear'd; of Her enamour'd less,
Than I of Thee.—And art Thou still unsung,
Beneath whose Brow, and by whose Aid, I sing?
Immortal Silence!—Where shall I begin?
Where end? Or how steal Music from the Spheres,
To sooth their Goddess?
O majestic NIGHT!
Nature's great Ancestor! *Day*'s Elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient Sun!
By Mortals, and Immortals, seen with Awe!
A starry Crown thy Raven Brow adorns,
An azure Zone thy Waist; Clouds, in Heav'n's Loom
Wrought thro' Varieties of Shape and Shade,
In ample Folds of Drapery divine,
Thy flowing Mantle form; and, Heav'n throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous Train.
Thy gloomy Grandeurs (*Nature*'s most august,
Inspiring Aspect!) claim a grateful Verse;
And, like a sable Curtain starr'd with Gold,
Drawn o'er my Labours past, shall close the scene.
And what, O Man! so *worthy* to be sung?
What more prepares us for the Songs of Heaven?
Creation of Archangels is the Theme!
What, to be sung, so *needful?* What so well

Celeſtial Joys prepare us to ſuſtain?
The Soul of Man, HIS Face deſign'd to ſee,
Who gave theſe Wonders to be ſeen by Man,
Has *here* a previous Scene of Objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that Expanſe
Of Thought, to riſe to that exalted Height
Of Admiration, to contract that Awe,
And give her whole Capacities that Strength,
Which beſt may qualify for *final* Joy.
The more our Spirits are inlarg'd on *Earth*,
The deeper Draught ſhall they receive of *Heaven*.
Heav'n's KING! whoſe Face unveil'd conſummates
Redundant Bliſs! which fills that mighty Void, [Bliſs;
The whole Creation leaves in human Hearts!
THOU, who didſt touch the Lip of JESSE's Son,
Rapt in ſweet Contemplation of theſe Fires,
And ſet his Harp in Concert with the Spheres!
While of Thy Works *Material* the Supreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring Song.
Looſe me from *Earth*'s Incloſure, from the *Sun*'s
Contracted Circle ſet my Heart at large;
Eliminate my Spirit, give it Range
Thro' Provinces of Thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous Scaffolding,
Creation's golden Steps, to climb to THEE.
Teach me with *Art* great *Nature* to controul,
And ſpread a Luſtre o'er the Shades of *Night*.
Feel I Thy kind Aſſent? And ſhall the *Sun*
Be ſeen at *Midnight*, riſing in my Song?
LORENZO! come, and warm thee: Thou, whoſe Heart,
Whoſe *little* Heart, is moor'd within a Nook
Of this obſcure Terreſtrial, Anchor weigh.
Another Ocean calls, a *nobler* Port;
I am thy Pilot, *I* thy proſp'rous Gale.
Gainful thy Voyage thro' yon azure Main;

Main, without Tempeſt, Pirate, Rock, or Shore;
And whence thou may'ſt import *eternal* Wealth;
And leave to *beggar'd* Minds the *Pearl* and *Gold*.
Thy Travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign Realms?
Thou *Stranger* to the *World!* thy Tour *begin*;
Thy Tour thro' *Nature*'s univerſal Orb.
Nature delineates her whole Chart at large,
On ſoaring Souls, that ſail among the Spheres;
And *Man* how purblind, if unknown the Whole!
Who circles ſpacious *Earth*, then travels *here*,
Shall own, He never was from *Home* before!
Come, my * *Prometheus*, from thy pointed Rock
Of *falſe* Ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, *innocently*, ſteal celeſtial Fire,
And kindle our Devotion at the *Stars*;
A Theft, that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.
Above our Atmoſphere's inteſtine Wars,
Rain's Fountain-Head, the Magazine of Hail;
Above the Northern Neſts of feather'd Snows,
The Brew of Thunders, and the flaming Forge
That forms the crooked Lightning; 'bove the Caves
Where infant Tempeſts wait their growing Wings,
And tune their tender Voices to That Roar,
Which ſoon, perhaps, ſhall ſhake a Guilty World;
Above miſconſtru'd Omens of the Sky,
Far-travell'd Comet's calculated Blaze,
Elance thy Thought, and think of *more* than *Man*.
Thy Soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,
Blighted by Blaſts of *Earth*'s unwholſome Air,
Will bloſſom *here*; ſpread all her Faculties
To theſe bright Ardors; ev'ry Pow'r unfold,
And riſe into Sublimities of Thought.
Stars *teach*, as well as *ſhine*. At *Nature*'s Birth,
Thus, their Commiſſion ran—"Be kind to *Man*."

* Night the Eighth.

Where art thou, poor benighted Traveller!
The *Stars* will light thee; tho' the *Moon* ſhould fail.
Where art Thou, more benighted! more aſtray!
In Ways immoral? The *Stars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their Counſel, ſet thee right.
This Proſpect vaſt, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis Nature's Syſtem of Divinity,
And ev'ry Student of the *Night* inſpires.
'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by GOD's own Hand;
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by Man.
LORENZO! with my *Radius* (the rich Gift
Of Thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various Leſſons; ſome that may ſurpriſe
An Un-adept in Myſteries of NIGHT;
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* School,
Nor thought to grow on Planet, or on Star.
Bulls, Lions, Scorpions, Monſters here we feign;
Ourſelves more monſtrous, not to ſee what here
Exiſts *indeed*;—a Lecture to Mankind.
What read we *here?*—Th' Exiſtence of a GOD?
Yes; and of other Beings, Man above;
Natives of *Æther!* Sons of higher Climes!
And, what may move LORENZO's Wonder more,
ETERNITY is written in the Skies.
And whoſe Eternity?—LORENZO! *Thine*;
Mankind's Eternity. Nor FAITH alone,
VIRTUE grows here; *here* ſprings the ſov'reign Cure
Of almoſt ev'ry *Vice*; but chiefly *Thine*;
Wrath, *Pride*, *Ambition*, and *impure Deſire*.
LORENZO! Thou canſt wake at Midnight too,
Tho' not on *Morals* bent: *Ambition*, *Pleaſure!*
Thoſe Tyrants I for Thee ſo * lately fought,
Afford their haraſs'd Slaves but ſlender Reſt.
Thou, to whom Midnight is *immoral* Noon,

* Night the Eighth.

And the Sun's noon-tide Blaze, prime Dawn of Day;
Not by thy Climate, but capricious Crime,
Commencing one of our *Antipodes!*
In thy nocturnal Rove, one Moment halt,
'Twixt Stage and Stage, of Riot, and Cabal;
And lift thine Eye (if bold an Eye to lift,
If bold to meet the Face of injur'd Heav'n)
To yonder Stars: For other Ends they ſhine,
Than to light Revellers from Shame to Shame,
And, thus, be made Accomplices in Guilt.
Why from yon Arch, that Infinite of Space,
With Infinite of lucid Orbs replete,
Which ſet the living Firmament on Fire,
At the firſt Glance, in ſuch an Overwhelm
Of Wonderful, on Man's aſtoniſh'd Sight,
Ruſhes OMNIPOTENCE?—To curb our *Pride*;
Our *Reaſon* rouſe, and lead it to that Power,
Whoſe Love lets down theſe Silver Chains of Light;
To draw up Man's *Ambition* to *Himſelf*,
And bind our *chaſte Affections* to His Throne.
Thus the Three Virtues, leaſt alive on Earth,
And welcom'd on Heav'n's Coaſt with moſt Applauſe,
An *Humble*, *Pure*, and *Heavenly-minded* Heart,
Are *here* inſpir'd:—And canſt thou gaze too long?
Nor ſtands thy *Wrath* depriv'd of its Reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant Choir.
The Planets of each Syſtem repreſent
Kind Neighbours; mutual Amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of Rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None ſins againſt the Welfare of the Whole;
But their reciprocal, unſelfiſh Aid,
Affords an Emblem of *Millennial* Love.
Nothing in Nature, much leſs *conſcious* Being,

Was e'er created ſolely for Itſelf:
Thus Man his *ſov'reign* Duty learns in this
Material Picture of Benevolence.
And know, of all our ſupercilious Race,
Thou moſt inflammable! Thou Waſp of Men!
Man's angry Heart, *inſpected*, would be found
As rightly ſet, as are the Starry Spheres;
'Tis *Nature*'s Structure, broke by ſtubborn *Will*,
Breeds all that un-celeſtial Diſcord *there*.
Wilt thou not feel the Bias *Nature* gave?
Canſt thou deſcend from Converſe with the Skies,
And ſeize thy Brother's Throat?—For what—a *Clod*.
An Inch of *Earth*? The *Planets* cry, "Forbear."
They chaſe our double Darkneſs; *Nature*'s Gloom,
And (kinder ſtill!) our *intellectual* Night.
And ſee, *Day*'s amiable Siſter ſends
Her Invitation, in the ſofteſt Rays
Of mitigated Luſtre; courts thy Sight,
Which ſuffers from her Tyrant-Brother's Blaze.
Night grants thee the full Freedom of the Skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted Eye;
With *Gain*, and *Joy*, ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt Scenes, and ſheds an Awe,
Which gives thoſe venerable Scenes full Weight,
And deep Reception, in th' intender'd Heart;
While Light peeps thro' the Darkneſs, like a Spy;
And Darkneſs ſhews its Grandeur by the Light.
Nor is the *Profit* greater than the *Joy*,
If human Hearts at glorious Objects glow,
And Admiration can inſpire Delight.
What ſpeak I more, than I, This Moment, feel?
With pleaſing Stupor firſt the Soul is ſtruck
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly Wiſe!):
Then into Tranſport ſtarting from her Trance,
With Love, and Admiration, how ſhe glows!

This

This gorgeous Apparatus! This Diſplay!
This Oſtentation of creative Power!
This Theatre!—what Eye can take it in?
By what divine Inchantment was it rais'd,
For Minds of the firſt Magnitude to launch
In endleſs Speculation, and adore?
One Sun by Day, by Night *Ten Thouſand* ſhine;
And light us deep into the DEITY;
How boundleſs in Magnificence and Might!
O what a Confluence of ethereal Fires,
From Urns un-number'd, down the Steep of Heaven,
Streams to a Point, and centres in my Sight!
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my *Heart*.
My Heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in Duſt, and calls it to the Skies.
Who ſees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material Offſpring of OMNIPOTENCE!
Inanimate, All-animating Birth!
Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy Praiſe!
All Praiſe! Praiſe *more* than human! nor deny'd
Thy Praiſe *Divine!* But tho' Man, drown'd in Sleep,
With-holds his Homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright Legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard
By mortal Ear, the glorious Architect,
In This His univerſal Temple hung
With Luſtres, with innumerable Lights,
That ſhed Religion on the Soul; at once,
The *Temple*, and the *Preacher!* O how loud
It calls Devotion! genuine Growth of *Night!*
Devotion! Daughter of Aſtronomy!
An *undevout* Aſtronomer is *mad*.
True; All Things ſpeak a GOD; but in the Small,
Men trace out *Him*; in Great, *He* ſeizes Man;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills

With new Inquiries, 'mid Aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye Stars! ye Planets! tell me, all
Ye Starr'd, and Planeted, Inhabitants! What is it?
What are theſe Sons of Wonder? Say, proud Arch!
(Within whoſe azure Palaces they dwell)
Built with divine Ambition! in Diſdain
Of Limit built! built in the Taſte of Heaven!
Vaſt Concave! Ample Dome! Waſt thou deſign'd
A meet Apartment for the DEITY?—
Not ſo; That Thought alone thy State impairs,
Thy *Lofty* ſinks, and ſhallows thy *Profound*,
And ſtreightens thy *Diffuſive*; dwarfs the Whole,
And makes an Univerſe an *Orrery*.

But when I drop mine Eye, and look on Man,
Thy Right regain'd, thy Grandeur is reſtor'd,
O *Nature!* wide flies off th' expanding Round.
As when whole Magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten Air is hollow'd by the Blow;
The vaſt Diſploſion diſſipates the Clouds;
Shock'd Æther's Billows daſh the diſtant Skies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding Round flies off,
And leaves a mighty Void, a ſpacious Womb,
Might teem with new Creation; re-inflam'd
Thy Luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing Pomp,
Such godlike Glory, ſtole the Style of Gods,
From Ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in *Senſe*;
For, ſure, to *Senſe*, they truly are divine,
And half-abſolv'd Idolatry from Guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into Virtue. Such it *was*
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of *Man*
Unloſt, to lift their Thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of Wing, on Planets perch'd; and thought
What was their Higheſt, muſt be their Ador'd.

But They how *weak*, who could no higher mount?
And are there, then, LORENZO! Thoſe, to whom
Unſeen, and Unexiſtent, are the Same?
And if Incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it Madneſs, to *believe?*
Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aſide
All Meaſure in His Work; ſtretch'd out His Line
So far, and ſpread Amazement o'er the Whole?
Then (as He took Delight in wide Extremes),
Deep in the Boſom of His Univerſe,
Dropt down that *reas'ning* Mite, that Inſect, *Man*,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the Scene?—
That Man might ne'er preſume to plead Amazement
For Diſbelief of Wonders in *Himſelf*.
Shall GOD be leſs miraculous, than what
His Hand has form'd? Shall *Myſteries* deſcend
From *Un-myſterious?* Things more Elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than Created, to the Graſp
Of human Thought? The *more* of Wonderful
Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we ſhould aſſent.
Could we conceive *Him*, GOD He could not be;
Or *He* not GOD, or *we* could not be *Men*.
A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;
Man's Diſtance how immenſe! On *ſuch* a Theme,
Know This, LORENZO! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange)
Nothing can *ſatisfy*, but what *confounds*;
Nothing, but what *aſtoniſhes*, is *true*.
The Scene thou ſeeſt, atteſts the Truth I ſing,
And ev'ry Star ſheds Light upon thy Creed.
Theſe Stars, this Furniture, this Coſt of Heaven,
If but *reported*, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
But thine *Eye* tells thee, the *Romance* is true.
The Grand of Nature is th' Almighty's Oath,
In *Reaſon*'s Court, to ſilence *Unbelief*.

How my Mind, op'ning at this Scene, imbibes
The moral Emanations of the Skies,
While nought, perhaps, LORENZO leſs admires!
Has the Great Sov'reign ſent Ten thouſand Worlds
To tell us, *He* reſides above them All,
In Glory's unapproachable Receſs?
And dare *Earth*'s bold Inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific Embaſſy
A Moment's Audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's Emolument; ſole Cauſe that ſtoops
Their Grandeur to Man's Eye? LORENZO! rouſe;
Let Thought, awaken'd, take the Lightning's Wing,
And glance from Eaſt to Weſt, from Pole to Pole.
Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *Reaſon*, or a GOD adores?
Mankind was ſent into the World to *ſee*:
Sight gives the Science needful to their Peace;
That obvious Science aſks *ſmall* Learning's Aid.
Wouldſt thou on Metaphyſic Pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy Patience amid Logic Thorns?
Or travel Hiſtory's enormous Round?
Nature no ſuch hard Taſk injoins: She gave
A Make to Man directive of his Thought;
A Make ſet upright, pointing to the Stars,
As who ſhould ſay, "Read thy chief Leſſon there."
Too late to read this Manuſcript of Heaven,
When, like a Parchment-Scroll, ſhrunk up by Flames,
It folds LORENZO's Leſſon from his Sight.
Leſſon how various! Not the GOD alone,
I ſee His *Miniſters*; I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant Orders, Eſſences ſublime,
Of various Offices, of various Plume,
In heav'nly Liveries, diſtinctly, clad,
Azure, Green, Purple, Pearl, or downy Gold,

Or

Or all commix'd; they ſtand, with Wings outſpread,
Liſt'ning to catch the Maſter's leaſt Command,
And fly thro' *Nature*, ere the Moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Chriſtian!* O'er each Sphere
Preſides an Angel, to direct its Courſe,
And feed, or fan, its Flames; or to diſcharge
Other high Truſts unknown. For who can ſee
Such Pomp of Matter, and imagine, *Mind*,
For which *alone* Inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd? That nobler Son,
Far liker the great SIRE!—'Tis thus the Skies
Inform us of Superiors numberleſs,
As much, in *Excellence*, above Mankind,
As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.
Theſe, as a Cloud of Witneſſes, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd Theatre are all our Deeds;
Perhaps, a Thouſand Demigods deſcend
On ev'ry Beam we ſee, to walk with Men.
Aweful Reflection! Strong Reſtraint from Ill!
Yet, *here*, our Virtue finds ſtill ſtronger Aid
From theſe ethereal Glories *Senſe* ſurveys.
Something, like Magic, ſtrikes from this blue Vault;
With juſt Attention is it view'd? We feel
A ſudden Succour, un-implor'd, unthought;
Nature herſelf does Half the Work of *Man*.
Seas, Rivers, Mountains, Foreſts, Deſerts, Rocks,
The Promontory's Height, the Depth profound
Of ſubterranean, excavated Grots,
Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *Nature*'s Structure, or the Scoop of *Time*;
If ample of Dimenſion, vaſt of Size,
Ev'n *Theſe* an aggrandizing Impulſe give;
Of ſolemn Thought enthuſiaſtic Heights
Ev'n *Theſe* infuſe.—But what of Vaſt in *Theſe*?
Nothing;

Nothing;—or we muſt own the Skies forgot.
Much leſs in *Art*.—Vain *Art!* Thou Pigmy-Power!
How doſt thou ſwell, and ſtrut, with human Pride,
To ſhew thy Littleneſs! What childiſh Toys,
Thy watry Columns ſquirted to the Clouds!
Thy baſon'd Rivers, and impriſon'd Seas!
Thy Mountains moulded into Forms of Men!
Thy hundred-gated *Capitals!* Or Thoſe
Where Three Days Travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on Miracles by Mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, Theatres immenſe,
Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in Mid-Air!
Or *Temples* proud to meet their GODS Half-way!
Yet *Theſe* affect us in no common Kind.
What then the Force of ſuch ſuperior Scenes?
Enter a Temple, it will ſtrike an Awe:
What Awe from This the DEITY has built?
A *Good Man* ſeen, tho' ſilent, Counſel gives:
The touch'd Spectator wiſhes to be Wiſe:
In a bright Mirror His own Hands have made,
Here we ſee Something like the Face of GOD.
Seems it not then enough, to ſay, LORENZO!
To Man abandon'd, "*Haſt thou ſeen the Skies?*

And yet, ſo thwarted Nature's kind Deſign
By daring Man, he makes her ſacred Awe
(That Guard from Ill) his Shelter, his Temptation
To more than common Guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial Art's Intent. The trembling Stars
See Crimes gigantic, ſtalking thro' the Gloom
With Front erect, that hide their Head by Day,
And making Night ſtill *darker* by their Deeds.
Slumb'ring in Covert, till the Shades deſcend,
Rapine and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for Prey.
The Miſer earths his Treaſure; and the Thief,
Watching the Mole, half-beggars him ere Morn.

Now

Now *Plots*, and foul *Conſpiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their Horrors from the Moon,
Havock and Devaſtation they prepare,
And Kingdoms tott'ring in the Field of Blood.
Now Sons of Riot in Mid-Revel rage.
What ſhall I do?—Suppreſs it? or proclaim?—
Why *ſleeps* the Thunder? Now, LORENZO! now,
His beſt Friend's Couch the rank Adulterer
Aſcends ſecure; and laughs at Gods and Men.
Prepoſt'rous Madmen, void of Fear or Shame,
Lay their Crimes bare to theſe chaſte Eyes of Heaven;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a Mortal's Sight.
Were Moon, and Stars, for Villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *ſcreen* them, with tenebrious Light?
No; they were made to faſhion the Sublime
Of human Hearts, and *wiſer* make the *Wiſe*.
Thoſe Ends were anſwer'd once; when Mortals liv'd
Of Stronger Wing, of Aquiline Aſcent
In Theory Sublime. O how unlike
Thoſe Vermin of the Night, this Moment ſung,
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her Venom feed!
Thoſe antient Sages, *Human* Stars! They met
Their Brothers of the *Skies*, at Midnight Hour;
Their Counſel aſk'd; and, what they aſk'd, *obey'd*.
The *Stagirite*, and PLATO, He who drank
The poiſon'd Bowl, and He of *Tuſculum*,
With Him of *Corduba* (immortal Names!)
In theſe Unbounded, and *Elyſian*, Walks,
An Area fit for GODS, and Godlike Men,
They took their nightly Round, thro' radiant Paths
By *Seraphs* trod; inſtructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in Their bright Footſteps here Below;
To walk in Worth ſtill brighter than the Skies.
There, they contracted their Contempt of *Earth*;
Of Hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the Fire;

There,

There, as in near Approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great Viſitants!) more intimate with GOD,
More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themſelves*.
Thro' *various Virtues*, they, with Ardor, ran
The *Zodiac* of their learn'd, illuſtrious Lives.

In *Chriſtian* Hearts, O for a *Pagan* Zeal!
A *needful*, but *opprobrious* Pray'r! As much
Our *Ardor* Leſs, as Greater is our *Light*.
How monſtrous This in *Morals!* Scarce more ſtrange
Would this *Phænomenon* in Nature ſtrike,
A *Sun*, that froze us, or a *Star*, that warm'd.

What taught theſe Heroes of the Moral World?
To Theſe thou giv'ſt thy *Praiſe*, give *Credit* too;
Theſe Doctors ne'er were penſion'd to deceive thee;
And *Pagan* Tutors are thy Taſte.—They taught,
That, Narrow Views betray to Miſery:
That, Wiſe it is to comprehend the Whole:
That, *Virtue* roſe from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
The ſingle Baſe of *Virtue* built to Heaven:
That, GOD, and *Nature*, our Attention claim:
That, *Nature* is the Glaſs reflecting GOD,
As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his Sphere:
That, *Mind immortal* loves *immortal* Aims:
That, *boundleſs Mind* affects a *boundleſs Space*:
That, Vaſt Surveys, and the Sublime of Things,
The Soul aſſimilate, and make her Great:
That, therefore, Heav'n her Glories, as a Fund
Of Inſpiration, thus ſpreads out to Man.
Such are their Doctrines; *Such* the *Night* inſpir'd.

And what more true? What Truth of greater Weight?
The Soul of Man was made to walk the Skies;
Delightful Outlet of her Priſon *Here!*
There, diſincumber'd from her Chains, the Ties
Of Toys terreſtrial, ſhe can rove at large;

There,

There, freely can reſpire, dilate, extend,
In full Proportion let looſe all her Powers;
And, *undeluded*, graſp at ſomething Great.
Nor, as a Stranger, does ſhe wander There;
But, wonderful Herſelf, thro' Wonder ſtrays;
Contemplating their Grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their Oeconomy divine,
Sits high in Judgment on their various Laws,
And, like a Maſter, judges not amiſs.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and juſtly proud, the Soul
Grows conſcious of her Birth celeſtial; breathes
More Life, more Vigour, in her native Air;
And feels herſelf *at home* among the Stars;
And, feeling, emulates her Country's Praiſe.
What call we, then, the Firmament, LORENZO?—
As *Earth* the Body, ſince, the *Skies* ſuſtain
The Soul with Food, that gives immortal Life,
Call it, The noble Paſture of the *Mind*;
Which there expatiates, ſtrengthens, and exults,
And riots thro' the Luxuries of Thought.
Call it, The Garden of the DEITY,
Bloſſom'd with Stars, redundant in the Growth
Of Fruit ambroſial; *moral* Fruit to Man.
Call it, The Breaſt-plate of the true High-Prieſt,
Ardent with Gems oracular, that give,
In Points of higheſt Moment, right Reſponſe;
And ill neglected, if we prize our Peace.
Thus, have we found a *true* Aſtrology;
Thus, have we found a new, and noble Senſe,
In which *alone* Stars govern human Fates.
O that the *Stars* (as ſome have feign'd) let fall
Bloodſhed, and Havock, on embattled Realms,
And reſcu'd *Monarchs* from ſo black a Guilt!
BOURBON! this Wiſh how gen'rous in a Foe!
Wouldſt thou be great, wouldſt thou become a God,

And ſtick thy deathleſs Name among the Stars,
For mighty Conqueſts on a Needle's Point?
Inſtead of forging Chains for *Foreigners*,
Baſtile thy *Tutor*: Grandeur All thy Aim?
As yet thou know'ſt not what it is: How Great,
How Glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of Man,
When in it All the Stars, and Planets, roll!
And what it *ſeems*, it *is*: *Great* Objects make
Great Minds, enlarging as their Views enlarge;
Thoſe ſtill more Godlike, as *Theſe* more Divine.
And *more* divine than *Theſe*, thou canſt not ſee.
Dazled, o'erpow'r'd, with the delicious Draught
Of miſcellaneous Splendors, how I reel
From Thought to Thought, inebriate, without End!
An *Eden*, This! a PARADISE *unloſt!*
I meet the DEITY in ev'ry View,
And tremble at my Nakedneſs before Him!
O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life!*
For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our Taſte:
No *Flaming Sword* denies our Entrance *Here*;
Would Man but gather, he might *live for ever*.
LORENZO! much of *Moral* haſt thou ſeen.
Of curious Arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *Mathematic* Glories of the Skies,
In Number, Weight, and Meaſure, All ordain'd.
LORENZO's boaſted Builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finiſh his aërial Towers;
Wiſdom, and *Choice*, their well-known Characters
Here deep impreſs; and claim it for their Own.
Tho' ſplendid All, no Splendor void of Uſe;
Uſe rivals *Beauty*: *Art* contends with *Power*;
No wanton Waſte, amid effuſe Expence;
The Great OECONOMIST adjuſting All
To prudent Pomp, magnificently Wiſe.
How rich the Proſpect! and for ever new!

And *neweſt* to the Man that views it *moſt*;
For Newer ſtill in Infinite ſucceeds.
Then, Theſe aërial Racers, O how ſwift!
How the Shaft loiters from the ſtrongeſt String!
Spirit Alone can diſtance the Career.
Orb above Orb aſcending without End!
Circle in Circle, without End, inclos'd!
Wheel within Wheel; EZEKIEL! like to Thine!
Like Thine, it ſeems a Viſion, or a Dream;
Tho' *ſeen*; we labour to believe it *true!*
What Involution! What Extent! What Swarms
Of Worlds, that laugh at *Earth!* immenſely Great!
Immenſely diſtant from each other's Spheres!
What then, the wond'rous *Space* thro' which they roll?
At once it quite ingulphs all human Thought;
'Tis Comprehenſion's abſolute Defeat.
Nor think thou ſeeſt a wild Diſorder here;
Thro' this illuſtrious Chaos to the Sight,
Arrangement neat, and chaſteſt Order, reign.
The Path preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawleſs Sallies of Mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What Knots are ty'd! How ſoon are they diſſolv'd,
And ſet the ſeeming marry'd Planets free!
They rove for ever, without Error rove;
Confuſion unconfus'd! Nor leſs admire
This Tumult untumultuous; All on Wing!
In Motion, All! yet what profound Repoſe!
What fervid Action, yet no Noiſe! as aw'd
To Silence, by the Preſence of their LORD;
Or huſh'd, by *His* Command, in Love to Man,
And bid let fall ſoft Beams on human Reſt,
Reſtleſs themſelves. On yon cærulean Plain,
In Exultation to *Their* GOD, and *Thine*,
They dance, they ſing eternal Jubilee,

Eternal

Eternal Celebration of *His* Praiſe.
But, ſince their *Song* arrives not at our Ear,
Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the Sight
Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerleſs Power.
Mark, how the *Labyrinthian* Turns they take,
The Circles intricate, and myſtic Maze,
Weave the grand Cypher of *Omnipotence*;
To *Gods*, how Great! how Legible to *Man!*
Leaves ſo much Wonder greater Wonder ſtill?
Where are the Pillars that ſupport the Skies?
What more than *Atlantean* Shoulder props
Th' incumbent Load? What Magic, what ſtrange Art,
In fluid Air theſe pond'rous Orbs ſuſtains?
Who would not think them hung in golden Chains?—
And ſo they are; in the high Will of Heaven,
Which fixes All; makes Adamant of Air,
Or Air of Adamant; makes All of Nought,
Or Nought of All; if *ſuch* the dread Decree.
Imagine from their deep Foundations torn
The moſt gigantic Sons of Earth, the broad
And tow'ring *Alps*, all toſt into the Sea;
And, light as Down, or volatile as Air,
Their Bulks enormous dancing on the Waves,
In Time, and Meaſure, exquiſite; while all
The Winds, in Emulation of the Spheres,
Tune their ſonorous Inſtruments aloft;
The Concert ſwell, and animate the Ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, Worlds,
In a far thinner Element ſuſtain'd,
And acting the ſame Part, with greater Skill,
More rapid Movement, and for nobleſt *Ends?*
More *obvious* Ends to paſs, are not theſe Stars
The Seats Majeſtic, proud Imperial Thrones,
On which angelic Delegates of Heaven,
At certain Periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,

Diſcharge

Diſcharge high Truſts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*;
To cloathe, in outward Grandeur, Grand Deſign,
And Acts moſt Solemn ſtill more ſolemnize?
Ye Citizens of Air! what ardent Thanks,
What full Effuſion of the grateful Heart,
Is due from Man indulg'd in ſuch a Sight!
A Sight ſo noble! and a Sight ſo kind!
It drops *new* Truths at ev'ry *new* Survey!
Feels not LORENZO Something ſtir within,
That ſweeps away all Period? As Theſe Spheres
Meaſure Duration, they no leſs inſpire
The Godlike Hope of Ages without End.
The boundleſs *Space*, thro' which theſe Rovers take
Their reſtleſs Roam, ſuggeſts the Siſter-Thought
Of boundleſs *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature*'s Skill,
To Man un-labour'd, that important Gueſt,
ETERNITY, finds Entrance at the *Sight*:
And an *Eternity*, for Man ordain'd,
Or Theſe his deſtin'd Midnight Counſellors,
The *Stars*, had never whiſper'd it to Man.
NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *inſults*, her Sons.
Could ſhe then kindle the moſt ardent Wiſh
To *diſappoint* it?—That is Blaſphemy.
Thus, of thy Creed a Second Article,
Momentous, as th' Exiſtence of a GOD,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely ſought;
And thou may'ſt read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.
Here, then, LORENZO! on theſe Glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated Roof,
That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark Delights.
Aſſemblées?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, un-endanger'd in Health, Wealth, or Fame,
Range thro' the faireſt, and the SULTAN ſcorn.
He, wiſe as *Thou*, no *Creſcent* holds ſo fair,
As That, which on his Turbant awes a World;

And

And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy Him.
Look on her, and gain more than Worlds can give,
A Mind ſuperior to the Charms of *Power*.
Thou muffled in Deluſions of this Life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn Ocean in his Bed,
From Side to Side, in conſtant Ebb, and Flow,
And purify from Stench his watry Realms?
And fails her *moral* Influence? Wants ſhe Power
To turn LORENZO's ſtubborn Tide of Thought
From ſtagnating on *Earth*'s infected Shore,
And purge from Nuiſance his corrupted Heart?
Fails her Attraction when it draws to Heaven?
Nay, and to what thou valu'ſt more, *Earth*'s Joy?
Minds elevate, and panting for *Unſeen*,
And defecate from *Senſe*, alone obtain
Full Reliſh of Exiſtence un-deflower'd,
The *Life* of Life, the *Zeſt* of worldly bliſs.
All elſe on Earth amounts——to what? To *This*:
"BAD to be *Suffer'd*; BLESSINGS to be *Left*:"
Earth's richeſt Inventory boaſts no more.
Of higher Scenes be, then, the Call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of Gazing there's no End.
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In Mid-way Flight Imagination tires;
Yet ſoon re-prunes her Wing to ſoar anew,
Her Point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the Pleaſure, ſo *profound* the Plan!
A Banquet, This, where Men, and Angels, meet,
Eat the ſame *Manna*, mingle Earth, and Heaven.
How diſtant ſome of theſe nocturnal Suns!
So diſtant (ſays the Sage), 'twere not abſurd
To doubt, if Beams, ſet out at *Nature*'s Birth,
Are yet arrived at this ſo foreign World;
Tho' nothing half ſo rapid as their Flight.
An Eye of Awe and Wonder let me roll

And roll *for ever*: Who can ſatiate Sight
In *ſuch* a Scene? in ſuch an Ocean wide
Of deep Aſtoniſhment? Where Depth, Height, Breadth,
Are loſt in their Extremes; and where to count
The thick-ſown Glories in this Field of Fire,
Perhaps a *Seraph*'s Computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition!* boaſt thy boundleſs Might
In Conqueſt, o'er the Tenth Part of a Grain.
And yet LORENZO calls for Miracles,
To give his tott'ring Faith a ſolid Baſe.
Why call for Leſs than is *already* thine?
Thou art no Novice in Theology;
What is a *Miracle?*—'Tis a Reproach,
'Tis an implicit Satire, on Mankind;
And while it *ſatisfies*, it *cenſures* too.
To Common-Senſe, Great *Nature*'s Courſe proclaims
A DEITY: When Mankind falls aſleep,
A *Miracle* is ſent, as an Alarm,
To wake the World, and prove *Him* o'er again,
By *recent* Argument, but not more *ſtrong*.
Say, Which imports more Plenitude of Power,
Or Nature's Laws to *fix*, or to *repeal?*
To *make* a Sun, or *ſtop* his Mid-Career?
To countermand his Orders, and ſend back
The flaming Courier to the frighted *Eaſt*,
Warm'd, and aſtoniſh'd, at his Ev'ning Ray?
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her Journey tir'd,
In *Ajalon*'s ſoft, flow'ry Vale repoſe?
Great Things are Theſe; ſtill Greater, to *create*.
From ADAM's Bow'r look down thro' the whole Train
Of Miracles;—Reſiſtleſs is their Power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the Mind,
Than This, *call'd* un-miraculous Survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* ſeen,
If ſeen with *human* Eyes. The *Brute*, indeed,

Sees

Sees nought but *Spangles* here; the *Fool*, no more.
Say'ſt thou, "The Courſe of *Nature* governs All?"
The *Courſe* of *Nature* is the *Art* of GOD.
The Miracles thou call'ſt for, *This* atteſt;
For ſay, Could *Nature Nature*'s Courſe controul?
But, Miracles apart, who ſees HIM not,
Nature's CONTROULER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and END?
Who turns his Eye on *Nature*'s Midnight Face,
But muſt inquire—"What Hand behind the Scene,
"What Arm Almighty, put theſe wheeling Globes
"In Motion, and wound up the vaſt Machine?
"Who rounded in his Palm theſe ſpacious Orbs?
"Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark Profound,
"Num'rous as glitt'ring Gems of Morning-Dew,
"Or Sparks from populous Cities in a Blaze,
"And ſet the Boſom of *Old Night* on Fire?
"Peopled her Deſert, and made Horror *ſmile?*"
Or, if the Military Style delights thee,
(For Stars have fought their Battles, leagu'd with Man)
"Who marſhals this bright Hoſt? Enrolls their Names?
"Appoints their Poſt, their Marches, and Returns,
"Punctual, at ſtated Periods? Who diſbands
"Theſe Vet'ran Troops, their final Duty done,
"If e'er diſbanded?"—HE, whoſe potent Word,
Like the loud Trumpet, levy'd firſt their Powers
In *Night*'s inglorious Empire, where they ſlept
In Beds of Darkneſs; arm'd them with fierce Flames,
Arrang'd, and diſciplin'd, and cloath'd in Gold;
And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the Field,
Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
O let us join This Army! Joining Theſe,
Will give us Hearts intrepid, at That Hour,
When *brighter* Flames ſhall cut a *darker* Night;
When theſe ſtrong Demonſtrations of a GOD

Shall

Shall hide their Heads, or tumble from their Spheres,
And One *eternal* Curtain cover All!
Struck at *that* Thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd Eye, and read the Stars
To Man ſtill more propitious; and their Aid
(Tho' guiltleſs of Idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their nobleſt Name.
O ye *Dividers of my Time!* Ye bright
Accomptants of my Days, and Months, and Years,
In your fair Kalendar diſtinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant Regiſter,
Tho' Man inſpects it not, ſtands good againſt him;
Since *You*, and Years, roll on, tho' Man ſtands ſtill;
Teach me my Days to number, and apply
My trembling Heart to *Wiſdom*; now beyond
All ſhadow of Excuſe for fooling on.
Age ſmooths our Path to Prudence; ſweeps aſide
The Snares, keen *Appetite*, and Paſſion, ſpread
To catch ſtray Souls; and Woe to that grey Head,
Whoſe *Folly* would undo, what *Age* has done!
Aid, then, aid, All ye Stars!—Much rather, THOU,
Great ARTIST! THOU, whoſe Finger ſet aright
This exquiſite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid, and irrevocable Flight,
With ſuch an *Index* fair, as none can miſs,
Who lifts an Eye, nor ſleeps till it is clos'd.
Open *mine* Eye, Dread DEITY! to read
The tacit Doctrine of thy Works; to ſee
Things as they *are*, un-alter'd thro' the Glaſs
Of worldly Wiſhes. *Time*, *Eternity!*
('Tis Theſe, miſ-meaſur'd, ruin all Mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them Both
In equal Scale, and learn their various Weight.
Let *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it *is*;

And let *Eternity*'s full Orb, at once,
Turn on my Soul, and ſtrike it into Heaven.
When ſhall I ſee far more than charms me Now?
Gaze on Creation's Model in *Thy* Breaſt
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the Tranſcript more?
When, This vile, foreign, Duſt, which ſmothers All
That travel *Earth*'s deep Vale, ſhall I ſhake off?
When ſhall my Soul her Incarnation quit,
And, re-adopted to Thy bleſt Embrace,
Obtain her *Apotheoſis* in THEE?

Doſt think, LORENZO! this is wand'ring wide?
No, 'tis directly ſtriking at the Mark;
To wake thy *dead Devotion* * was my Point;
And how I bleſs *Night*'s conſecrating Shades,
Which to a *Temple* turn an *Univerſe*;
Fill us with great Ideas, full of Heaven,
And antidote the peſtilential Earth!
In ev'ry Storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an Aſylum has the Soul in Pray'r!
And what a Fane is *This*, in which to pray!
And what a GOD muſt dwell in ſuch a Fane!
O what a Genius muſt inform the Skies!
And is LORENZO's Salamander-Heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid theſe ſacred Fires?
O ye nocturnal Sparks! Ye glowing Embers,
On Heav'n's broad Hearth! Who burn, or burn no more,
Who blaze, or die, as Great JEHOVAH's Breath
Or blows you, or forbears; aſſiſt my Song;
Pour your whole Influence; exorciſe his Heart,
So long poſſeſt; and bring him back to *Man*.

And is LORENZO a Demurrer *ſtill?*
Pride in thy Parts provokes thee to conteſt
Truths, which, conteſted, put thy *Parts* to Shame.
Nor ſhame they more LORENZO's *Head* than *Heart*;

* Page 245.

A *faithleſs*

A *faithleſs* Heart, how deſpicably Small!
Too Streight, aught Great, or Gen'rous, to receive!
Fill'd with an Atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self!*
And Self miſtaken! Self, that laſts an Hour!
Inſtincts and *Paſſions*, of the nobler Kind,
Lie ſuffocated There; or *They* alone,
Reaſon apart, would wake high Hope; and open,
To raviſh'd Thought, that *Intellectual* Sphere,
Where, *Order*, *Wiſdom*, *Goodneſs*, *Providence*,
Their endleſs Miracles of Love diſplay,
And promiſe All the truly Great deſire.
The Mind that would be *happy*, muſt be *great*;
Great, in its *Wiſhes*; Great, in its *Surveys*.
Extended Views a narrow Mind extend;
Puſh out its corrugate, expanſive Make,
Which, ere-long, *more* than Planets ſhall embrace.
A Man of *Compaſs* makes a Man of *Worth*;
Divine contemplate, and become *Divine*.
As Man was made for Glory, and for Bliſs,
All Littleneſs is in Approach to Woe;
Open thy Boſom, ſet thy Wiſhes wide,
And let in *Manhood*; let in *Happineſs*;
Admit the boundleſs Theatre of Thought
From Nothing, up to GOD; which makes a *Man*.
Take GOD from *Nature*, nothing Great is left;
Man's Mind is in a Pit, and nothing ſees;
Man's Heart is in a Jakes, and loves the Mire.
Emerge from thy Profound; erect thine Eye;
See thy Diſtreſs! How cloſe art thou beſieg'd!
Beſieg'd by *Nature*, the proud Sceptic's Foe!
Inclos'd by theſe innumerable Worlds,
Sparkling Conviction on the darkeſt Mind,
As in a golden Net of PROVIDENCE,
How art thou caught, ſure Captive of Belief!
From this thy bleſt Captivity, what Art,

What Blaſphemy to Reaſon, ſets thee free!
This Scene is Heav'n's indulgent Violence:
Canſt thou bear up againſt this Tide of Glory?
What is Earth boſom'd in theſe ambient Orbs,
But, Faith in GOD impos'd, and preſs'd on Man?
Dar'ſt thou ſtill litigate thy deſp'rate *Cauſe*,
Spite of theſe num'rous, aweful, *Witneſſes*,
And doubt the *Depoſition* of the Skies?
O how laborious is thy Way to Ruin!
Laborious? 'Tis *impracticable* quite;
To ſink beyond a *Doubt*, in this Debate,
With all his Weight of Wiſdom, and of Will,
And Crime flagitious, I defy a Fool.
Some wiſh they *did*; but *no* Man *diſbelieves*.
GOD is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot ſtrike
Theſe groſs, material Organs; GOD by Man
As much is ſeen, as *Man* a GOD can ſee,
In theſe aſtoniſhing Exploits of Power.
What Order, Beauty, Motion, Diſtance, Size!
Concertion of Deſign, how exquiſite!
How complicate, in their divine Police!
Apt Means! Great Ends! Conſent to gen'ral Good!—
Each Attribute of theſe *material* Gods,
So long (and that with ſpecious Pleas) ador'd,
A ſep'rate Conqueſt gains o'er Rebel Thought;
And leads in Triumph the whole Mind of Man.
LORENZO! This may ſeem *Harangue* to Thee;
Such All is apt to ſeem, that thwarts our Will.
And doſt thou, then, demand a *ſimple* Proof
Of this great Maſter-Moral of the Skies,
Unſkill'd, or diſ-inclin'd, to read it *there?*
Since 'tis the Baſis, and All drops without it,
Take it, in One compact, unbroken Chain.
Such Proof inſiſts on an attentive Ear;
'Twill not make One amid a Mob of Thoughts,

And,

And, for thy Notice, ſtruggle with the World.
Retire;——The *World* ſhut out;——Thy Thoughts call [Home;——
Imagination's airy Wing repreſs;——
Lock up thy *Senſes*;—Let no *Paſſion* ſtir;—
Wake all to *Reaſon*;—Let *her* reign alone;—
Then, in thy *Soul*'s deep Silence, and the Depth
Of *Nature*'s Silence, Midnight, thus inquire,
As *I* have done; and ſhall inquire no more.
In Nature's Channel, thus the Queſtions run.
" What am I? and from *Whence?*—I nothing know,
" But that I *am*; and, ſince I *am*, conclude
" Something *Eternal:* Had there e'er been *Nought*,
" *Nought* ſtill had been: *Eternal* there *muſt* be.—
" But *What* Eternal?—Why not *Human Race?*
" And ADAM's Anceſtors without an End?—
" That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince ev'ry Link
" Of that long-chain'd Succeſſion is ſo frail;
" Can ev'ry *Part depend*, and not the *Whole?*
" Yet grant it true; *new* Difficulties riſe;
" I'm ſtill quite out at Sea; nor ſee the Shore.
" Whence *Earth*, and theſe bright *Orbs?*——*Eternal* [too?—
" Grant *Matter* was Eternal; ſtill theſe *Orbs*
" Would want ſome Other Father;—Much Deſign
" Is ſeen in all their *Motions*, all their *Makes*;
" *Deſign* implies *Intelligence*, and *Art:*
" *That* can't be from *Themſelves*—or *Man*; *That* Art
" Man ſcarce can comprehend, could Man beſtow?
" And nothing Greater, yet allow'd, than *Man.*—
" Who, *Motion*, foreign to the ſmalleſt Grain,
" Shot thro' vaſt Maſſes of enormous Weight?
" Who bid brute *Matter*'s reſtive Lump aſſume
" Such various Forms, and gave it Wings to fly?
" Has Matter *innate* Motion? Then each Atom,
" Aſſerting its indiſputable Right
" To dance, would form an Univerſe of Duſt:

" Has Matter *none?* Then whence these glorious Forms,
" And boundless Flights, from *Shapeless*, and *Repos'd?*
" Has Matter *more* than Motion? Has it Thought,
" Judgment, and Genius? Is it deeply learn'd
" In *Mathematics?* Has it fram'd *such* Laws,
" Which but to *guess*, a NEWTON made immortal?—
" If so, how each *sage* Atom laughs at me,
" Who think a *Clod* inferior to a *Man!*
" If Art, to form; and Counsel, to conduct;
" And That with greater far, than Human Skill;
" Resides not in each Block;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
" Grant, then, Invisible, Eternal, MIND;
" *That* granted, All is solv'd.—But, granting That,
" Draw I not o'er me a still darker Cloud?
" Grant I not That which I can ne'er conceive?
" A Being without Origin, or End!—
" Hail, Human Liberty! There is no GOD——
" Yet, Why? On either Scheme that Knot subsists;
" Subsist it *must*, in GOD, or *Human Race*;
" If in the Last, how many Knots beside,
" Indissoluble All?—Why chuse it *There*,
" Where, chosen, still subsist Ten thousand more?
" Reject it, where, *That* chosen, all the Rest
" Dispers'd, leave *Reason*'s whole Horizon clear?
" This is not Reason's Dictate; *Reason* says,
" Close with the Side where *One* Grain turns the Scale;
" What vast Preponderance is Here! Can Reason
" With louder Voice exclaim—*Believe a* GOD?
" And *Reason* heard, is the sole Mark of Man.
" What Things Impossible must Man think True,
" On any other System! And how strange
" To *disbelieve*, thro' mere Credulity!"

If, in this Chain, LORENZO finds no Flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *Belief*.
And where the Link, in which a Flaw he finds?

And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how Great!
How Great that POW'R, whoſe providential Care
Thro' theſe bright Orbs dark Centres darts a Ray!
Of *Nature* univerſal threads the Whole!
And hangs *Creation*, like a precious Gem,
Tho' Little, on the Footſtool of His Throne!
That little Gem, how Large! A Weight let fall
From a fixt Star, in Ages can it reach
This diſtant *Earth?* Say, then, LORENZO! where,
Where, ends this mighty Building? Where, begin
The Suburbs of Creation? Where the Wall
Whoſe Battlements look o'er into the Vale
Of Non-Exiſtence? NOTHING's ſtrange Abode!
Say, at what Point of Space JEHOVAH dropp'd
His ſlacken'd *Line*, and laid His *Balance* by;
Weigh'd *Worlds*, and meaſur'd *Infinite*, no more?
Where, rears His *terminating Pillar* high
Its extra-mundane Head? and ſays, to Gods,
In Characters illuſtrious as the Sun,
I ſtand, the Plan's proud Period; I pronounce
The Work accompliſh'd; the Creation clos'd:
Shout, all ye Gods! nor ſhout, ye Gods alone;
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of Life,
That reſts, or rolls, ye Heights, and Depths, reſound!
Reſound! reſound! ye Depths, and Heights, reſound!
Hard are thoſe Queſtions?—Anſwer *harder* ſtill.
Is *This* the Sole Exploit, the Single Birth,
The Solitary Son of *Pow'r Divine?*
Or has th' Almighty FATHER, with a Breath,
Impregnated the Womb of diſtant *Space?*
Has *He* not bid, in various Provinces,
Brother-Creations the dark Bowels burſt
Of *Night* primæval; barren, now, no more?
And *He* the central Sun, tranſpiercing all
Thoſe *Giant-Generations*, which diſport,

And dance, as *Motes*, in his Meridian Ray;
That Ray withdrawn, Benighted, or Abſorb'd,
In that *Abyſs of Horror*, whence they ſprung;
While *Chaos* triumphs, repoſſeſt of All
Rival *Creation* raviſh'd from his Throne?
CHAOS! of *Nature* both the Womb, and Grave!
Think'ſt thou, my Scheme, LORENZO, ſpreads too wide?
Is This *extravagant?*—No; This is *juſt*;
Juſt, in *Conjecture*, tho' 'twere falſe in *Fact*.
If 'tis an Error, 'tis an Error ſprung
From noble Root, High Thought of the MOST-HIGH.
But wherefore Error? Who can prove it ſuch?—
He that can ſet OMNIPOTENCE a Bound.
Can Man *conceive* beyond what GOD can *do?*
Nothing, but *Quite Impoſſible*, is *Hard*.
He ſummons into Being, with like Eaſe,
A Whole *Creation*, and a ſingle *Grain*.
Speaks He the Word? a Thouſand Worlds are born!—
A Thouſand Worlds? There's Space for Millions more;
And in what Space can his great *Fiat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold Critic! but indulge
The warm *Imagination:* Why condemn?
Why not indulge Such Thoughts, as ſwell our Hearts
With fuller Admiration of *That Pow'r*,
Who gives our Hearts with ſuch high Thoughts to ſwell?
Why not indulge in *His* augmented Praiſe?
Darts not *His* Glory a ſtill brighter Ray,
The leſs is left to *Chaos*, and the Realms
Of hideous *Night*, where *Fancy* ſtrays aghaſt:
And, tho' moſt *talkative*, makes no *Report?*
Still ſeems my Thought enormous? Think again;—
Experience 'Self ſhall aid thy lame Belief.
Glaſſes (that Revelation to the Sight!)
Have they not led us in the deep Diſcloſe
Of fine-ſpun *Nature*, exquiſitely *Small*,

And,

And, tho' *demonſtrated*, ſtill *ill-conceiv'd*?
If then, on the Reverſe, the Mind would mount
In *Magnitude*, what Mind can mount too far,
To keep the Balance, and Creation *poiſe*?
Defect alone can err on ſuch a Theme;
What is too Great, if we the *Cauſe* ſurvey?
Stupendous ARCHITECT! THOU, THOU art All!
My Soul flies up and down in Thoughts of THEE,
And finds herſelf but at the Centre ſtill!
I AM, Thy Name! *Exiſtence*, all *Thine own!*
Creation's Nothing; flatter'd *much*, if ſtyl'd
"*The thin, the fleeting Atmoſphere of GOD.*"
O for the Voice—of What? of Whom?—What Voice
Can anſwer to my Wants, in *ſuch* Aſcent,
As dares to deem One Univerſe too ſmall?
Tell me, LORENZO! (for now *Fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the Vortex of Almighty Power)
Is not this Home-Creation, in the Map
Of univerſal *Nature*, as a Speck,
Like fair BRITANNIA in our little Ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its Size,
But, elſewhere, far out-meaſur'd, far outſhone?
In *Fancy* (for the *Fact* beyond us lies)
Canſt thou not figure it, an *Iſle*, almoſt
Too ſmall for Notice, in the *Vaſt* of Being;
Sever'd by mighty Seas of *unbuilt* Space,
From other *Realms*; from ample *Continents*
Of higher Life, where nobler Natives dwell;
Leſs *Northern*, leſs remote from DEITY,
Glowing beneath the *Line* of the SUPREME;
Where Souls in Excellence make Haſte, put forth
Luxuriant Growths; nor the late Autumn wait
Of *Human* Worth, but ripen ſoon to Gods?
Yet why drown *Fancy* in ſuch Depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous Rover! and confeſs

The Bounds of Man; nor blame them, as too ſmall.
Enjoy we not full Scope in what is *ſeen?*
Full ample the Dominions of the Sun!
Full glorious to behold! How far, how wide,
The matchleſs Monarch, from his flaming Throne,
Laviſh of Luſtre, throws his Beams about him,
Farther, and faſter, than a Thought can fly,
And feeds his Planets with eternal Fires!
This *Heliopolis*, by Greater far,
Than the proud Tyrant of the *Nile*, was built;
And *He* alone, who built it, can deſtroy.
Beyond *this City*, why ſtrays human Thought?
One Wonderful, enough for Man to know!
One Infinite, enough for Man to range!
One Firmament, enough for Man to read!
O what voluminous Inſtruction Here!
What Page of Wiſdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief Leſſon makes him Wiſe.
Nor is *Inſtruction*, Here, our only Gain;
There dwells a noble *Pathos* in the Skies,
Which warms our Paſſions, proſelytes our Hearts.
How eloquently ſhines the glowing Pole!
With what Authority it gives its Charge,
Remonſtrating great Truths in Style ſublime,
Tho' Silent, Loud! heard Earth around; above
The Planets heard; and not unheard in Hell;
Hell has her Wonder, though too proud to praiſe.
Is *Earth*, then, more Infernal? Has ſhe Thoſe,
Who neither *praiſe* (LORENZO!) nor *admire?*
LORENZO's Admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er aſk'd the *Moon* One Queſtion; never held
Leaſt Correſpondence with a ſingle Star;
Ne'er rear'd an Altar to the *Queen of Heaven*
Walking in Brightneſs; or her Train ador'd.
Their *Sublunary* Rivals have long ſince

Engroſs'd

Engroſs'd his whole Devotion; *Stars* malign,
Which made their fond *Aſtronomer* run mad;
Darken his *Intellect*, corrupt his *Heart*;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his Fame and Peace
To momentary Madneſs, call'd Delight.
Idolater, more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted Hand to LUNA, or pour'd out
The Blood to JOVE!—O THOU, to whom belongs
All Sacrifice! O Thou Great JOVE Unfeign'd!
DIVINE INSTRUCTOR! Thy *firſt* Volume, *This*,
For *Man*'s Peruſal; All in CAPITALS!
In *Moon* and *Stars* (Heav'n's golden Alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the Sight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *underſtand*. 'Tis Unconfin'd
To *Chriſtian* Land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
In Language univerſal, to MANKIND:
A Language, Lofty to the Learn'd; yet Plain
To Thoſe that feed the Flock, or guide the Plough,
Or, from its Huſk, ſtrike out the bounding Grain.
A Language, worthy the GREAT MIND, that ſpeaks!
Preface, and *Comment*, to the *Sacred Page!*
Which oft refers its Reader to the Skies,
As pre-ſuppoſing his Firſt Leſſon *there*,
And Scripture ſelf a *Fragment*, *That* unread.
Stupendous Book of Wiſdom, to the Wiſe!
Stupendous Book! and open'd, NIGHT! by thee.
By Thee *much* open'd, I confeſs, O *Night!*
Yet *more* I wiſh; but *how* ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle *Night!* whoſe modeſt, maiden Beams,
Give us a *new* Creation, and preſent
The World's great Picture ſoften'd to the Sight;
Nay, Kinder far, far more Indulgent ſtill,
Say, Thou, whoſe mild Dominion's Silver Key
Unlocks our Hemiſphere, and ſets to View
Worlds beyond Number; Worlds conceal'd by Day

Behind the proud, and envious Star of Noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper Scene?—And ſhew
The Mighty POTENTATE, to whom belong
Theſe rich *Regalia* pompouſly diſplay'd
To kindle that high Hope? Like Him of *Uz*,
I gaze around; I ſearch on ev'ry Side——
O for a Glimpſe of HIM my Soul adores!
As the chas'd Hart, amid the deſart Waſte,
Pants for the living Stream; for HIM who made her,
So pants the thirſty Soul, amid the Blank
Of ſublunary Joys. Say, Goddeſs! Where? [Throne?
Where, blazes *His* bright Court? Where burns *His*
Thou know'ſt; for Thou art near Him; by Thee, round
His grand Pavilion, ſacred Fame reports
The ſable Curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair Daughter-Train, ſo ſwift of Wing,
Who travel far, diſcover where *He* dwells?
A *Star* His Dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye *Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!*
And thou, *Orion!* of ſtill keener Eye!
Say ye, who guide the Wilder'd in the Waves,
And bring them out of Tempeſt into Port!
On which Hand muſt I bend my Courſe to find *Him?*
Theſe Courtiers keep the Secret of their KING;
I wake whole Nights, in vain, to ſteal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *Night*'s radiant Scale,
From Sphere to Sphere; the Steps by Nature ſet
For Man's Aſcent; at once to *tempt* and *aid*;
To *tempt* his Eye, and *aid* his tow'ring Thought;
Till it arrives at the *Great Goal* of all.
In ardent *Contemplation*'s rapid Car,
From *Earth*, as from my Barrier, I ſet out.
How ſwift I mount! Diminiſh'd *Earth* recedes;
I paſs the *Moon*; and, from her farther Side,
Pierce Heav'n's blue Curtain; ſtrike into *Remote*;
Where,

Where, with his lifted Tube, the ſubtil Sage
His artificial, airy Journey takes,
And to *Celeſtial* lengthens *Human* Sight.
I pauſe at ev'ry *Planet* on my Road,
And aſk for HIM who gives their Orbs to roll,
Their Foreheads fair to ſhine. From SATURN's Ring,
In which, of *Earths* an Army might be loſt,
With the bold *Comet*, take my bolder Flight,
Amid thoſe *ſov'reign* Glories of the Skies,
Of independent, native Luſtre, proud;
The Souls of Syſtems! and the Lords of Life,
Thro' their wide Empires!—What behold I *now?*
A Wilderneſs of Wonders burning round;
Where *larger* Suns inhabit *higher* Spheres;
Perhaps the *Villas* of deſcending Gods!
Nor halt I here; my Toil is but begun;
'Tis but the Threſhold of the DEITY;
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling ſtill.
Nor is it ſtrange; I built on a Miſtake;
The Grandeur of His Works, whence *Folly* ſought
For Aid, to *Reaſon* ſets his Glory higher;
Who built thus high for Worms (mere Worms to *Him*);
O where, LORENZO! muſt the BUILDER dwell?
Pauſe, then; and, for a Moment, here reſpire—
If human Thought can keep its Station Here.
Where am I?—Where is *Earth?*—Nay, where art Thou,
O *Sun?*—Is the Sun turn'd Recluſe?—And are
His boaſted Expeditions ſhort to *Mine?*—
To *mine*, how ſhort! On Nature's *Alps* I ſtand,
And ſee a Thouſand Firmaments beneath!
A Thouſand Syſtems! as a Thouſand Grains!
So *much* a Stranger, and ſo *late* arriv'd,
How can Man's curious Spirit not enquire,
What are the Natives of this World ſublime,

Of

Of this ſo foreign, un-terreſtrial Sphere,
Where Mortal, *untranſlated*, never ſtray'd?
" O Ye, as diſtant from my little Home,
" As ſwifteſt Sun-beams in an Age can fly!
" Far from my native Element I roam,
" In Queſt of New, and Wonderful, to Man.
" What Province This, of *His* immenſe Domain,
" Whom All obeys? Or Mortals here, or Gods?
" Ye Bord'rers on the Coaſts of Bliſs! What are you?
" A Colony from Heav'n? Or, only rais'd,
" By frequent Viſit from Heav'n's neighbouring Realms,
" To ſecondary Gods, and half-divine?——
" Whate'er your Nature, *This* is paſt Diſpute,
" Far other Life you live, far other Tongue
" You talk, far other Thought, perhaps, you think,
" Than Man. How various are the Works of God!
" But ſay, *What* Thought? Is *Reaſon* here inthron'd,
" And abſolute? Or *Senſe* in Arms againſt her?
" Have you *Two* Lights? Or need you no *reveal'd*?
" Enjoy your happy Realms their golden Age?
" And had your EDEN an abſtemious EVE;
" *Our* EVE's Fair Daughters prove their Pedigree,
" And aſk their ADAMS—'*Who would not be wiſe?*
" Or, if your Mother *fell*, are you *Redeem'd?*
" And if redeem'd——is your Redeemer *ſcorn'd?*
" Is this your final Reſidence? If not,
" Change you your Scene, *Tranſlated?* Or by *Death?*
" And if by *Death*; *What Death?*—Know you *Diſeaſe?*
" Or horrid *War?*—With War, This fatal Hour,
" EUROPA groans (ſo call we a ſmall Field,
" Where Kings run mad). In *Our* World, DEATH de-
" *Intemperance* to do the Work of *Age!* [putes
" And, hanging up the Quiver *Nature* gave him,
" As ſlow of Execution, for Diſpatch
" Sends forth *Imperial* Butchers; bids them ſlay

" Their

" Their Sheep (the ſilly Sheep they fleec'd before),
" And toſs him twice Ten thouſand at a Meal.
" Sit all *your* Executioners on Thrones?
" With *you*, can Rage for Plunder make a *God?*
" And *Bloodſhed* waſh out ev'ry other Stain?—
" But You, perhaps, can't bleed: From Matter groſs
" Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad
" In fine-ſpun Æther, privileg'd to ſoar,
" Unloaded, uninfected; How unlike
" The Lot of Man! How few of human Race
" By their own *Mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
" Self-War eternal!—Is your painful Day
" Of hardy Conflict o'er? Or, are you ſtill
" Raw Candidates at School? And have you Thoſe
" Who diſaffect *Reverſions*, as with *Us?*—
" But what are *We?* You never heard of *Man*,
" Or *Earth*; the *Bedlam* of the Univerſe!
" Where *Reaſon* (undiſeas'd with You) runs mad,
" And nurſes *Folly*'s Children as *her own*;
" Fond of the Fouleſt. In the ſacred Mount
" Of *Holineſs*, where Reaſon is pronounc'd
" *Infallible*; and *thunders*, like a God;
" Ev'n *there*, by *Saints*, the *Dæmons* are outdone;
" What *Theſe* think Wrong, our *Saints* refine to Right!
" And kindly teach *dull* Hell her own black Arts;
" SATAN, inſtructed, o'er their *Morals* ſmiles.—
" But *This*, how ſtrange to You, who know not *Man!*
" Has the leaſt Rumour of our Race arriv'd?
" Call'd *here* ELIJAH, in his flaming Car?
" Paſt by you the good ENOCH, on his Road
" To Thoſe fair Fields, whence LUCIFER was hurl'd;
" Who bruſh'd, perhaps, your Sphere, in his Deſcent,
" Stain'd your pure cryſtal Æther, or let fall
" A ſhort Eclipſe from his portentous Shade?
" O! that the Fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad Orb

" Athwart

" Athwart his Way; nor reach'd his preſent Home,
" Then blacken'd *Earth* with Footſteps foul'd in Hell,
" Nor waſh'd in *Ocean*, as from ROME he paſt
" To BRITAIN's Iſle; *too*, *too*, conſpicuous *There!*"
But This is all Digreſſion: Where is HE,
That o'er Heav'n's Battlements the Felon hurl'd
To Groans, and Chains, and Darkneſs? Where is HE,
Who ſees Creation's Summit in a Vale?
HE, Whom, while Man is *Man*, he can't but ſeek;
And if he finds, commences *more* than Man?
O for a Teleſcope His Throne to reach!
Tell me, ye Learn'd on *Earth!* or Bleſt *Above!*
Ye ſearching, ye *Newtonian* Angels! tell,
Where, your Great MASTER's Orb? His Planets, where?
Thoſe *conſcious* Satellites, thoſe *Morning-Stars*,
Firſt-born of DEITY! from Central Love,
By Veneration moſt profound, thrown off;
By ſweet Attraction, no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *ſerene*;
Paſt Thought, illuſtrious, but with borrow'd Beams;
In ſtill *approaching* Circles, ſtill *remote*,
Revolving round the Sun's eternal SIRE?
Or ſent, in Lines direct, on Embaſſies
To Nations—in what Latitude?—Beyond
Terreſtrial Thought's Horizon!—And on what
High Errands ſent?—Here *human* Effort ends;
And leaves me ſtill a Stranger to *His* Throne.
Full well it might! I quite miſtook my Road.
Born in an Age more Curious than Devout;
More fond to fix the *Place* of Heav'n, or Hell,
Than ſtudious *this* to ſhun, or *that* ſecure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* Path,
That leads me to my Point: LORENZO! know,
Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their Guide,
Who worſhip GOD, ſhall *find* Him. Humble *Love*,

And

And not proud *Reaſon*, keeps the Door of Heav'n;
Love finds Admiſſion, where proud *Science* fails.
Man's Science is the Culture of his Heart;
And not to loſe his Plumbet in the Depths
Of *Nature*, or the more Profound of GOD.
Either to know, is an Attempt that ſets
The Wiſeſt on a Level with the Fool.
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here!*)
Paſt Doubt is deep Philoſophy *Above*;
Higher Degrees in Bliſs Archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the Deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a *Thunder* of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak!) is *ſeen* in All!
In *Man!* in *Earth!* In more amazing *Skies!*
Teaching this Leſſon, *Pride* is loth to learn—
"Not *deeply* to *Diſcern*, not *much* to *Know*,
"Mankind was born to WONDER, and ADORE."
And is there Cauſe for higher *Wonder* ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt Surveys?
Yes; and for deeper *Adoration* too.
From my late airy Travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing? Yes, LORENZO! This;
Each of theſe Stars is a Religious Houſe;
I ſaw their Altars ſmoke, their Incenſe riſe,
And heard *Hoſannas* ring thro' ev'ry Sphere,
A Seminary fraught with future Gods.
Nature all o'er is *conſecrated* Ground,
Teeming with Growths Immortal, and Divine.
The Great PROPRIETOR's all-bounteous Hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery Fields
With Seeds of *Reaſon*, which to *Virtues* riſe
Beneath *His* genial Ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential Blaſts of ſtubborn *Will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the Skies.
And is *Devotion* thought too much on *Earth*,

When

When Beings, ſo Superior, Homage *boaſt*,
And *triumph* in Proſtrations to THE THRONE?
But wherefore more of Planets, or of Stars?
Æthereal Journeys, and, diſcover'd there,
Ten thouſand Worlds, Ten thouſand Ways devout,
All *Nature* ſending Incenſe to THE THRONE,
Except the bold LORENZO's of Our Sphere?
Op'ning the ſolemn Sources of my Soul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd ERIDANUS,
My flowing Numbers o'er the flaming Skies,
Nor ſee, of *Fancy*, or of *Fact*, what more
Invites the Muſe—Here turn we, and review
Our paſt Nocturnal Landſcape wide:—Then ſay,
Say, then, LORENZO! with what Burſt of Heart,
The Whole, at once, revolving in his Thought,
Muſt Man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt?
" O what a Root! O what a Branch is Here!
" O what a Father! What a Family!
" Worlds! Syſtems! and Creations!—And Creations,
" In one agglomerated Cluſter, hung,
" * Great VINE! On THEE, on THEE the Cluſter
" The Filial Cluſter! infinitely ſpread [" hangs;
" In glowing Globes, with various Being fraught;
" And drinks (Nectareous Draught!) Immortal Life.
" Or, ſhall I ſay (for *Who* can ſay enough?)
" A Conſtellation of Ten thouſand Gems,
" (And, O! of what Dimenſion! of what Weight!)
" Set in One *Signet*, flames on the Right-hand
" Of MAJESTY DIVINE! The *blazing Seal*,
" That deeply ſtamps, on all created *Mind*,
" Indelible, *His* ſov'reign Attributes,
" OMNIPOTENCE, and LOVE! *That*, paſſing Bound:
" And *This*, ſurpaſſing That. Nor ſtop we *Here*,
" For Want of *Pow'r* in GOD, but *Thought* in MAN.

* *John* xv. 1.

" Ev'n

" Ev'n *This* acknowledg'd, leaves us ſtill in Debt;
" If *Greater* aught, That Greater all is THINE,
" DREAD SIRE!—Accept this *Miniature* of THEE;
" And pardon an *Attempt* from Mortal Thought,
" In which Archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."
How ſuch Ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *Pow'r*,
And ſuch Ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *Plan*,
(Ideas not abſurd) diſtend the Thought
Of feeble Mortals! Nor of *Them* alone!
The Fulneſs of the DEITY breaks forth
In *Inconceivables* to Men, and Gods.
Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the Thought;
How *low* muſt *Man* deſcend, when *Gods* adore!—
Have I not, then, accompliſh'd my proud Boaſt!
Did I not tell thee, " * We would mount, LORENZO!
" And kindle our Devotion at the *Stars*?"
And have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
And art all Adamant? And doſt confute
All urg'd, with One irrefragable *Smile*?
LORENZO! *Mirth* how miſerable *Here*!
Swear by the *Stars*, by HIM who made them, ſwear,
Thy Heart, henceforth, ſhall be as pure as *They*:
Then *Thou*, like *Them*, ſhalt *ſhine*; like *Them*, ſhalt *riſe*
From Low to Lofty; from Obſcure to Bright;
By due Gradation, *Nature*'s ſacred Law.
The *Stars*, from whence?—Aſk *Chaos*—He can tell.
Theſe bright Temptations to Idolatry,
From *Darkneſs*, and *Confuſion*, took their Birth;
Sons of *Deformity*! From fluid Dregs
Tartarean, firſt they roſe to Maſſes rude;
And then, to Spheres opaque; Then dimly ſhone;
Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect Day*.
Nature delights in Progreſs; in Advance
From Worſe to Better: But, when *Minds* aſcend,

* Page 245.

Progreſs,

Progreſs, in Part, depends upon *Themſelves.*
Heav'n aids Exertion; Greater makes the Great;
The *voluntary* Little leſſens more.
O be a *Man!* and thou ſhalt be a *God!*
And *Half Self-made!*—Ambition how Divine!
O Thou, ambitious of Diſgrace alone!
Still undevout? Unkindled?—Tho' high-taught,
School'd by the Skies; and Pupil of the Stars;
Rank Coward to the *Faſhionable World!*
Art thou *aſham'd* to bend thy Knee to Heaven?
Curſt Fume of Pride, exhal'd from deepeſt Hell!
Pride in *Religion* is Man's higheſt Praiſe.
Bent on Deſtruction! and in Love with Death!
Not all theſe Luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half ſo ſad, as One benighted Mind,
Which gropes for Happineſs, and meets *Deſpair.*
How, like a Widow in her Weeds, the *Night,*
Amid her glimm'ring Tapers, ſilent ſits!
How ſorrowful, how deſolate, ſhe weeps
Perpetual Dews, and ſaddens Nature's Scene!
A Scene more ſad *Sin* makes the darken'd Soul,
All Comfort kills, nor leaves one Spark alive.
Tho' blind of Heart, ſtill open is thine Eye:
Why ſuch Magnificence in all thou ſeeſt?
Of *Matter*'s Grandeur, know, One End is This,
To tell the *Rational,* who gazes on it——
" Tho' *That* immenſely Great, ſtill Greater *He,*
" Whoſe Breaſt, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
" Unburden'd, Nature's Univerſal Scheme;
" Can graſp *Creation* with a *ſingle* Thought;
" *Creation* graſp; and not exclude its SIRE"——
To tell him farther—— " It behoves him much
" To guard th' important, yet depending, Fate
" Of Being, brighter than a thouſand Suns:
" One ſingle Ray of *Thought* outſhines them all."——

And

And if Man hears obedient, ſoon he'll ſoar
Superior Heights, and on his purple Wing,
His purple Wing bedrop'd with Eyes of Gold,
Riſing, where *Thought* is now deny'd to riſe,
Look down *triumphant* on theſe dazling Spheres.
Why then perſiſt?—No Mortal ever liv'd
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when Words are true!)
The Whole that charms thee, abſolutely Vain;
Vain, and far worſe!—Think Thou, with dying Men;
O *condeſcend* to think as Angels think!
O *tolerate* a Chance for Happineſs!
Our Nature ſuch, Ill Choice enſures Ill Fate;
And Hell had been, tho' there had been no God.
Doſt thou not know, my new Aſtronomer!
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings Night to Man?
Man, turning from his GOD, brings *endleſs* Night;
Where Thou canſt read no *Morals*, find no *Friend*,
Amend no *Manners*, and expect no *Peace*.
How *deep* the Darkneſs! and the Groan, how *loud!*
And far, how far, from *lambent* are the Flames!
Such is LORENZO's Purchaſe! ſuch his Praiſe!
The Proud, the Politic, LORENZO's Praiſe!
Tho' in his Ear, and levell'd at his Heart,
I've half read o'er the Volume of the Skies.
For think not Thou haſt heard all This from *me*;
My Song but echoes what Great *Nature* ſpeaks.
What has ſhe ſpoken? Thus the Goddeſs ſpoke,
Thus ſpeaks for ever:—"Place, at Nature's Head,
"A Sov'reign, which o'er all Things rolls his Eye,
"Extends his Wing, promulgates His Commands,
"But, above all, diffuſes endleſs Good;
"*To whom*, for ſure Redreſs, the Wrong'd may fly;
"The Vile, for Mercy; and the Pain'd, for Peace;
"*By whom*, the various Tenants of theſe Spheres,
"Diverſify'd in Fortunes, Place, and Powers,

"Rais'd

" Rais'd in Enjoyment, as in Worth they riſe,
" Arrive at length (if worthy ſuch Approach)
" At that bleſt Fountain-Head, from which they ſtream;
" Where Conflict paſt redoubles preſent Joy;
" And preſent Joy looks forward on Increaſe;
" And That, on more; no Period! ev'ry Step
" A double Boon! a *Promiſe*, and a *Bliſs*."
How eaſy ſits *this* Scheme on human Hearts!
It ſuits their Make; it ſooths their vaſt Deſires;
Paſſion is pleas'd; and *Reaſon* aſks no more;
'Tis Rational! 'Tis Great!—But what is *Thine?*
It darkens! ſhocks! excruciates! and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of Help and Hope,
Sinking from Bad to Worſe; few Years, the Sport
Of *Fortune*; then, the Morſel of *Deſpair*.

Say, then, LORENZO! (for thou know'ſt it well)
What's *Vice?*—Mere Want of Compaſs in our Thought.
Religion, what?—The Proof of *Common-Senſe*;
How art thou whooted, where the *Leaſt* prevails!
Is it *my* Fault, if *theſe Truths* call thee *Fool?*
And thou ſhalt never be *miſcall'd* by me.
Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, ſtand thy Friend?
And art Thou *ſtill* an Inſect in the Mire?
How, like thy Guardian Angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from Earth; eſcorted thee thro' all
Th' Ethereal Armies; walkt thee, like a God,
Thro' Splendors of firſt Magnitude, arrang'd
On either Hand; Clouds thrown beneath thy Feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright Paradiſe of God;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to THE THRONE!
And art Thou ſtill carouſing, for Delight,
Rank Poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere *Froth*,
And then ſubſiding into final *Gall?*
To Beings of ſublime, immortal Make,
How ſhocking is all Joy, whoſe *End* is ſure!

Such

Such Joy more ſhocking ſtill, the more it *charms!*
And doſt thou chuſe what ends ere well-begun;
And Infamous, as Short? And doſt Thou chuſe
(*Thou*, to whoſe Palate *Glory* is ſo ſweet)
To wade into *Perdition*, thro' *Contempt*,
Not of poor Bigots only, but thy *own?*
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd Heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful Brow;
For, by ſtrong Guilt's moſt violent Aſſault,
Conſcience is but *diſabled*, not *deſtroy'd*.
O Thou moſt aweful Being! and moſt Vain;
Thy Will, how *frail!* how *glorious* is thy Power!
Tho' dread ETERNITY has ſown her Seeds
Of Bliſs, and Woe, in thy deſpotic Breaſt,
Tho' Heav'n, and Hell, depend upon thy Choice;
A Butterfly comes croſs, and Both are fled.
Is This the Picture of a Rational?
This Horrid Image, ſhall it be moſt Juſt?
LORENZO! No: It cannot,—*ſhall* not, be,
If there is Force in *Reaſon*; or, in *Sounds*
Chanted beneath the Glimpſes of the Moon,
A Magic, at this planetary Hour,
When *Slumber* locks the gen'ral Lip, and Dreams
Thro' ſenſeleſs Mazes hunt Souls *un-inſpir'd*.
Attend—The ſacred Myſteries begin——
My ſolemn *Night-born* Adjuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy Spirit from the Duſt:
While the *Stars* gaze on this Inchantment *new*;
Inchantment, not Infernal, but Divine!
" By *Silence*, DEATH's peculiar Attribute;
" By *Darkneſs*, GUILT's inevitable Doom;
" By *Darkneſs*, and by *Silence*, Siſters dread!
" That draw the Curtain round NIGHT's Ebon Throne,
" And raiſe Ideas, ſolemn as the Scene!
" By NIGHT, and all of Aweful, Night preſents

" To

" To *Thought*, or *Senſe* (of Aweful much, to Both,
" The Goddeſs brings)! By Theſe her trembling *Fires*,
" Like VESTA's, ever-burning; and, like *hers*,
" Sacred to Thoughts immaculate, and pure!
" By theſe bright Orators, that *prove*, and *praiſe*,
" And preſs thee to revere, the DEITY;
" Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
" To reach *His* Throne; as *Stages* of the Soul,
" Thro' which, at diff'rent Periods, ſhe ſhall paſs,
" Refining gradual, for her final Height,
" And purging off ſome Droſs at ev'ry Sphere!
" By this dark Pall thrown o'er the ſilent World!
" By the World's Kings, and Kingdoms, moſt renown'd,
" From ſhort Ambition's *Zenith* ſet for ever;
" Sad Preſage to vain Boaſters, now in Bloom!
" By the long Liſt of ſwift Mortality,
" From ADAM downward to this Ev'ning Knell,
" Which Midnight waves in *Fancy*'s ſtartled Eye;
" And ſhocks her with an hundred Centuries, [Thought!
" Round *Death*'s black Banner throng'd, in human
" By Thouſands, *now*, reſigning their laſt Breath,
" And calling Thee——wert Thou ſo wiſe to hear;
" By Tombs o'er Tombs ariſing; human Earth
" Ejected, to make room for—human Earth;
" The Monarch's *Terror!* and the Sexton's *Trade!*
" By pompous Obſequies, that ſhun the Day,
" The *Torch* funereal, and the nodding *Plume*,
" Which makes poor Man's Humiliation proud;
" Boaſt of our *Ruin!* Triumph of our *Duſt!*
" By the damp Vault that weeps o'er Royal Bones;
" And the pale Lamp that ſhews the ghaſtly Dead,
" *More* ghaſtly, thro' the thick incumbent Gloom!
" By Viſits (if there are) from darker Scenes,
" The gliding Spectre! and the groaning Grove!
" By Groans, and Graves, and Miſeries that groan

" For

" For the Grave's Shelter! By deſponding Men,
" Senſeleſs to Pains of Death, from Pangs of Guilt!
" By Guilt's laſt Audit! By yon *Moon* in Blood,
" The rocking Firmament, the falling Stars,
" And Thunder's laſt Diſcharge, great Nature's Knell!
" By SECOND *Chaos*; and ETERNAL *Night*"—
BE WISE—Nor let PHILANDER blame my *Charm*;
But own not ill-diſcharg'd my double Debt,
Love to the Living; *Duty* to the Dead.
For know, I'm but Executor; *He* left
This moral Legacy; *I* make it o'er
By *his* Command; PHILANDER hear in me;
And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to Theſe, Oh! hear
FLORELLO's tender Voice; *His* Weal depends
On *Thy* Reſolve; it trembles at Thy Choice;
For *His* Sake—love *Thyſelf*: Example ſtrikes
All human Hearts; a *bad* Example more;
More ſtill a Father's; That enſures his Ruin.
As Parent of his Being, wouldſt thou prove
Th' unnatural Parent of his Miſeries,
And make him curſe the Being which thou gav'ſt?
Is *this* the Bleſſing of ſo fond a Father?
If careleſs of LORENZO! ſpare, Oh! ſpare,
FLORELLO's Father, and PHILANDER's Friend;
FLORELLO's Father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from PHILANDER's Friend the World expects
A Conduct, no Diſhonour to the Dead.
Let *Paſſion* do, what *nobler Motive* ſhould;
Let *Love*, and *Emulation*, riſe in Aid
To *Reaſon*; and perſuade thee to be—Bleſt.
This ſeems not a Requeſt to be deny'd;
Yet (ſuch th' Infatuation of Mankind!)
'Tis the moſt *Hopeleſs*, Man can make to Man.
Shall I, then, riſe in Argument, and Warmth?
And urge PHILANDER's poſthumous Advice,

From Topics yet unbroach'd?——
But Oh! I faint! My Spirits fail!—Nor ſtrange!
So long on Wing, and in no middle Clime;
To which my Great CREATOR's Glory call'd:
And *calls*—but, now, in vain. *Sleep*'s dewy Wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping Lids, and *promiſes*
My long Arrear of Reſt; the *downy God*
(Wont to return with our returning *Peace*)
Will *pay*, ere long, and bleſs me with Repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet Stranger! from the Peaſant's Cot,
The Ship-boy's Hammock, or the Soldier's Straw,
Whence *Sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
Not hideous Viſions, as of late; but Draughts
Delicious of well-taſted, cordial, Reſt;
Man's rich Reſtorative; his balmy Bath,
That ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in Play,
The various Movements of this nice Machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent Periods of Repair.
When tir'd with vain Rotations of the Day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding Dawn;
Freſh we ſpin on, till *Sickneſs* clogs our Wheels,
Or *Death* quite breaks the Spring, and Motion ends.
When will it end with Me?

——"THOU only know'ſt,
" THOU, whoſe broad Eye the *Future*, and the *Paſt*,
" Joins to the *Preſent*; making One of *Three*
" To mortal Thought! THOU know'ſt, and THOU alone,
" All-knowing!—All unknown!—And yet Well-known!
" Near, tho' Remote! and, tho' Unfathom'd, Felt!
" And tho' Inviſible, for ever Seen!
" And Seen in All! The *Great*, and the *Minute*;
" Each Globe above, with its Gigantic Race,
" Each Flow'r, each Leaf, with its ſmall People ſwarm'd,
" (Thoſe puny Vouchers of OMNIPOTENCE!)

" To the First Thought, that asks, " *From whence?*"
" declare
" Their common Source. THOU Fountain running o'er
" In Rivers of communicated Joy!
" Who gav'st us Speech for far, far humbler Themes!
" Say, by what Name shall I presume to call
" HIM I see burning in these countless Suns,
" As *Moses* in the *Bush?* ILLUSTRIOUS MIND!
" The whole Creation, Less, far Less to Thee,
" Than *That* to the Creation's ample Round.
" How shall I name THEE?—How my labouring Soul
" Heaves underneath the Thought, too big for Birth!
" Great System of Perfections! Mighty Cause
" Of Causes mighty! Cause uncaus'd! Sole Root
" Of *Nature*, that luxuriant Growth of GOD!
" First Father of *Effects!* that Progeny
" Of endless Series; where the golden Chain's
" Last Link admits a Period, Who can tell?
" Father of All that is or heard, or hears!
" Father of All that is or seen, or sees!
" Father of All that *is*, or *shall* arise!
" Father of this immeasurable Mass
" Of *Matter* multiform; or dense, or rare;
" Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at Rest;
" Minute, or passing Bound! In each Extreme
" Of like Amaze, and Mystery, to Man.
" Father of these bright Millions of the *Night!*
" Of which the Least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
" And thrown the Gazer on his Knee—Or, say,
" Is Appellation higher still, Thy Choice?
" Father of *Matter*'s Temporary Lords!
" Father of *Spirits!* Nobler Offspring! Sparks
" Of high Paternal Glory; rich-endow'd
" With various Measures, and with various Modes
" Of *Instinct*, *Reason*, *Intuition*; Beams

" More pale, or bright from *Day Divine*, to break
" The Dark of Matter *organiz'd* (the Ware
" Of all *created* Spirit); Beams, that riſe
" Each over other in ſuperior Light,
" Till the laſt ripens into Luſtre ſtrong,
" Of next Approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
" Far fonder than e'er bore that Name on Earth)
" Of *intellectual* Beings! Beings bleſt
" With Pow'rs to pleaſe THEE; not of paſſive Ply
" To Laws they know not; Beings lodg'd in Seats
" Of well-adapted Joys, in diff'rent Domes
" Of this Imperial Palace for thy Sons;
" Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
" Tho' boundleſs Habitation, plann'd by THEE;
" Whoſe ſeveral Clans their ſeveral Climates ſuit;
" And Tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.
" Or, Oh! indulge, Immortal KING! indulge
" A Title, leſs auguſt indeed, but more
" Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human Ears!
" Sweet in our Ears, and Triumph in our Hearts!
" *Father of Immortality to Man!*
" A Theme that * lately ſet my Soul on Fire.—
" And THOU the NEXT! yet Equal! THOU, by whom
" *That* Bleſſing was convey'd; far more! was *Bought*;
" Ineffable the Price! By whom all Worlds
" Were made; and One, redeem'd! Illuſtrious Light
" From Light Illuſtrious! THOU, whoſe *Regal* Power,
" Finite in *Time*, but Infinite in *Space*,
" On more than adamantine Baſis fix'd,
" O'er more, far more, than Diadems, and Thrones,
" Inviolably reigns; the *Dread* of Gods!
" And Oh! the *Friend* of Man! Beneath whoſe Foot,
" And by the Mandate of whoſe aweful Nod,
" All Regions, Revolutions, Fortunes, Fates,

* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

" Of

" Of High, of Low, of Mind, and Matter, roll
" Thro' the ſhort Chanels of expiring *Time*,
" Or ſhoreleſs Ocean of Eternity,
" Calm, or Tempeſtuous (as *Thy* Spirit breathes),
" In abſolute Subjection!—And, O THOU
" The glorious THIRD! Diſtinct, not Separate!
" Beaming from *Both!* with Both Incorporate!
" And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with Duſt!
" By Condeſcenſion, as Thy Glory, great,
" Enſhrin'd in Man! Of human Hearts, if pure,
" Divine Inhabitant! The Tie Divine
" Of Heav'n with diſtant Earth! by whom, I truſt,
" (If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this Addreſs
" To THEE, to THEM—To Whom?—Myſterious Power!
" Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! Darkneſs in Light;
" Number in Unity! Our Joy! Our Dread!
" The *Triple* Bolt that lays all Wrong in Ruin!
" That animates all Right, the *Triple* Sun!
" Sun of the Soul! her never-ſetting Sun!
" Triune, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
" Abſconding, yet Demonſtrable, GREAT GOD!
" Greater than Greateſt! Better than the Beſt!
" Kinder than Kindeſt! with ſoft *Pity*'s Eye,
" Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with *Thine Own*,
" From Thy bright Home, from that high Firmament,
" Where THOU, from all Eternity, haſt dwelt;
" Beyond Archangels unaſſiſted Ken;
" From far above what Mortals Higheſt call;
" From Elevation's Pinacle; Look down,
" Through—What? Confounding Interval! Thro' All,
" And more, than lab'ring *Fancy* can conceive;
" Thro' radiant Ranks of Eſſences unknown;
" Thro' Hierarchies from Hierarchies detach'd
" Round various Banners of OMNIPOTENCE,
" With endleſs Change of rapturous Duties fir'd;

" Thro' wond'rous Beings interpoſing Swarms,
" All cluſt'ring at the Call, to dwell in THEE;
" Thro' this wide Waſte of Worlds; this *Viſta* vaſt,
" All ſanded o'er with Suns; Suns turn'd to *Night*
" Before *Thy* feebleſt Beam—Look down—down—down,
" On a poor *breathing Particle* in Duſt,
" Or, lower,—an *Immortal* in his Crimes.
" His Crimes forgive! Forgive his Virtues, too!
" Thoſe ſmaller Faults, Half-Converts to the Right.
" Nor let me cloſe Theſe Eyes, which never more
" May ſee the Sun (tho' Night's deſcending Scale
" Now weighs up Morn), Unpity'd, and Unbleſt!
" In *Thy* Diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* Pain;
" Pain, our Averſion; Pain, which ſtrikes me *now*;
" And, ſince all Pain is terrible to Man,
" Tho' tranſient, Terrible; at *Thy* good Hour,
" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my Bed,
" My *Clay-cold Bed!* by Nature, now, ſo near;
" By Nature, near; ſtill nearer by Diſeaſe!
" Till then, be *This*, an Emblem of my Grave:
" Let it out-preach the Preacher; Ev'ry Night
" Let it out-cry the Boy at PHILIP's Ear;
" That Tongue of Death! That Herald of the Tomb!
" And when (the Shelter of thy Wing implor'd)
" My *Senſes*, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft Repoſe;
" O ſink *this* Truth ſtill deeper in my Soul,
" Suggeſted by my Pillow, ſign'd by *Fate*,
" Firſt, In *Fate*'s Volume, at the Page of *Man*—
" *Man's fickly Soul, tho' turn'd and toſs'd for ever,*
" *From Side to Side, can reſt on nought but* THEE:
" *Here, in full Truſt; Hereafter, in full Joy;*
" On THEE, the promis'd, ſure, eternal Down
" Of Spirits, toil'd in Travel thro' this Vale.
" Nor of *that* Pillow ſhall *my* Soul deſpond;
" For—Love Almighty! Love Almighty! (Sing,

" Exult,

" Exult, Creation!) Love Almighty, reigns!
" That Death of *Death!* That Cordial of *Deſpair!*
" And loud ETERNITY's triumphant Song!
" Of Whom, no more:—For, O Thou PATRON-GOD!
" Thou *God*, and *Mortal!* Thence *more* GOD to Man!
" Man's Theme eternal! Man's eternal Theme!
" THOU can'ſt not 'ſcape *uninjur'd* from our *Praiſe.*
" Uninjur'd from our Praiſe can He eſcape,
" Who, diſemboſom'd from the FATHER, bows
" The Heav'n of Heav'ns, to kiſs the diſtant Earth!
" Breathes out in Agonies a ſinleſs Soul!
" Againſt the *Croſs*, *Death*'s Iron Sceptre breaks!
" From famiſh'd *Ruin* plucks her human Prey!
" Throws wide the Gates Celeſtial to his *Foes!*
" Their *Gratitude*, for ſuch a boundleſs Debt,
" Deputes their *Suff'ring Brothers* to receive!
" And, if deep human Guilt in Payment fails;
" As deeper Guilt prohibits our *Deſpair!*
" Injoins it, as our Duty, to *Rejoice!*
" And (to cloſe all) omnipotently kind,
" * *Takes his Delights among the Sons of Men.*" [Heav'n?

What Words are Theſe!—And did they come from
And were they ſpoke to Man? To guilty Man?
What are all Myſteries to Love like This?
The Song of Angels, all the Melodies
Of Choral Gods, are wafted in the Sound;
Heal and exhilarate the broken Heart,
Tho' plung'd, before, in Horrors dark as *Night:*
Rich Prelibation of *conſummate* Joy!
Nor wait we Diſſolution to be bleſt.

This final Effort of the moral Muſe,
How juſtly † *Titled!* Nor for me alone;
For all that read; what Spirit of Support,
What Heights of CONSOLATION, crown my Song!

* *Prov.* Chap. viii. † The *Conſolation.*

Then, farewel NIGHT! Of Darkneſs, now, no more:
Joy breaks; ſhines; triumphs; 'tis eternal Day.
Shall that which riſes out of *Nought* complain
Of a few Evils, paid with endleſs Joys?
My Soul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt Union join
The Two Supports of human Happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *Taſte of Life*, and conſtant *Thought of Death*;
The *Thought* of Death, ſole Victor of its *Dread!*
Hope be thy *Joy*; and *Probity* thy *Skill*;
Thy *Patron* HE, whoſe Diadem has dropp'd
Yon Gems of Heav'n; *Eternity*, thy *Prize:*
And leave the Racers of the *World* their Own,
Their Feather, and their Froth, for endleſs Toils:
They part with All for That *which is not Bread*;
They mortify, they ſtarve, on Wealth, Fame, Power;
And laugh to Scorn the *Fools* that aim at more.
How muſt a Spirit, late eſcap'd from Earth,
Suppoſe PHILANDER's, LUCIA's, or NARCISSA's,
The *Truth of Things* new-blazing in its Eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd, on the Ways of Men,
Whoſe Lives whole Drift is to forget their Graves!
And when our *preſent Privilege* is paſt,
To ſcourge us with due Senſe of its *Abuſe*,
The *ſame* Aſtoniſhment will ſeize us All.
What *then* muſt pain us, would preſerve us *now*.
LORENZO! 'tis not yet too late: LORENZO!
Seize Wiſdom, ere 'tis Torment to be Wiſe;
That is, Seize *Wiſdom*, ere ſhe ſeizes *Thee*.
For, what, my ſmall Philoſopher! is *Hell?*
'Tis nothing, but full Knowledge of *the Truth*,
When *Truth*, reſiſted long, is ſworn our Foe;
And calls ETERNITY to do her Right.
Thus, *Darkneſs* aiding Intellectual Light,
And Sacred *Silence* whiſp'ring Truths Divine,

And *Truths Divine* converting Pain to Peace,
My Song the Midnight Raven has outwing'd,
And ſhot, ambitious of unbounded Scenes,
Beyond the flaming Limits of the World,
Her gloomy Flight. But what avails the Flight
Of *Fancy*, when our *Hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in Flatterers, and Foes;
'Tis Pride, to praiſe her; Penance, to perform.
To more than Words, to more than Worth of Tongue,
LORENZO! riſe, at this auſpicious Hour;
An Hour, when Heav'n's moſt intimate with Man;
When, like a falling Star, the Ray Divine
Glides ſwift into the Boſom of the *Juſt*;
And Juſt are All, *determin'd* to reclaim;
Which ſets that Title high, within thy Reach.
Awake, then: Thy PHILANDER calls: Awake!
Thou, who ſhalt wake, when the Creation ſleeps;
When, like a Taper, all theſe Suns expire;
When TIME, like Him of *Gaza* in his Wrath,
Plucking the Pillars that ſupport the World,
In NATURE's ample Ruins lies intomb'd;
And MIDNIGHT, *Univerſal* Midnight! reigns.

END *of the* Night-Thoughts.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON

Part of the Book of *JOB*.

THRICE Happy *Job* long liv'd in Regal State,
Nor ſaw the Sumptuous Eaſt a Prince ſo Great;
Whoſe Worldly Stores in ſuch Abundance flow'd,
Whoſe Heart with ſuch exalted Virtue glow'd.
At length Misfortunes take their Turn to reign,
And Ills on Ills ſucceed; A dreadful Train!
What Now but Deaths, and Poverty, and Wrong,
The Sword wide-waſting, the reproachful Tongue,
And ſpotted Plagues, that mark'd his Limbs all o'er
So thick with Pains, they wanted Room for more?
A Change ſo ſad what Mortal Heart could bear?
Exhauſted Woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave Him All to Grief. Low Earth he preſt,
Wept in the Duſt, and ſorely ſmote his Breaſt.
His Friends around the deep Affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his Pangs, and Groan for Groan return'd;
In Anguiſh of their Hearts their Mantles rent,
And Sev'n long Days in ſolemn Silence ſpent;
A Debt of Rev'rence to Diſtreſs ſo great!
Then *Job* contain'd no more; but curs'd his Fate.

His Day of Birth, its inauſpicious Light,
He wiſhes ſunk in Shades of endleſs Night,
And blotted from the Year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant Death; impatient for the Grave,
That Seat of Peace, that Manſion of Repoſe,
Where Reſt and Mortals are no longer Foes;
Where Counſellors are Huſh'd, and Mighty Kings
(O happy Turn!) no more are Wretched Things.
His Words were daring, and diſpleas'd his Friends;
His Conduct They reprove, and He defends;
And now They kindled into warm Debate,
And Sentiments oppos'd with equal Heat;
Fixt in Opinion, Both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their Reaſon to the Field:
So high at length their Arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt Extent of Human Thought:
A Pauſe enſu'd.—When, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
And awefully the long Contention clos'd.
Full o'er their Heads, with terrible Surprize,
A ſudden Whirlwind blacken'd all the Skies:
(They Saw, and Trembled!) From the Darkneſs broke
A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.
Who gives his Tongue a Looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my Conduct, and reproves my Reign?
Lifts up his Thought againſt me from the Duſt,
And tells the World's Creator what is Juſt?
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs Eye,
Face my Demand, and give it a Reply:
Where didſt Thou dwell at Nature's early Birth?
Who laid Foundations for the ſpacious *Earth?*
Who on its Surface did extend the Line,
Its Form determine, and its Bulk confine?
Who fix'd the Corner-Stone? What Hand, declare,
Hung it on Nought, and faſten'd it in Air;

When the bright Morning Stars in Concert ſung,
When Heav'n's high Arch with loud Hoſanna's rung;
When ſhouting Sons of God the Triumph crown'd,
And the wide Concave thunder'd with the Sound?
Earth's num'rous *Kingdoms*, haſt Thou view'd them all?
And can thy Span of Knowledge graſp the Ball?
Who heav'd the *Mountain*, which ſublimely ſtands,
And caſts its Shadow into diſtant Lands?

Who, ſtretching forth his Sceptre o'er the *Deep*,
Can that wild World in due Subjection keep?
I broke the Globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow'd Side,
And did a Baſon for the Floods provide;
I chain them with my Word; the boiling Sea,
Work'd up in Tempeſts, hears my great Decree;
"Thus far, thy floating Tide ſhall be convey'd;
"And Here, O Main, be thy proud Billows ſtay'd."

Haſt Thou explor'd the *Secrets* of the Deep,
Where, ſhut from Uſe, unnumber'd Treaſures ſleep;
Where, down a Thouſand Fathoms from the Day,
Springs the great Fountain, Mother of the Sea?
Thoſe gloomy Paths did thy bold Foot e'er tread,
Whole Worlds of Waters rolling o'er thy Head?

Hath the cleft *Centre* open'd wide to Thee?
Death's inmoſt Chambers didſt Thou ever ſee?
E'er knock at his tremendous Gate, and wade
To the black Portal thro' th' incumbent Shade?
Deep are thoſe Shades; but Shades ſtill deeper hide
My Counſels from the Ken of human Pride.

Where dwells the *Light?* In what refulgent Dome?
And where has *Darkneſs* made her diſmal Home?
Thou know'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large Heart is fraught
With ripen'd Wiſdom thro' long Ages brought;
Since Nature was call'd forth when Thou waſt by,
And into Being roſe beneath thine Eye!

Are *Miſts* begotten? Who their Father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly Drops of Dew?
To bind the Stream by Night, what Hand can boaſt,
Or whiten Morning, with the hoary *Froſt*?
Whoſe pow'rful Breath, from Northern Regions blown,
Touches the Sea, and turns it into Stone?
A ſudden Deſart ſpreads o'er Realms defac'd,
And lays one Half of the Creation waſte?
Thou know'ſt Me not; Thy Blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a Diſtance parts thy God from Thee.
Canſt Thou in *Whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canſt Thou
In Clouds and Darkneſs wrap thy aweful Brow?
And when Day triumphs in meridian Light,
Put forth thy Hand, and ſhade the World with Night?
Who launch'd the *Clouds* in Air, and bid them roll
Suſpended Seas aloft, from Pole to Pole?
Who can refreſh the burning ſandy Plain,
And quench the Summer with a Waſte of Rain?
Who in rough Deſarts, far from Human Toil,
Made Rocks bring forth, and Deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the Roſe, where human Face ne'er ſhone,
And ſpreads its Beauties to the Sun alone.
To check the Show'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And ſhuts the Sluices of th' exhauſted Sky;
When Earth no longer mourns her gaping Veins,
Her naked Mountains, and her ruſſet Plains:
But, new in Life, a chearful Proſpect yields
Of ſhining Rivers, and of verdant Fields;
When Groves and Foreſts laviſh all their Bloom,
And Earth and Heav'n are fill'd with rich Perfume?
Haſt Thou e'er ſcal'd my wintry Skies, and ſeen
Of *Hail* and *Snows* my Northern Magazine?
Theſe the dread Treaſures of mine Anger are,
My Fund of Vengeance for the Day of War,

When

When Clouds rain Death, and Storms, at my Command,
Rage thro' the World, or waſte a guilty Land.
Who taught the rapid *Winds* to fly ſo faſt,
Or ſhakes the Centre with his Eaſtern Blaſt?
Who from the Skies can a whole Deluge pour?
Who ſtrikes thro' Nature with the ſolemn Roar
Of dreadful *Thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *Lightning* wraps the flying Ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted Fires,
Falls at the Sound, and in the Flaſh expires.
Who drew the *Comet* out to ſuch a Size,
And pour'd his flaming Train o'er Half the Skies?
Did Thy Reſentment hang him out? Does He
Glare on the Nations, and Denounce, from Thee?
Who on low Earth can moderate the Rein,
That guides the *Stars* along th' ethereal Plain?
Appoint their Seaſons, and direct their Courſe,
Their Luſtre brighten, and ſupply their Force?
Canſt Thou the Skies Benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the *Pleiades* to ſhine in vain?
Or, when *Orion* ſparkles from his Sphere,
Thaw the cold Seaſon, and unbind the Year?
Bid *Mazzaroth* his deſtin'd Station know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus*, where to glow?
Mine is the *Night*, with all her Stars; I pour
Myriads, and Myriads I reſerve in Store.
Doſt Thou pronounce where Day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the Purple Curtain of the Morn;
Awake the *Sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad Thy World with his Obſequious Ray?
Haſt Thou, inthron'd in flaming Glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the ſpacious Ring of Heav'n?
That Pomp of Light, what Hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant Earth lies baſking in the Blaze?

Who

Who did the *Soul* with her rich Pow'rs inveſt,
And light up Reaſon in the Human Breaſt?
To ſhine, with freſh Increaſe of Luſtre, Bright,
When Stars and Sun are ſet in endleſs Night?
To theſe my various Queſtions make Reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſhook the Sky.
What then, *Chaldæan* Sire, was thy Surprize!
Thus Thou, with trembling Heart, and down-caſt Eyes:
" Once and again, which I in Groans deplore,
" My Tongue has err'd; but ſhall preſume no more.
" My Voice is in eternal Silence bound,
" And all my Soul falls proſtrate to the Ground."
He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread Voice from the black Whirlwind broke.
Can that Arm meaſure with an Arm Divine?
And canſt thou thunder with a Voice like Mine?
Or in the Hollow of thy Hand contain
The Bulk of Waters, the wide-ſpreading Main,
When, mad with Tempeſts, all the Billows riſe
In all their Rage, and daſh the diſtant Skies?
Come forth, in Beauty's Excellence array'd;
And be the Grandeur of thy Pow'r diſplay'd;
Put on Omnipotence, and frowning make
The ſpacious Round of the Creation ſhake;
Diſpatch thy Vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty Tyrants low,
And crumble them to Duſt. When This is done,
I grant thy Safety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and may'ſt undaunted ſtand
Behind the Buckler of thine own Right Hand.
Fond Man! the Viſion of a Moment made!
Dream of a Dream! and Shadow of a Shade!
What Worlds haſt Thou produc'd, what Creatures fram'd,
What Inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?

When

When, pain'd with Hunger, the wild *Raven*'s Brood
Calls upon God, importunate for Food,
Who hears their Cry, who grants their hoarſe Requeſt,
And ſtills the Clamour of the craving Neſt?
Who in the cruel *Oſtrich* has ſubdu'd
A Parent's Care, and fond Inquietude?
While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd Eggs are found,
Without an Owner, on the ſandy Ground;
Caſt out on Fortune, they at Mercy lie,
And borrow Life from an indulgent Sky;
Adopted by the Sun, in Blaze of Day,
They ripen under his prolific Ray.
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy Tread
May cruſh her Young in their neglected Bed.
What Time ſhe ſkims along the Field with Speed,
She ſcorns the Rider, and purſuing Steed.
How rich the *Peacock!* what bright Glories run
From Plume to Plume, and vary in the Sun!
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden Ray,
Gives all his Colours, and adorns the Day;
With conſcious State the ſpacious Round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving Blaze.
Who taught the *Hawk* to find, in Seaſons wiſe,
Perpetual Summer, and a Change of Skies?
When Clouds deform the Year, ſhe mounts the Wind,
Shoots to the South, nor fears the Storm behind;
The Sun returning, ſhe returns agen,
Lives in his Beams, and leaves ill Days to Men.
Tho' ſtrong the *Hawk*, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An *Eagle* drops her in a lower Sky;
An *Eagle*, when, deſerting Human Sight,
She ſeeks the Sun in her unweary'd Flight.
Did thy Command her yellow Pinion lift
So high in Air, and ſeat her on the Clift,

Where

Where far above thy World ſhe dwells alone,
And proudly makes the Strength of Rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey,
And with a Glance predeſtinates her Prey?
She feaſts her Young with Blood, and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd Hoſt, enjoys the *promis'd* Gore.

Know'ſt Thou how many Moons, by Me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the Mountain *Goat*, and Foreſt *Hind*,
While pregnant they a Mother's Load ſuſtain?
They bend in Anguiſh, and caſt forth their Pain.
Hale are their Young, from Human Frailties freed;
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once; forſake the Dam's warm Side;
Take the wide World, with Nature for their Guide;
Bound o'er the Lawn, or ſeek the diſtant Glade;
And find a Home in each delightful Shade.

Will the tall *Reem*, which knows no Lord but Me,
Low at the Crib, and aſk an Alms of thee?
Submit his unworn Shoulder to the Yoke,
Break the ſtiff Clod, and o'er thy Furrow ſmoak?
Since great his Strength, go truſt him, void of Care;
Lay on his Neck the Toil of all the Year;
Bid him bring home the Seaſons to thy Doors,
And caſt his Load among thy gather'd Stores.

Didſt Thou from Service the *Wild-Aſs* diſcharge,
And break his Bonds, and bid him live at large,
Thro' the wide Waſte, his ample Manſion, roam,
And loſe himſelf in his Unbounded Home?
By Nature's Hand magnificently fed,
His Meal is on the Range of Mountains ſpread;
As in pure Air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant Smoak the City Throng;
Conſcious of Freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd Train,
The threat'ning Driver, and the ſervile Rein.

Survey

Survey the warlike *Horſe!* didſt Thou inveſt
With Thunder, his robuſt diſtended Cheſt?
No Senſe of Fear his dauntleſs Soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his Noſtrils blaze;
To paw the Vale he proudly takes Delight,
And triumphs in the Fulneſs of his Might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the Battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging War;
And mocks at Death, and throws his Foam around,
And in a Storm of Fury ſhakes the Ground.
How does his firm, his riſing Heart, advance
Full on the brandiſh'd Sword, and ſhaken Lance;
While his fix'd Eye-balls meet the dazling Shield,
Gaze, and return the Lightning of the Field!
He ſinks the Senſe of Pain in gen'rous Pride,
Nor feels the Shaft that trembles in his Side;
But neighs to the ſhrill Trumpet's dreadful Blaſt
Till Death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
But, fiercer ſtill, the Lordly *Lion* ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely Walks;
When round he glares, all living Creatures fly;
He clears the Deſart with his rolling Eye.
Say, Mortal, does he rouſe at thy Command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy Hand?
Doſt thou for him in Foreſts bend thy Bow,
And to his gloomy Den the Morſel throw,
Where bent on Death lie hid his tawny Brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful Ambuſh, pant for Blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken Limbs, conſume the Day,
In Darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their Prey?
By the pale Moon they take their deſtin'd Round,
And laſh their Sides, and furious tear the Ground.
Now Shrieks, and dying Groans, the Deſart fill;
They rage, they rend, their rav'nous Jaws diſtil

With

With crimſon Foam; and, when the Banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their Steps with Gore;
In Flight alone the Shepherd puts his Truſt,
And ſhudders at the Talon in the Duſt.

Mild is my *Behemoth*, tho' large his Frame;
Smooth is his Temper, and repreſt his Flame,
While unprovok'd. This Native of the Flood
Lifts his broad Foot, and puts aſhore for Food;
Earth ſinks beneath him, as he moves along
To ſeek the Herbs, and mingle with the Throng.
See, with what Strength his harden'd Loins are bound,
All over Proof, and ſhut againſt a Wound.
How like a Mountain Cedar moves his Tail!
Nor can his complicated Sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid Bones ſurpaſs
The Bars of Steel; his Ribs are Ribs of Braſs;
His Port majeſtic, and his armed Jaw,
Give the wide Foreſt, and the Mountain, Law.
The Mountains feed him; there the Beaſts admire
The mighty Stranger, and in Dread retire:
At length his Greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his Shadow, and his Eye obey.
The Fens and Marſhes are his cool Retreat,
His Noontide Shelter from the burning Heat;
Their ſedgy Boſoms his wide Couch are made,
And Groves of Willows give him all their Shade.
His Eye drinks *Jordan* up, when, fir'd with Drought,
He truſts to turn its Current down his Throat;
In leſſen'd Waves it creeps along the Plain:
He ſinks a River, and He thirſts again.

Go to the *Nile*, and, from its fruitful Side,
Caſt forth thy Line into the ſwelling Tide:
With ſlender Hair *Leviathan* command,
And ſtretch his Vaſtneſs on the loaded Strand.

Will

Will he become Thy Servant? Will he own
Thy Lordly Nod, and tremble at Thy Frown?
Or with his Sport amuſe thy leiſure Day,
And, bound in Silk, with thy ſoft Maidens play?
Shall pompous Banquets ſwell with ſuch a Prize?
And the Bowl journey round his ample Size?
Or the debating Merchants ſhare the Prey,
And various Limbs to various Marts convey?
Thro' his firm Skull what Steel its Way can win?
What forceful Engine can ſubdue his Skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs Might;
The Braveſt ſhrink to Cowards in his Sight;
The Raſheſt dare not rouſe him up: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the Sons of Men?
Am I a Debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the Gifts which are on Me conferr'd?
My laviſh Fruit a thouſand Valleys fills,
And Mine the Herds, that graze a thouſand Hills:
Earth, Sea, and Air, All Nature is my own:
And Stars and Sun are Duſt beneath my Throne.
And dar'ſt Thou with the World's great Father vye,
Thou, who doſt tremble at my Creature's Eye?
At full my large *Leviathan* ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his Strength, and ſpread his wond'rous Size.
Who, great in Arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining Mail,
Or crown'd his Triumph with a ſingle Scale?
Whoſe Heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold,
Deſtruction yawns; his ſpacious Jaws unfold,
And, marſhal'd round the wide Expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with Death, and crouding Rows on Rows:
What hideous Fangs on either Side ariſe!
And what a deep Abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy Lance, and with thy Plumbet ſound,
The One how long, the Other how profound.

His

His Bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious Soul,
That Clouds of Smoke from his ſpread Noſtrils roll,
As from a Furnace; and, when rous'd his Ire,
Fate iſſues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.
The Rage of Tempeſts, and the Roar of Seas,
Thy Terror, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample Shoulder ſits in State;
His well-join'd Limbs are dreadfully complete;
His Flakes of ſolid Fleſh are ſlow to part;
As Steel his Nerves, as Adamant his Heart.

When, late-awak'd, He rears him from the Floods,
And, ſtretching forth his Stature to the Clouds,
Writhes in the Sun aloft his ſcaly Height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant Hills with tranſient Light,
Far round are fatal Damps of Terror ſpread,
The Mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their Dread.

Large is his Front; and, when his burniſh'd Eyes
Lift their broad Lids, the Morning ſeems to riſe.

In vain may Death in various Shapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd Arrow, the deſcending Blade;
His naked Breaſt their Impotence defies;
The Dart rebounds, the brittle Fauchion flies.
Shut in Himſelf, the War without he hears,
Safe in the Tempeſt of their rattling Spears;
The cumber'd Strand their waſted Vollies ſtrow;
His Sport, the Rage and Labour of the Foe.

His Paſtimes like a Caldron boil the Flood,
And blacken Ocean with the Riſing Mud;
The Billows feel him, as he works his Way;
His hoary Footſteps ſhine along the Sea;
The Foam high-wrought, with White, divides the Green,
And diſtant Sailors point where Death has been.

His Like Earth bears not on her ſpacious Face:
Alone in Nature ſtands his dauntleſs Race,

For

For utter Ignorance of Fear renown'd,
In Wrath he rolls his baleful Eye around;
Makes ev'ry ſwoln, diſdainful Heart, ſubſide,
And holds Dominion o'er the Sons of Pride.
Then the *Chaldæan* eas'd his lab'ring Breaſt,
With full Conviction of his Crime oppreſt.
" Thou canſt accompliſh All Things, Lord of Might!
" And ev'ry Thought is naked to thy Sight.
" But oh! Thy Ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepeſt Reach of mortal Eye.
" Oft have I heard of thine Almighty Pow'r;
" But never ſaw Thee till this dreadful Hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with Shame, the Lord of Life I ſee;
" Abhor myſelf, and give my Soul to Thee.
" Nor ſhall my Weakneſs tempt Thine Anger more:
" Man was not made to Queſtion, but Adore."

NOTES.

BRITISH MUSEUM
7
MAY
54

NOTES.

IT is disputed among the Critics who was the Author of the Book of *Job*. Some give it to *Moses*; some to Others. As I was engag'd in this little Performance, some Arguments occurr'd to me, which favour the former of these Opinions; which Arguments I have flung into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

Page 299. *Thrice Happy* Job, &c.] The Almighty's Speech, Chap. xxxviii. *&c.* which is what I paraphrase in this little Work, is by much the finest Part of the noblest, and most antient Poem in the World. Bishop *Patrick* says, its Grandeur is as much above all other Poetry, as Thunder is louder than a Whisper. In order to set this distinguish'd Part of the Poem in a fuller Light, and give the Reader a clearer Conception of it, I have abridg'd the preceding and subsequent Parts of the Poem, and join'd them to it; so that this Piece is a Sort of an Epitome of the whole Book of *Job*.

I use the Word *Paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon Liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transpos'd. The *Mountain*, the *Comet*, the *Sun*, and other Parts, are intirely added: The *Peacock*, the *Lion*, &c. are much inlarg'd: And I have thrown the Whole into a Method more suitable to our Notions of Regularity. The Judicious, if

they compare this Piece with the Original, will, I flatter myſelf, find the Reaſons for the great Liberties I have indulg'd myſelf in through the Whole.

Longinus has a Chapter on Interrogations, which ſhews that they contribute much to the Sublime. This Speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation ſeems indeed the proper Style of Majeſty incens'd. It differs from other manner of Reproof, as bidding a Perſon execute himſelf, does from a common Execution; for he that aſks the Guilty a proper Queſtion, makes him, in effect, paſs Sentence on himſelf.

Page 300. ——*From the Darkneſs broke*
A dreadful Voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.]
The Book of *Job* is well known to be Dramatic, and, like the Tragedies of old *Greece*, is Fiction built on Truth. Probably this moſt noble Part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the Whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the After-practice of the *Greek* Stage, when there happened *Dignus Vindice Nodus*), is fictitious; but it is a Fiction more agreeable to the Time in which *Job* lived, than to any ſince. Frequent, before the Law, were the Appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exodus* ch. xix. *Ezekiel* ch. i. *&c.* Hence is He ſaid to *dwell in thick Darkneſs: And have his Way in the Whirlwind.*

Page 301. *Thus far thy floating Tide*, &c.] There is a very great Air in all that precedes; but this is ſignally Sublime. We are ſtruck with Admiration to ſee the vaſt and ungovernable Ocean receiving Commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a manag'd Horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming, but by the Rule and Direction of its Maſter. This Paſſage yields in Sublimity to that of *Let there be Light*, &c. ſo much only, as the

abſolute Government of Nature yields to the Creation of it.

The like Spirit in theſe two Paſſages is no bad concurrent Argument, that *Moſes* is Author of the Book of *Job*.

Page 305. *When, pain'd with Hunger, the wild Raven's Brood*, &c.] Another Argument that *Moſes* was the Author, is, that moſt of the Creatures here mention'd are *Egyptian*. The Reaſon given why the Raven is particularly mention'd as an Object of the Care of Providence, is, becauſe, by her clamorous and importunate Voice, ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it; thence κοράσσω ἀ κόραξ, is to aſk earneſtly, *Ælian*. I. ii. c. 48. And ſince there were Ravens on the Banks of the *Nile* more clamorous than the reſt of that Species, Thoſe probably are meant in this Place.

Ibid. *Who in the cruel Oſtrich has ſubdu'd*, &c.] There are many Inſtances of this Bird's Stupidity; let two ſuffice.

Firſt, It covers its Head in the Reeds, and thinks itſelf all out of Sight.

——*Stat lumine clauſo*
Ridendum revoluta caput; *creditque latere*,
Quæ non ipſa videt—— Claud.

Secondly, They that go in Purſuit of them, draw the Skin of an Oſtrich's Neck on one Hand, which proves a ſufficient Lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little Brain, that *Heliogabalus* had ſix hundred Heads for his Supper.

Here we may obſerve, that our Judicious as well as Sublime Author, juſt touches the great Points of Diſtinction in each Creature, and then haſtens to another. A Deſcription is exact when you cannot *add*,

but what is common to another Thing; nor *withdraw*, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the Thing deſcrib'd. A *Likeneſs* is loſt in too much Deſcription, as a *Meaning* often in too much Illuſtration.

Page. 305. *What Time ſhe ſkims along the Field*, &c.] Here is marked another *Peculiar* Quality of this Creature, which neither flies, nor runs diſtinctly, but has a Motion compos'd of both, and, uſing its Wings as Sails, makes great Speed.

Vaſta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat—— Claud. in Eutr.

Ibid. *She ſcorns the Rider, and purſuing Steed.*] *Xenophon* ſays, *Cyrus* had Horſes that could overtake the Goat, and the Wild-aſs; but none that could reach this Creature. A thouſand golden Ducats, or a hundred Camels, was the ſtated Price of a Horſe that could equal their Speed.

Ibid. *How rich the Peacock*, &c.] Though this Bird is but juſt mention'd in my Author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful Plumes (which are There ſhut up) into half a dozen Lines. The Circumſtance I have marked of his opening his Plumes to the Sun is true. *Expandit colores adverſo maxime ſole, quia ſic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

Ibid. *Tho' ſtrong the Hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly.*] *Thuanus (de Re Accip.)* mentions a Hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a Night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its Swiftneſs, made it their Symbol for the Wind; for which Reaſon we may ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe the Hawk, as well as the Crow *above*, to have been a Bird of Note in *Egypt*.

Page 306. *Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread Survey*, &c.] The Eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a Sight, that when ſhe is ſo high in Air, that Man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt Fiſh under Water. My Author accurately underſtood the Nature of the Creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a Naturaliſt as well as a Poet, which the next Note will confirm.

Ibid. *Know'ſt thou how many Moons, by Me aſſign'd*, &c.] The Meaning of this Queſtion is, Know'ſt thou the *Time and Circumſtances* of their bringing forth? for to know the Time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the Circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's Providence, which makes the Queſtion proper in this Place. *Pliny* obſerves, that the Hind with Young is by Inſtinct directed to a certain Herb called *Seſelis*, which facilitates the Birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate Hand of Providence) has the ſame Effect, *Pſ.* xxix. In ſo early an Age to obſerve theſe things may ſtile our Author a Naturaliſt.

Page 307. *Survey the Warlike Horſe*, &c.] The Deſcription of the Horſe is the moſt celebrated of any in the Poem. There is an excellent Critique on it in the *Guardians*. I ſhall therefore only obſerve, that, in this Deſcription, as in other Parts of this Speech, our *Vulgar Tranſlation* has much more Spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the Original in the moſt poetical and exalted Senſe, ſo that moſt Commentators, even on the *Hebrew* itſelf, fall beneath it.

Page

Page 307. *By the pale Moon they take their deſtin'd Round,* &c.] Purſuing their Prey by Night is true of moſt wild Beaſts, particularly the Lion, *Pſ.* civ. *v.* 20. The *Arabians* have One among their 500 Names for the Lion, which ſignifies *the Hunter by Moonſhine.*

Page 308. *He ſinks a River, and he thirſts again,* &c.]

Cephiſi glaciale caput, quo ſuetus anhelam
Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.
Stat. Theb. v. 349.

Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c. Claud. Præf. in Ruf.

Let not then this Hyperbole ſeem too much for an Eaſtern Poet, tho' ſome Commentators of Name ſtrain hard in this Place for a new Conſtruction, through Fear of it.

Ibid. *Go to the* Nile, *and from its fruitful Side,* &c.] The taking the Crocodile is moſt difficult. *Diodorus* ſays, they are not to be taken but by Iron Nets. When *Auguſtus* conquered *Egypt,* he ſtruck a Medal, the Impreſs of which was a Crocodile chained to a Palm-Tree, with this Inſcription. *Nemo antea religavit.*

Page 309. *The Raſheſt dare not rouſe him up,* &c.] This alludes to a Cuſtom of this Creature, which is, when ſated with Fiſh, to come aſhore, and ſleep among the Reeds.

Ibid. ——— *Behold,*
Deſtruction yawns, his ſpacious Jaws unfold, &c.] The Crocodile's Mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, ſays *Pliny, Fit totum Os. Martial* ſays to his old Woman,

Cum

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta.

So that the Expreſſion here is barely juſt.

Page 310. *Fate iſſues from his Jaws in Streams of Fire.*] This too is nearer Truth than at firſt View may be imagined. The Crocodile, ſay the Naturaliſts, lying long under Water, and being there forced to hold its Breath, when it emerges, the Breath long repreſt is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles Fire and Smoke. The Horſe ſuppreſſes not his Breath by any Means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of Poets ventures to uſe the ſame Metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens *volvit ſub naribus* ignem.

By this and the foregoing Note I would caution againſt a falſe Opinion of the Eaſtern Boldneſs, from Paſſages in them ill underſtood.

Ibid. *Large is his Front; and, when his burniſh'd Eyes,* &c.] *His Eyes are like the Eyelids of the Morning.* I think this gives us as great an Image of the Thing it would expreſs, as can enter the Thought of Man. It is not improbable, that the *Egyptians* ſtole their Hieroglyphic for the Morning, which is the Crocodile's Eye, from this Paſſage, though no Commentator I have ſeen mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the *Egyptians* ſhould be both Readers and Admirers of the Writings of *Moſes*, whom I ſuppoſe the Author of this Poem.

I have obſerved already, that three or four of the Creatures here deſcribed are *Egyptian*; the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo; they are the River-horſe and the Crocodile, thoſe celebrated Inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on thoſe two it is that our Author chiefly dwells. It would have

have been expected from an Author more remote from that River than *Moſes*, in a Catalogue of Creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the Two largeſt Works of his Hand, *viz.* the Elephant and the Whale: This is ſo natural an Expectation, that ſome Commentators have rendered *Behemoth* and *Leviathan*, the Elephant and Whale, tho' the Deſcriptions in our Author will not admit of it; but *Moſes* being (as we may well ſuppoſe) under an immediate Terror of the *Hippotamos* and Crocodile from their daily Miſchiefs and Ravages around him, it is very accountable why he ſhould permit them to take place.

FINIS.